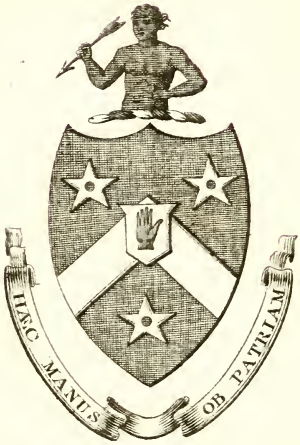

Sir George Shuckburgh Bar.t

Æt. 7

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THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. *Thomas Otway*;

VOLUME *the* SECOND.

CONTAINING,

The ATHEIST. } { CAIUS MARIUS.
The ORPHAN. } { VENICE PRESERV'D.

WITH HIS

POEMS *upon ſeveral* OCCASIONS.

LONDON:

Printed for *J. Tonſon*, at *Shakeſpear's Head* over-againſt *Catherine-Street* in the *Strand*. 1712.

THE ATHEIST: OR, The Second PART OF THE *Soldiers Fortune.*

——*Hic noſter Authores habet ;*
Quorum æmulari exoptat negligentiam
Potius, quam iſtorum obſcuram diligentiam.
Dehinc ut quieſcant porrò moneo, & deſinant
Maledicere, malefacta ne noſcant ſua. Terence.

Printed in the YEAR 1712.

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TO THE

LORD *ELANDE*,

Eldeſt Son to the Right Honourable the

Marquiſs of *Halliſax*.

My Lord,

IT was not without a great deal of Debate with my ſelf, that I could reſolve to make this Preſent to your Lordſhip: For tho' Epiſtles Dedicatory be lately grown ſo Epidemical, that either ſooner or latter, no Man of Quality (whom the leaſt Author has the leaſt Pretence to be troubleſome to) can eſcape them; yet methought Your Lordſhip ſhould be as much above the common Perplexities

that attend your Quality, as You are above the common Level of it, as well in the moſt Exalted Degrees of a Noble Generous Spirit, as in a piercing Apprehenſion, good Underſtanding, and daily ripening Judgment, all ſweetned by an obliging Affability and Condeſcenſion; of which I have often, in the Honour of Your Converſation, had particular cauſe to be proud; and for which therefore, a more than ordinary Reaſon, now, to be Grateful.

And it is upon that Pretence, I here preſume to ſhelter this Trifle under Your Protection; for indeed, it has great need of ſuch Protection: having at its firſt coming into the World met with many Enemies and very induſtrious ones too; but this way I was ſure it muſt live: *Would He but once vouchſafe to eſpouſe its Defence, whoſe Generoſity will overthrow the ignobleſt Envy; whoſe good Nature, cannot but confound the moſt inveterate Malice; and whoſe Wit muſt baffle the ſaucieſt Ignorance.*

My Lord, it would but argue me of the meaneſt Impertinence and Formality, to pretend

pretend here an Harangue of thoſe Praiſes You deſerve: For he who tells the World whoſe Son You are, has ſaid enough to thoſe who do not know You; and the happy few, whom You have pick'd and choſen for your Converſation, cannot but every hour You are pleaſed to beſtow upon them, be ſenſible of more than I could tell them in a Volume: Your Lordſhip being the beſt Panegyrick upon your ſelf; the Son of that Great Father of his Country, who when all manner of Confuſion, Ruin, and Deſtruction, was breaking in upon us, like the Guardian Angel of theſe Kingdoms, ſtood up; and with the Tongue of an Angel too, confounded the Subtilties of that Infernal Serpent, who would have debauched us from our Obedience, and turned our *Eden* into a Wilderneſs. Certainly His Name muſt be for ever Honourable, Precious his Memory, and Happy His Generation, who durſt exert his Loyalty, when it was grown almoſt a Reproach to have any, and ſtem a Torrent of Faction, popular Fury, and fermenting Re-

bellion, to the Preſerving of the beſt of Kings in his Throne, and the happieſt of People in their Liberties.

May he live long to compleat the Reparations he has made in our Defence; ſtill by the ſtrength of his Judgment, to foreſee thoſe Evils that may yet threaten us, and by the Power of his Wiſdom to prevent them; to root out the Footing and Foundations of the King's open (nay, and boſome) Enemies: As a watchful, bold, and ſincere Counſellor to his Maſter; to be a Driver of Treacherous, Grinning, Self-ended Knaves, Inſinuating Spies, and uſeleſs unprofitable Fools from his Service: A Patron and Promoter of Honeſty, Merit, and Ability, which elſe too often, by neglect, are corrupted to their Contraries.

In fine, to continue (as he is) a kind Indulgent Father to Your Lordſhip, ſo much every way his Son, and fit to Inherit his Honours, as, in the ſtrong and ſhining Virtues of Your Mind, the fixt and ſteady diſpoſition of Your Loyalty, the Goodneſs and obliging Temper of Your Nature, is apparent;

apparent; by which only I must ever humbly confess, and no presumptive Merit of my own, I have been incouraged to take this Opportunity of telling the World how much I desire to be thought

Your Lordship's

Humble Servant to be commanded,

THO. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE.

THough Plays and Prologues ne'er did more abound,
Ne'er were good Prologues harder to be found.
To me the Cauſe ſeems eaſ'ly underſtood:
For there are Poets prove not very good,
Who, like baſe Sign-Poſt Dawbers, wanting Skill,
Steal from Great Maſters Hands, and Copy ill.
Thus, if by chance, before a Noble Feaſt
Of Gen'rous Wit, to whet and fit your Taſte,
Some poignant Satyr in a Prologue riſe,
And growing Vices handſomly chaſtiſe;
Each Poetaſter thence preſumes on Rules,
And ever after calls ye downright Fools.
These Marks deſcribe him.——
Writing by rote; ſmall Wit, or none to ſpare;
Jangle and Chime's his Study, Toil, and Care:
He always in One Line upbraids the Age;
And a good Reaſon why; it Rymes to Stage.
With Wit and Pit he keeps a hideous Pother;
Sure to be damn'd by One, for want of T'other:
But if, by chance, he get the French Word Raillery,
Lord, how he fegues the Vizor-Maſques with Gallery!
'Tis ſaid, Aſtrologers ſtrange Wonders find
To come, in two great Planets lately join'd.
From our Two Houſes joining, moſt will hold,
Vaſt Deluges of Dulneſs were foretold.
Poor Holborn Ballads now being born away
By Tides of duller Madrigals than they;

Jockeys

PROLOGUE.

Jockeys *and* Jenneys *ſet to* Northern Airs,
While Lowſie Theſpis *chaunts at Country Fairs*
Politick Ditties, *full of Stage Debate,*
And Merry Catches, how to Rule the State.
Vicars *neglect their Flocks, to turn* Tranſlators,
And Barley-water Whey-fac'd Beau's *write* Satyrs;
Though none can gueſs to which moſt Praiſe belongs,
To the Learn'd Verſions, Scandals, *or the* Songs.
For all things now by Contraries ſucceed;
Of Wit *or* Virtue *there's no longer need:*
Beauty *ſubmits to him who loudlieſt rails;*
She fears the ſawcy Fop, and he prevails.
Who for his beſt Preferment would deviſe,
Let him renounce all Honeſty, *and riſe.*
Villains *and* Paraſites *Succeſs will gain;*
But in the Court of Wit, *ſhall* Dulneſs *Reign?*
No: Let th' angry 'Squire give his Iambicks *o'er,*
Twirl Crevat-ſtrings, but write Lampoons *no more;*
Rhymeſters *get* Wit, *e'er they pretend to ſhew it,*
Nor think a Game at Cramboe *makes a* Poet:
Elſe is our Author hopeleſs of Succeſs,
But then his Study ſhall be next time leſs:
He'll find out Ways to your Applauſe more eaſie;
That is, write worſe and worſe, 'till he can pleaſe ye.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Father to *Beaugard.*	Mr. *Leigh.*
Beaugard.	Mr. *Betterton.*
Courtine.	Mr. *Smith.*
Daredevil.	Mr. *Underhill.*
Theodoret.	Mr. *Wilſhire.*
Gratian.	Mr. *Perin.*
Roſard, *Gratian*'s Man.	Mr. *Saunders.*
Plunder, *Beaugard*'s Man.	Mr. *Richards.*

WOMEN.

Porcia.	Mrs. *Barrey.*
Lucretia.	Mrs. *Butler.*
Sylvia, *Courtine*'s Wife.	Mrs. *Currer.*
Mrs. *Furniſh*, an Exchange-Woman.	Mrs. *Osborn.*
Phillis, *Porcia*'s Woman.	Mrs. *Percival.*
Chloris, *Lucretia*'s Woman.	Mrs. *Norris.*

Six Ruffians, Footmen, a Dwarf, and Page.

THE

THE

ATHEIST:

Or, The Second Part of the

Soldier's Fortune.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Beaugard *and his Father.*

BEAUGARD.

SIR, I say, and say again, no Matrimony; I'll not be noos'd. Why, I beseech you, Sir, tell me plainly and fairly, what have I done, that I deserve to be marry'd!

Fath. Why, Sauce-box, I, your old Father, was marry'd before you were born.

Beau. Ay, Sir; and I thank you, the next thing you did, was, you begot me; the Consequence of which was as follows: As soon as I was Born, you sent me to Nurse, where

where I ſuck'd two Years at the dirty Dugs of a foul-feeding Witch, that liv'd in a thatch'd Sty upon the neighb'ring Common; as ſoon as I was big enough, that you might be rid of me, you ſent me to a Place call'd a School, to be flaſh'd and box'd by a thick-ſiſted Block-head, that could not read himſelf; where I learn'd no Letters, nor got no Meat, but ſuch as the old *Succubus* his Wife bought at a ſtinking Price, ſo over-run with Vermin, that it us'd to crawl home after her.

Fath. Sirrah, it was the more nouriſhing, and made ſuch young, idle Whoreſons as you fat, fat, you Rogue. I remember the young Dog at twelve Years old had a broad, ſhining, pufft, Bacon Face, like a Cherubim; and now he won't marry.

Beau. My next Removal was Home again; and then you did not know what to do with me farther, 'till after a Twelve-months Deliberation, out of abundance of Fatherly Affection and Care of your Poſterity, you very civilly and fairly turn'd me out of your Doors.

Fath. The impudent, termagant, unruly Varlet rebell'd with too much Plenty, and took up Arms againſt my Concubine. Turn'd you out of my Doors!

Beau. Yes, turn'd me out of Doors, Sir.

Fath. Had I not reaſon, Maſter Hector?

Beau. As I had then, ſo have I now too, Sir, more Manners than to diſpute the Pleaſure of a Father.

Fath. Nay, the Rogue has Breeding, that's the truth on't; the Dog would be a very pretty Fellow, if I could but perſwade him to marry.

Beau. Turn'd out of Doors as I was, you may remember, Sir, you gave me not a Shilling; my Induſtry and my Vertue was all I had to truſt to.

Fath. Bleſs us all! Induſtry and Vertue, quoth a! Nay, I have a very vertuous Son and Heir of him, that's the truth on't.

Beau. 'Till at laſt a good Uncle, who now, Peace be with his Soul, ſleeps with his Fathers, beſtow'd a Portion of two hundred Pounds upon me, with which I took Shipping, and ſet Sail for the Coaſt of Fortune.

Fath.

Fath. That is to ſay, you went to the Wars, to learn the liberal Arts of Murder, Whoredom, Burning, Raviſhing, and a few other neceſſary Accompliſhents for a young Gentleman to ſet up a Livelihood withal, in this Civil Government, where (Heav'n be prais'd) none of thoſe Vertues need grow ruſty.

Beau. Sir, I hope I have brought you no Diſhonour Home with me.

Fath. Nay, the *Scanderbeg*-Monkey has not behav'd himſelf unhandſomely, that's the truth of the Bus'neſs; but the Varlet won't marry: the Dog has got two thouſand Pound a Year left him by an old curmudgeonly mouldy Uncle, and I can't perſuade him to marry.

Beau. Sir, that curmudgeonly mouldy Uncle you ſpeak of, was your elder Brother, and never marry'd in all his Life: He, dying, bequeaths me two thouſand Pound a Year: You, Sir, the younger Brother, and my honour'd Father, have been marry'd, and are not able, for ought I can perceive, to leave me a bent Ninepence. So, Sir, I wiſh you a great deal of Health, long Life, and merry as it has been hitherto; but for Marriage, it has thriven ſo very ill with my Family already, that I am reſolv'd to have nothing to do with it.

Fath. Here's a Rogue! here's a Villain! why, Sirrah, you have loſt all Grace; you have no Duty left; you are a Rebel: I ſhall ſee you hang'd, Sirrah. Come, come, let me examine you a little, while I think on't: What Religion are you of?——hah?——

Beau. Sir, I hope you took care, after I was born, to ſee me Chriſten'd.

Fath. Oh Lord! Chriſten'd! here's an Atheiſtical Rogue, thinks he has Religion enough, if he can but call himſelf a Chriſtian!

Beau. Why, Sir, would you have me diſown my Baptiſm?

Fath. No, Sirrah: but I would have you own what ſort of Chriſtian you are though.

Beau. What ſort, Sir?

Fath. Ay, Sir; what ſort, Sir.

Beau. Why, of the honeſteſt ſort.

Fath.

Fath. As if there were not Knaves of all ſorts!

Beau. Why then, Sir, if that will ſatisfie you, I am of your ſort.

Fath. And that, for ought you know, may be of no ſort at all.

Beau. But, Sir, to make ſhort of the matter, I am of the Religion of my Country, hate Perſecution and Penance, love Conformity, which is going to Church once a Month, well enough; reſolve to make this tranſitory Life as pleaſant and delighful as I can; and for ſome ſober Reaſons beſt known to my ſelf, reſolve never to marry.

Fath. Look me in the Face; ſtand ſtill, and look me in the Face. So; you won't marry?——

Beau. No, Sir.

Fath. Oh Lord!

Beau. But I'll do ſomething that ſhall be more for your good, and perhaps may pleaſe you as well. Knowing Fortune of late has not been altogether ſo good-natur'd as ſhe might have been, and that your Revenues are ſomething anticipated, be pleas'd, Sir, to go home as well ſatisfy'd as you can, and my Servant ſhall not fail to meet you at your Lodgings, with a hundred ſmiling Smock-fac'd Guineas within this half Hour: Now who the Devil would marry?

Fath. No Body that has half an Ounce of Brains in his Noddle: The ungodly good-natur'd Rogue is in the right on't; damnably, damnably in the right on't.

Beau. So, here's your Father for you now!

Fath. But look you *Jack* now, little *Jack*, two thouſand Pounds a Year! Why thou wilt be a damnable rich Rogue now, if thou doſt not marry; tho' I know thou wilt live bravely and deliciouſly, eat and drink nobly, have always half a dozen honeſt, jolly, true-ſpirited, ſpritely Friends about thee, and ſo forth, hah! Then for Marriage, to ſpeak the truth on't, it is at the beſt but a chargeable, vexatious, uneaſie ſort of Life; it ruin'd me, *Jack*, utterly ruin'd thy poor old Father, *Jack*. Thou wilt be ſure to remember the hundred Pound, *Jackie-boy*, hah?

Beau.

Beau. Moſt punctually, Sir.

Fath. Thou ſhalt always, ever now and then, that is, lend thy old Father a hundred Pound, or ſo, upon a good Occaſion, *Jack*, after this manner, in a Friendly way: You muſt make much of your old Daddy, *Jack*: But if thou hadſt no mind to't, the truth on't is, I would never have thee marry.

Beau. Not marry, Sir?

Fath. No.

Beau. No?

Fath. No. A hundred Pound, *Jack*, is a pretty little round Sum.

Beau. I'll not fail of ſending it.

Fath. Then, *Jack*, it will do as well to let thy Man come to me to *Harry the Eighth's Head* in the Back-Street, behind my Lodgings: There's a Cup of ſmart Racy Canary, *Jack*, will make an old Fellow's Heart as light as a Feather. Ah, little *Jackie*-rogue, it glorifies through the Glaſs, and the Nits dance about in't like Attoms in the Sun-ſhine, you young Dog.

Beau. Do you intend to dine there, Sir?

Fath. Ay, Man; I have two or three bonny old *Tilbury* Royſterers, with delicate red Faces, and bald Crowns, that have oblig'd me to meet 'em there; they help'd me to ſpend my Eſtate when I was young, and the Rogues are grateful, and don't forſake me now I am grown pooriſh and old.——Almoſt twelve a Clock, *Jack*.

Beau. I'll be ſure to remember, Sir.

Fath. And thou wilt never marry!

Beau. Never, I hope, Sir.

Fath. Ah, you wicked-hearted Rogue, I know what you will do then, that will be worſe; tho', I think, not much worſe neither. Would I were a young Fellow again, but to keep him Company for one Week or a Fortnight. A hundred Guineas! e e e e! Db'uy *Jack*, You'll remember? See thee again to Morrow, *Jack*,—— Poor *Jack*! dainty Canary——and a delicate black-ey'd Wench at the Bar! Db'uy *Jack*.

Beau. Adieu, Father.—— *Fourbine.*

Enter Fourbine.

Four. Did your Honour call? *Beau.*

Beau. Take a hundred Guineas out of the Cabinet, and carry 'em after the old Gentleman to his Place of Rendezvous. This Father of mine (Heav'n be thank'd) is a very ungodly Father: He was in his Youth juſt ſuch another wicked Fellow as his Son *John* here; but he had no Eſtate, there I have the better of him: For out of meer Opinion of my Good-husbandry, my Uncle thought fit to diſinherit the extravagant old Gentleman, and leave all to me. Then he was marry'd, there I had the better of him again; yet he marry'd a Fortune of ten thouſand Pound, and before I was ſeven Years old, had broke my Mother's Heart, and ſpent three Parts of her Portion: Afterwards he was pleas'd to retain a certain Familiar Domeſtick, call'd a Houſe-keeper, which I one Day, to ſhew my Breeding, call'd Whore, and was fairly turn'd a ſtarving for it. Now he has no way to ſqueeze me out of Contribution, but by taking up his Fatherly Authority, and offering to put the Penal Law call'd Marriage in Execution. I muſt e'en get him a Governor, and ſend him with a Penſion into the Country: Ay, it muſt be ſo; For, Wedlock, I deny thee; Father, I'll ſupply thee; and, Pleaſure, I will have thee. Who's there?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Oh, Sir, the moſt fortunate Tidings!

Beau. What's the Matter?

Serv. Captain *Courtine*, your old Acquaintance, Friend, and Comrade, is juſt arriv'd out of the Country, and deſires to ſee you, Sir.

Beau. Courtine! Wait on him up, you Dog, with Reverence and Honour.

Enter Courtine.

Cour. Dear *Beaugard!*

Beau. Ah, Friend!——from the very tendereſt part of my Heart I was juſt now wiſhing for thee. Why thou look'ſt as like a marry'd Man already, with as grave a Fatherly Famelick Countenance, as ever I ſaw.

Cour. Ay, *Beaugard*, I am marry'd, that's my Comfort: But you, I hear, have had worſe Luck of late; an old Uncle drop'd into the Grave, and two thouſand Pound a Year into your Pocket, *Beaugard.*

Beau.

Beau. A ſmall Conveniency, *Ned,* to make my Happineſs hereafter a little more of a piece than it has been hitherto, in the Enjoyment of ſuch hearty, ſincere, honeſt Friends, and good-natur'd Fellows, as thou art.

Cour. Sincere, honeſt Friends! have a care there, *Beaugard.*——I am, ſince I ſaw thee, in a few Words, grown an arrant Raſcal; and for Good-nature, it is the very thing I have ſolemnly forſworn: No, I am marry'd, *Jack,* in the Devil's Name, I am marry'd.

Beau. Marry'd! That is, thou call'ſt a Woman thou likeſt by the Name of Wife: Wife and t'other thing begin with a Letter. Thou lieſt with her when thy Appetite calls thee, keepeſt the Children thou begetteſt of her Body; alloweſt her Meat, Drink, and Garments, fit for her Quality, and thy Fortune; and when ſhe grows heavy upon thy Hands, what a' Pox, 'tis but a Separate-maitenance, kiſs and part, and there is an end of the Bus'neſs.

Cour. Alas, *Beaugard,* thou art utterly miſtaken; Heav'n knows it is quite on the contrary: For I am forc'd to call a Woman I do not like, by the Name of Wife; and lie with her, for the moſt part, with no Appetite at all; muſt keep the Children that, for ought I know, any Body elſe may beget of her Body; and for Food and Rayment, by her good Will ſhe would have them both Freſh three times a Day: Then for kiſs and part, I may kiſs and kiſs my Heart out, but the Devil a bit ſhall I ever get rid of her.

Beau. Alas, poor Husband! but art thou really in this miſerable Condition?

Cour. Ten times worſe, if poſſible: By the vertue of Matrimony, and long Cohabitation, we are grown ſo really one Fleſh, that I have no more Inclination to hers, than to eat a piece of my own. Then her Ladiſhip is ſo jealous, that ſhe does me the Honour to make me Stalion-general to the whole Pariſh, from the Parſon's Importance in Paragon, to the Cobler's ſcolding Wife, that drinks Brandy, and ſmoaks loathſom Tobacco. In ſhort, *Jack,* ſhe has ſo order'd the Bus'neſs, that I am half

weary

weary of the World, wiſh all Mankind hang'd, and have not laugh'd theſe ſix Months.

Beau. Ha, ha, ha.

Cour. Why, thou canſt laugh, I ſee, though.

Beau. Ay, *Ned*, I have two thouſand Pound *per Annum*, *Ned*, old Rents, and well Tennanted; have no Wife, nor never will have any, *Ned*; reſolve to make my Days of Mortality all Joyful, and Nights Pleaſurable, with ſome dear, loveſome, young, beautiful, kind, generous She, that every Night ſhall bring me all the Joys of a New Bride, and none of the Vexations of a worn-out, inſipid, troubleſom, jealous Wife, Wife, *Ned*.

Cour. But where lies this Treaſure? Where is there ſuch a Jewel to be found?

Beau. Ah, Rogue! Do you deſpiſe your own Manna indeed, and long after Quails? Why, thou unconſcionable Hobnail, thou Country Coulſtaff, thou abſolute Piece of thy own dry'd Dirt, wouldſt thou have the Impudence, with that hideous Beard, and griſly Countenance, to make thy appearance before the Footſtool of a *Bona Roba* that I delight in? For ſhame get off that *Smithfield* Horſe-courſer's Equipage; Appear once more like *Courtine* the Gay, the Witty, and Unbounded, with Joy in thy Face, and Love in thy Blood, Mony in thy Pockets, and good Cloaths on thy Back; and then I'll try to give thee a *Recipe* that may purge away thoſe foul Humours Matrimony has bred in thee, and fit thee to reliſh the Sins of thy Youth again. Bleſs us! What a Beard's there? It puts me in mind of the blazing Star.

Cour. Beard, *Beaugard!* Why, I wear it on purpoſe, Man; I have wiſh'd it a Furze-buſh a thouſand times, when I have been kiſſing my——

Beau. Whom?——

Cour. Wife.——Let me never live to bury her, if the word Wife does not ſtick in my Throat.

Beau. Then this Peruque! Why, it makes thee ſhew like the Sign of a Head looking out at a Barber's Window.

Cour. No more, no more; all ſhall be rectified: For, to deal with thee as honeſtly as a Fellow in my damn'd Condition can do, e'er I reſolv'd abſolutely to hang my-

ſelf,

ſelf, I thought there might be ſome Remedy left; and that was this dear Town, and thy dear Friendſhip: So that, in ſhort, I am very fairly run away; pretended a ſhort Journey to viſit a Friend, but came to *London*; and, if it be poſſible, will not ſee Country, Wife, nor Children again theſe ſeven Years. Therefore, prithee, for my better Encouragement, tell me a little what Sins are ſtirring in this noble Metropolis, that I may know my Buſ'neſs the better, and fall to it as faſt as I can.

Beau. Why, 'faith, *Ned*, conſidering the Plot, the Danger of the Times, and ſome other Obſtructions of Trade and Commerce, Iniquity in the general has not loſt much Ground. There's Cheating and Hypocriſie ſtill in the City; Riot and Murder in the Suburbs; Grinning, Lying, Fawning, Flattery, and Falſe-promiſing at Court; Aſſignations at *Covent-Garden* Church; Cuckolds, Whores, Pimps, Panders, Bawds, and their Diſeaſes, all over the Town.

Cour. But what Choice Spirits, what extraordinary Raſcals may a Man oblige his Curioſity withal?

Beau. I'll tell thee: In the firſt place, we are over-run with a Race of Vermin they call Wits, a Generation of Inſects that are always making a Noiſe, and buzzing about your Ears, concerning Poets, Plays, Lampoons, Libels, Songs, Tunes, ſoft Scenes, Love, Ladies, Peruques, and Crevat-ſtrings, *French* Conqueſts, Duels, Religion, Snuff-boxes, Points, Garnitures, Mill'd Stockings, *Fourbert*'s Academy, Politicks, Parliament-Speeches, and every thing elſe which they do not underſtand, or would have the World think they did.

Cour. And are all theſe Wits?

Beau. Yes, and be hang'd to 'em, theſe are the Wits.

Cour. I never knew one of theſe Wits in my Life, that did not deſerve to be Pillory'd; twenty to one if half of 'em can read, and yet they will venture at Learning as familiarly, as if they had been bred in the *Vatican*. One of 'em told me one day, he thought *Plutarch* well done would make the beſt *Engliſh* Heroick Poem in the World. Beſides, they will rail, cavil, cenſure, and what is worſt of all, make Jeſts; the dull Rogues will Jeſt, though they do

do it as awkardly as a Tarpawlin would ride the great Horſe. I hate a pert, dull, Jeſting Rogue from the bottom of my Heart.

Beau. But above all, the moſt abominable is your Witty Squire, your young Heir that is very Witty; who having newly been diſcharg'd from the Diſcretion of a Governor, and come to keep his own Mony, gets into a Cabal of Coxcombs of the third Form, who will be ſure to cry him up for a fine Perſon, that he may think all them ſo.

Cour. Oh, your Aſſes know one anothers Nature exactly, and are always ready to nabble, becauſe it is the certain way to be nabbled again: But above all the reſt, what think you of the Atheiſt?

Beau. By this good Light, thou haſt prevented me: I have one for thee of that Kind, the moſt unimitable Varlet, and the moſt inſufferable Stinkard living; one that has Doubts enough to turn to all Religions, and yet would fain pretend to be of none: In ſhort, a Cheat, that would have you of Opinion that he believes neither Heaven nor Hell, and yet never feels ſo much as an Ague-fit, but he's afraid of being damn'd.

Cour. That muſt be a very noble Champion, and certainly an Original.

Beau. The Villain has leſs Sincerity than a Bawd, leſs Courage than a Hector, leſs Good-nature than a Hangman, and leſs Charity than a Phanatique; talks of Religion and Church-Worſhip as familiarly as a little Courtier does of the Maids of Honour; and ſwears the King deſerves to be Chain'd out of the City, for ſuffering Zealous Fools to build *Pauls* again, when it would make ſo proper a Place for a Citadel.

Cour. A very worthy Member of a Chriſtian Common-Wealth, that is the truth on't.

Beau. I am intimately acquainted with him.

Cour. I honour you for't, with all my Heart, Sir.

Beau. After all, the Rogue has ſome other little tiny Vices, that are not very ungrateful.

Cour. Very probable.

Beau. He makes a very good odd Man at *Ballum-rancum*, or ſo; that is, when the reſt of the Company is coupled, will take care to ſee there's good Attendance paid; and when we have a mind to make a *Ballum* of it indeed, there is no Lewdneſs ſo ſcandalous that he will not be very proud to have the Honour to be put upon.

Cour. A very neceſſary Inſtrument of Damnation, truly.

Beau. Beſides, to give the Devil his due, he is ſeldom Impertinent; but, barring his Darling-Topick, Blaſphemy, a Companion pleaſant enough. Shall I recommend him to thy Service? I'll enter into Bonds of five hundred Pounds, that he teaches thee as good a way to get rid of that Whip and a Bell, call'd thy Wife, as thy Heart would wiſh for.

Cour. And that is no ſmall Temptation, I aſſure you.

Enter Boy, with a Letter.

Boy. Sir!

Beau. My Child!

Cour. A Pimp, for a Guinea, he ſpeaks ſo gently to him.

Beau. Tell her, ſhe has undone me, ſhe has choſen the only way to enſlave me utterly; tell her, my Soul, my Life, my future Happineſs, and preſent Fortune, are only what ſhe'll make 'em.

Boy. At Seven, Sir.

Beau. Moſt infallibly.

Cour. Ay, ay, 'tis ſo: Now what a damn'd Country-itch have I, to dive into the Secret! *Beaugard, Beaugard*, are all things in a readineſs? the Husband out of the way, the Family diſpos'd of? Come, come, come, no trifling; be free-hearted and friendly.

Beau. You are married, *Ned*, you are married; that's all I have to ſay: you are married.

Cour. Let a Man do a fooliſh thing once in his Life-time, and he ſhall always hear of it.——Married, quoth 'a! Prithee be patient: I was married about a Twelve-month ago, but that's paſt and forgotten. Come, come, communicate, communicate, if thou art a Friend, communicate.

Beau. Not a Tittle. I have Conſcience, *Ned*, Conſcience; tho' I muſt confeſs 'tis not altogether ſo Gentle-

man-

man-like a Companion: But what a Scandal would it be upon a Man of my ſober Demeanor and Character, to have the unmerciful Tongue of thy Legitimate Spouſe roaring againſt me, for Debauching her Natural Husband!

Cour. It has been otherwiſe, Sir.

Beau. Ay, ay, the time has been, *Courtine*, when thou wert in poſſeſſion of thy Natural Freedom, and mighteſt be truſted with a Secret of this dear nature; when I might have open'd this Billet, and ſhew'd thee this bewitching Name at the bottom: But woe and alas! O Matrimony, Matrimony! what a Blot art thou in an honeſt Fellow's Scutcheon!

Cour. No more to be ſaid; I'll into the Country again, like any diſcontented Stateſman; get drunk every Night with an adjacent School-maſter; beat my Wife to a downright Houſekeeper; get all my Maid-Servants every Year with Baſtards, till I command a *Seraglio* five miles round my own Palace, and be beholden to no Man of two thouſand Pound a Year for a Whore, when I want one.

Beau. Good words, *Ned*, good words, let me adviſe you; none of your Marriage-qualities of Scolding and Railing, now you are got out of the turbulent Element. Come hither, come; but firſt let us capitulate: Will you promiſe me, upon your Conjugal Credit, to be very governable, and very civil?

Cour. As any made Spaniel, or hang me up for a Cur.

Beau. Then this Note, this very Billet, *Ned*, comes from a Woman, who, when I was ſtrowling very penſively laſt *Sunday* to Church, watch'd her Opportunity, and poach'd me up for the Service of Satan.

Cour. Is ſhe very handſom, *Beaugard?*

Beau. Theſe Country Squires, when they get up to Town, are as termagant after a Wench, as a ty'd-up hungry Cur, got looſe from Kennel, is after Cruſts. Very handſom, ſaid you? Let me ſee: No, not very handſom neither; but ſhe'll paſs, *Ned*, ſhe'll paſs.

Cour. Young?

Beau. About Eighteen.

Cour. Oh Lord!

Beau.

Beau. Her Complexion fair, with a glowing Bluſh always ready in her Cheeks, that looks as Nature were watching every Opportunity to ſeize and run away with her.

Cour. Oh the Devil, the Devil! This is intolerable.

Beau. Her Eyes black, ſparkling, ſpriteful, hot, and piercing.

Cour. The very Deſcription of her ſhoots me through my Liver.

Beau. Her Hair of a delicate light Amber-brown, curling in huge Rings, and of a great Quantity.

Cour. So.

Beau. Her Forehead large, majeſtick, and generous.

Cour. Very well.

Beau. Her Noſe neat, and well-faſhion'd.

Cour. Good.

Beau. With a delicious, little, pretty, ſmiling Mouth.

Cour. Oh!

Beau. Plump, red, blub Lips.

Cour. Ah h——

Beau. Teeth whiter than ſo many little Pearls; a bewitching Neck, and temping, riſing, ſwelling Breaſts.

Cour. Ah h h h h——

Beau. Then ſuch a Proportion, ſuch a Shape, ſuch a Waſte——

Cour. Hold: Go no lower, if thou lov'ſt me.

Beau. But, by your leave, Friend, I hope to go ſomething lower, if ſhe loves me.

Cour. But art thou certain, *Beaugard,* ſhe is all this thou haſt told me? So fair, ſo tempting, ſo lovely, ſo bewitching?

Beau. No; for, you muſt know, I never ſaw her Face in my Life: But I love my own Pleaſure ſo well, that I'll imagine all this, and ten times more, if it be poſſible.

Cour. Where lives ſhe?

Beau. That I know not neither; but my Orders are to meet her fairly and ſquarely this Evening by Seven, at a certain civil Perſon's Shop in the upper Walk, at the New Exchange, where ſhe promiſes to be very good-natur'd, and let me know more of her Mind.

Cour. I'll e'en go home, like a Miserable Blockhead as I am, to my Lodging, and slee

Beau. No, *Ned:* Thou know'st my good Chances have always been lucky to thee: Who can tell but this Lady-errant that has seiz'd upon my Person, may have a straggling Companion, or so, not unworthy my Friend's.

Cour. 'Tis impossible.

Beau. Not at all; for, to deal heartily with thee in this Business, tho' I never saw her Face, or know who she is, yet thus far I am satisfy'd, she is a Woman very witty, very well bred, of a pleasant Conversation, with a generous Disposition, and, what is better than all, if I am not extremely misinform'd, of noble Quality, and damnably Rich. Such a one cannot want good, pretty, little, Under-sinners, *Ned,* that a Man may fool away an Hour or two withal very comfortably.

Cour. Why then I'll be a Man again. Wife, avaunt, and come not near my Memory; Impotence attends the very Thoughts of thee. At Seven, you say, this Evening?

Beau. Precisely.

Cour. And shall I go along with thee, for a small Venture in this Love-Voyage?

Beau. With all my Heart.

Cour. But how shall we dispose of the burdensom Time, 'till the happy Minute smile upon us?

Beau. With Love's best Friend, and our own honest old Acquaintance, edifying *Champaign, Ned*; and for good Company, tho' it be a Rarity, I'll carry thee to dine with the best I can meet with, where we'll warm our Blood and Thoughts with generous Glasses, and free-hearted Converse, 'till we forget the World, and think of nothing but immortal Beauties, and Eternal Loving.

Cour. Then here I strike the League with thee:
And now
Methinks we're both upon the Wing together,
Bound for new Realms of Joy, and Lands of Pleasure;
Where Men were never yet enslav'd by Wiving,
But all their Cares are handsomly contriving
T'improve the noble Arts of perfect Living. [*Ex.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Courtine *and* Beaugard.

Cour. BUT was that thy Father?

Beau. Yes, that civil, ſober, old Gentleman, *Courtine*, is my Father: And, to tell thee the Truth, as Wicked and as Poor as ever his Son was. I ſent him a Cordial of a hundred Guineas this Morning, which he will be ſure to loſe all before to-morrow Morning, and not have a Shilling to help himſelf.

Cour. Methoughts, as I look'd into the Room, he rattled the Box with a great deal of Grace, and ſwore half a dozen Rappers very youthfully.

Beau. Prithee no more on't, 'tis an irreverent Theme; and next to Atheiſm, I hate making merry with the Frailties of my Father.

Cour. But then as to the Lady, *Beaugard*.

Beau. 'Tis near the Hour appointed, and that's the Shop we meet at; the Miſtreſs of it, *Courtine*, is a hearty Well-wiſher to the Mathematicks, and her Influence, I hope, may have no ill Effect o'er my Adventure.

Cour. Methinks this Place looks as it were made for Loving: The Lights on each hand of the Walk look ſtately; and then the Ruſling of Silk Petticoats, the Din and the Chatter of the pretty little party-colour'd Parrots, that hop and flutter from one ſide to t'other, puts every Senſe upon its proper Office, and ſets the Wheels of Nature finely moving.

Beau. Would the Lady of my Motion would make haſte, and be punctual; the Wheels of my Nature move ſo faſt elſe, that the Weight will be down before ſhe comes.

Wom. Gloves or Ribbands, Sir? Very good Gloves or Ribbands, Choice of fine Eſſences. Captain *Beaugard*, ſhall I ſell you nothing to Day?

Beau. Truly, Miſtreſs *Furniſh*, I am come to lay out a Heart at your Shop this Evening, if my pretty Merchant-Adventurer don't fail to meet me here.

Wom. What, she that spoil'd your Devotion o' *Sunday* last, Captain?

Beau. Dost thou know her, my little *Furnish?*

Wom. There is a certain Lady in the World, Sir, that has done me the Honour to let me see her at my poor Shop sometimes.

Enter Porcia *mask'd, and stands behind* Beaugard.

Beau. And is she very lovely?

Wom. What think you, Sir?

Beau. Faith, charitably enough.

Wom. I'll swear she is oblig'd to you.

Beau. And I would very fain be oblig'd to her too, if 'twere possible. Will she be here to Night?

Por. Yes marry will she, Captain.

Beau. Are you there indeed, my little Picaroon? What, attack a Man of War of my Burden in the Stern, Pirate!

Por. Lord, how like a Soldier you are pleas'd to express your self now! I warrant you, to carry on the Metaphor, you have forty more merry things to say to me upon this Occasion; as, plying your Chase-guns, laying your self athwart my Harser, boarding me upon the Forecastle, clapping all under Hatches, carrying of the Prize to the next Port of Security, and there rummaging and rifling her. Alas, poor Captain!

Cour. Poor, Madam! He has Two thousand a Year, and nothing but an old Father to provide for.

Por. Sir, is this fine, sober, brown-bearded Gentleman to be your Steward, he understands your Affairs so well already?

Beau. The Truth on't is, Madam, he does wait for an Office under me, and may in time, if he behave himself handsomly, come to Preferment.

Cour. This I have got by my Bread already. If she should but know me now.

Beau. Well, Madam, are your Commands ready? May I know the Task I am to undertake, before I lay claim to the Happiness of seeing that handsom, homely, fair, black, young, ancient, tempting or frightful Face, which you conceal so maliciously? For hang me, as I have de-

ſerved long ago, if I know what to make of this extraordinary Proceeding of yours.

Por. In the firſt place, Captain, this Face of mine, be it what it will, if you behave your ſelf as you ſhould do, ſhall never put you out of Countenance.

Beau. In troth, and that's ſaid kindly.

Por. For I am young, Captain.

Beau. I am glad on't with all my Heart.

Por. And, if the World ſpeaks truth, not very ugly.

Beau. So much the better ſtill.

Por. Next, I'm no Hypocrite.

Beau. Hah!

Por. But love my Pleaſures, and will hold my Liberty.

Beau. Noble.

Por. I am rich too.

Beau. Better and better.

Por. But what's worſt of all——

Beau. Out with't.

Por. I doubt I am ſillily in Love.

Cour. With whom, dear Miracle?

Por. Not with a marry'd Man, ſweet Monſieur *Courtine.*

Cour. Confound her, but ſhe knows me.——Why, good Madam——

Beau. Nay, Friend, no ruffling; keep your Articles, and keep your Diſtance.

Por. Have you then made your Eſcape Sir, from your dear Wife, the Lady-Tyrant of your Enchanted Caſtle in the Country, to run a wandring after new Adventures here? Oh all the Windmils about *London*, beware!

Cour. Ay, and the Watermils too, Madam. In the Devil's Name, what will become of me!

Por. For the *Quixot* of the Country is abroad; Murder by his Side, Enterpriſes in his Head, and Horror in his Face.

Cour. Oh Lord!

Beau. Do you know this Friend of mine then, Madam?

Por. I have heard of ſuch a Hero, that was very famous about two Years ſince, for ſelling himſelf to a

Plantation, the Country, for Five thouſand Pound: Was not that the Price, Sir?

Cour. Your Ladyſhip is pleas'd to be very free, Madam; that's all.

Por. So were you at that time, Sir, or you had ne'er parted with your dear Liberty on ſuch reaſonable Terms ſurely. Bleſs us! Had you but look'd about you a little, what a Market might have been made of that tall, proper, promiſing Perſon of yours! that——

Cour. Hell confound thee, heartily, heartily.

Por. That Face, which now, o'er-grown with ruful Beard, looks as you had ſtole it from the Retinue of a *Ruſſian* Embaſſie! Fough! I fancy all Fellows that are marry'd ſmell of Train-oil and Garlick.

Beau. And yet, twenty to one, that is a ſtinking Condition you'll have a Deſign to ſeduce ſome poor doating Monſter or another into, one Day.

Por. Never, by that Badge of Slavery, his Beard there.

Beau. How that dear Proteſtation has charm'd me!

Cour. O'my Conſcience I my ſelf could be half reconcil'd to her again too.

Por. In ſhort, to give you one infallible Argument, that I never will marry, I have been marry'd already, that is, ſold: For being the Daughter of a very rich Merchant, who dying left me the only Heireſs of an immenſe Fortune, it was my ill Luck to fall into the Hands of Guardians, that, to ſpeak properly, were Raskals; for in a ſhort time they conſpir'd amongſt themſelves, and for baſe Bribes, betray'd, ſold, and marry'd me to a——Huſband, that's all.

Beau. In troth, and that's enough of all Conſcience: But where is this Husband?

Por. Heav'n be thanked, dead and bury'd, Captain.

Beau. Amen, with all my Heart.

Cour. A Widow, by my Manhood, a downright Bawdy Widow.

Por. What would your Cream-pot in the Country give for that Title, think you?

Cour. Not more than I would, that thy Husband were alive again, to revenge my Quarrel on thee.

Beau.

Beau. And what's to be done, thou dear One?

Por. Look upon me as a Lady in diſtreſs, Captain; and by the Honour of a Soldier conſider on ſome way for my Deliverance.

Beau. From what? Where is the Danger?

Por. Every way it threatens me: For into the very Hands my ill Fortune threw me before, has it betray'd me again, Friend.

Beau. Hah!

Por. The Principal is an Uncle, old, jealous, tyrannical, and covetous.

Beau. Hell confound him for it.

Por. My Fortune lying moſt in his Hands, oblig'd me upon my Widowhood to give up my ſelf again there too, where he has ſecur'd and confin'd me with more Tyranny, than if I had been a Pris'ner for Murder; guards me Day and Night with ill-look'd Rogues, that wear long, broad, terrible Swords, and ſtand Centinel up and down the Houſe with Muſquetoons and Blunderbuſſes.

Cour. So, here's like to be ſome Miſchief going forward, that's one Comfort.

Por. Murder and Marriage are the two dreadful things I ſeem to be threatned with: Now gueſs what pity it is that ever either of thoſe Miſchiefs ſhould fall upon me.

Beau. By the gallant Spirit that's in thee, I'll fairly be Gibetted firſt.

Por. No need of that, Captain, neither: For, to ſhew you I deſerve your Protection, I have had the Courage to break Gaol, run away, and make my Eſcape hither, purely to keep my Word with you. Deal like a Man of Honour by me; and when the Storm that will follow is a little blown over, here's a white Hand upon't, I'll not be ungrateful.

Beau. And in token I believe thee, I'll kiſs it moſt Religiouſly.

Cour. Why the Devil did I marry? Madam, one word with you: Have you never a marry'd Lady of your Acquaintance, that's as good-natur'd as you, and would fain be a Widow as you are, too.

Por. Why do you ask, Sir?

Cour. Becauſe I would cut her Husband's Throat, and make her one for my own proper Uſe.

Por. I'll ask your own Lady, Sir, that Queſtion, next time I ſee her, if you pleaſe.

Cour. Why, doſt thou know her then?

Por. Yes.

Cour. Then I may chance ſhortly to have a fine time on't: I have made a pretty Evening's Work of this, Heavens be prais'd.

Enter two Men diſguis'd.

1 *Man.* Run away lewdly! Damnation!

2 *Man.* Look!

1 *Man.* By Heav'n, it muſt be ſhe.

2 *Man.* The Men are well arm'd?

1 *Man.* No matter; we muſt carry her, or all's loſt elſe.

2 *Man.* I'll not ſhrink from you.

1 *Man.* That's well ſaid. Sir, if you pleaſe, a Word with you.

Beau. With me, Sir?

1 *Man.* Yes.

Beau. Courtine, be civil a little.

1 *Man.* Sir, it is my Misfortune to be concerned for the Honour of a Lady that has not been altogether ſo careful of it her ſelf as ſhe ought to have been.

Beau. I am ſorry for't, Sir.

1 *Man.* You being a Gentleman whoſe Character I have had an advantagious Account of, I would make it my Petition to you, if ſhe be of your Acquaintance, not to engage your ſelf in any thing that may give me Occaſion to be your Enemy.

Beau. Sir, I ſhould be highly glad of any brave Man's Friendſhip, and ſhould be troubled if I appear concern'd in any thing that may hazard the Loſs of yours.

1 *Man.* That Lady, Sir, you talk'd withal's ——

Beau. My Miſtreſs, Sir.

1 *Man.* Miſtreſs!

Beau. Yes, Miſtreſs, Sir: I love her, doat on her, am damnably in love with her; ſhe is under my Protection too, and whenever there's Occaſion, as far as this ſinful

ful Body of mine will bear me out in it, I'll defend her.

1 *Man.* Do you know her?

Beau. Not ſo well as I would do, Sir.

1 *Man.* What's her Name?

Beau. A Secret.

1 *Man.* She muſt along with me, Sir.

Beau. No, that muſt not be, Sir.

2 *Man.* This Lady, Sir——

Cour. You lie, Sir——Hah!——*Beaugard!*

[*Draw, and fight.* Porcia *runs away ſqueaking.* Courtine *diſarms his Adverſary, and comes up to* Beaugard.

Beau. Stand faſt, *Ned.*

Cour. Hold thy dead-doing Hand,
Thou Son of Slaughter.

1 *Man.* Sir, there may come a time——

Beau. When you'll learn Manners.

1 *Man.* And teach 'em you too.

Cour. We are well known.

1 *Man.* And ſhall not be forgotten.
Come, Friend. [*Exeunt two Men.*

Beau. Confound 'em! This muſt be a Brother, a Kinſman, or a Rival, he ply'd me ſo warmly.

Cour. 'Tis a hard Caſe, that a Man cannot hold civil Correſpondence with a good-natur'd Female, but preſently ſome hot-headed Fellow of the Family or other runs horn-mad with Jealouſie, and fancies his Blood ſmarts as often as the Woman's itches.

Beau. This heroick Perſon's Siſter, Kinſwoman, his Miſtreſs, or what-e'er ſhe be, is like to get much Reputation by his Hectoring and Quarrelling for her; and he as much Honour, by being beaten for her.

Cour. Nay, when Cuckolds or Brothers fight for the Reputation of a back-ſliding Wife or Siſter, it is a very pretty Undertaking, doubtleſs. As for Example; I am a Cuckold now.

Beau. All in good time, *Ned*; do not be too haſty.

Cour. And being much troubled in Spirit, meeting with the Spark that has done me the Honour, with a great deal of reſpect I make my Addreſs——as thus——*Moſt*

Noble Sir, you have done me the Favour to lie with my Wife.

Beau. Very well.

Cour. All I beg of you, is, that you would do your beſt endeavour to run me through the Guts to Morrow Morning, and it will be the greateſt Satisfaction in the World.

Beau. Which the good-natur'd Whore-maſter does very decently; ſo down falls the Cuckold at *Barn-Elms*, and riſes again next Day at *Holborn* in a Ballad. But all this while, what is become of the Widow, *Ned?*

Cour. Faith ſhe has e'en done very wiſely, I think; as ſoon as ſhe had ſet us together by the Ears, ſhe very fairly ran for't.

Beau. A very noble Account of our firſt Evening's Enterpriſe! But Pox on't, take Courage; and ſince we have loſt this Quarry, let us e'en beat about a little, and ſee what other Game we can meet with.

Enter Lucrece *Mask'd.*

Lucr. Sir, Sir! Captain!

Cour. With you again, *Beaugard.* Agare ho!

Beau. With me, my Miſtreſs?

Luc. Yes, with you, my Maſter.

Cour. I wonder when, o'the Devil's Name, it will come to my turn.

Luc. Being a particular Friend of yours, Captain, I am come to tell you, the World begins to talk very ſcandalouſly of you, Captain.

Beau. Look thee, Sweetheart, the World's an Aſs, and common Fame a common Strumpet: So long as ſuch pretty good-natur'd Creatures, as thou ſeemeſt to be, think but well of me, let the World be hang'd, as it was once drown'd, if it will.

Luc. I muſt let you know too, Captain, that your Love-Intrigues are not ſo cloſely manag'd, but that they will ſhortly grow the Subject of all the Satyr and Contempt in Town: Your holding Converſation with a draggle-tail'd Mask, in the Church-Cloyſters, on *Sunday*; your meeting with the very Scandal here again, this Evening; ſuffering your ſelf to be impos'd upon, and jilted by her; and at laſt running the hazard of a damnable

beating

beating by a couple of plausible Hectors, that made you believe your Mistress had Honour enough to be concern'd for.

Beau. Really, my little Wolf in a Sheeps Fleece, this sounds like very good Doctrine; but what Use must I make of it, Child?

Luc. Methinks, Captain, that should not be so hard to find out; my setting upon you in a Mask my self, and railing at the last Woman that did so before me, might easily inform you, I have a certain Design of trying whose Heart's hardest, yours or mine.

Cour. Then, my little Mischief, you should not enter the Lists upon unequal Terms, with that black Armour upon your Face, that makes you look as dreadfully as the Black Knight in a Romance.

Luc. Good Captain, what's that sober Gentleman's Name? For certainly I have seen him before now.

Beau. His Name in the Flesh, my pretty one, is *Courtine*; a very honest Fellow, good-natur'd, and wicked enough for thy purpose of all Conscience.

Luc. Courtine! Bless us for ever! What, the Man that's marry'd!

Cour. The Man that's marry'd! yes, the Man that's marry'd. 'Sdeath, though I be weary on't, I am not asham'd of my Condition. Why the Devil didst thou tell her my Name? I shall never thrive with any Woman that knows me. The Man that's marry'd! 'Zounes, I am as scandalous as the Man that's to be hang'd.

Luc. But you'll ne'er be thought so handsome. To make few words with you, Sir, I am one that mean you fairer play than such an inconstant, fickle, false-hearted Wanderer as you deserves.

Beau. Then why dost thou conceal thy self? Those whose Designs are fair and noble, scorn to hide their Faces: Therefore give me leave to tell thee, Lady, if thou think'st to make use of me only to create some Jealousie in another Woman, I am no Instrument to be that way manag'd; no, I am constant, I---but if thou lov'st me---

Luc. Have you any more Doubts that trouble you?

Beau. None, by this sweet Body of thine.

Luc.

Luc. Know then, Sir, it has been my Misfortune to watch you, haunt you, and dog you these six Months; being, to my eternal Torment, jealous of that ravenous Kite your Widow, your Widow, Captain: Nay, since I have confest my Weakness, know from this Hour I'll defeat all her Ambushes, all the false Baits she lays to ensnare your Heart, 'till I obtain the Victory of it my self, much more my Due, in that I'm not beneath her in Beauty, Birth, or Fortune, or indeed any thing but her Years, Captain; therefore if you have that Merit the World reports of you, make the best use of this present Advice; and so farewell, 'till you hear from me further.

[*Exit.*

Beau. Now may I do by my Mistresses as the Boys do by their Farthings, hustle 'em in a Hat together, and go to Heads or Tails for 'em.——Hah! Let me never see Day again, if yonder be not coming towards us the very Rascal I told thee of this Morning, our *faux* Atheist; now will I shew thee as notable a Spirit as ever past upon the ignorant World for a fine Person, and a Philosopher.

Enter Daredevil.

What, *Daredevil*, a good Evening to thee: Why, where hast thou been, old Blasphemy, these forty Hours? I shall never be converted from Christianity, if thou dost not mind thy Bus'ness better.

Dared. Been, quoth a! I have been where I have half lost my honest Senses, Man: Would any Body that knows me, believe it? Let me be bury'd alive, if the Rogues of the Parish I live in have not indicted me for a Papist.

Beau. The Devil! a Papist!

Dared. Pox on 'em, a Papist! when the impudent Villains know, as well as I do, that I have no Religion at all.

Cour. No Religion, Sir? Are you of no Religion?

Dared. Is he an honest Fellow, *Beaugard*?

Beau. Oh, a very honest Fellow; thou mayst trust him with thy Damnation, I'll warrant thee: Answer him, answer him.

Dared. I never go to Church, Sir.

Cour. But what Religion are you of?

Dared.

Dared. Of the Religion of the *Inner-Temple*, the Common-Law Religion; I believe in the Law, truſt in the Law, enjoy what I have by the Law: For if ſuch a Religious Gentleman as you are get fifty Pounds into my Debt, I may go to Church and pray 'till my Heart akes; but the Law muſt make you pay me at laſt.

Cour. 'Tis certainly the fear of Hell, and hopes of Happineſs, that makes People live in Honeſty, Peace, and Union one towards another.

Dared. Fear of Hell! hark thee, *Beaugard*; this Companion of thine, as I apprehend, is but a ſort of a ſhallow Monſter. Fear of Hell! No, Sir, 'tis fear of Hanging. Who would not ſteal, or do Murder, every time his Fingers itch'd at it, were it not for fear of the Gallows? Do not you, with all your Religion, ſwear almoſt as often as you ſpeak? break and prophane the Sabbath? lie with your Neighbours Wives? and covet their Eſtates, if they be better than your own? Yet thoſe things are forbid by Religion, as well as Stealing and cutting of Throats are. No, had every Commandment but a Gibbet belonging to it, I ſhould not have had four King's Evidences to Day ſwear impudently I was a Papiſt, when I was never at Maſs yet ſince I was born, nor indeed at any other Worſhip theſe twenty Years.

Cour. Why then, Sir, between Man and Man, you are really of no Religion?

Dared. May be I am, Sir; may be I am not, Sir: When you come to know me better, twenty to one but you'll be better ſatisfy'd.

Cour. Does your Honour think there may be a Devil?

Dared. I never ſaw him, Sir.

Cour. Have you a mind to ſee him?

Dared. I'd go fifty Miles barefoot to ſee but a Fiend that belong'd to his Family.

Beau. That's a damn'd Lie, to my Knowledge: For I ſaw the Rogue ſo ſcar'd, that his Hair ſtood upright, but at the ſight of a poor black Water-Spaniel, that met him in the dark once.

Cour. What think you of Conſcience?

Dared.

Dared. I do not think of it at all, Sir; it never troubles me.

Cour. Did you ever do a Murder?

Dared. I won't tell you.

Cour. Thou art the honeſter Fellow for it; I love a friendly Rogue, that can keep ſuch a Secret, at my Heart.

Dared. Do you?

Cour. Ay.

Beau. So, that's well ſaid; now we'll to work with him preſently. Doſt thou hear, *Daredevil*, this honeſt Friend of mine is ſomething troubled in Spirit, and wants a little of thy ghoſtly Advice in a Point of Difficulty.

Dared. Well, and what is't? I ſhall be civil, and do him all the good I can.

Beau. In few words, he's marry'd; plagu'd, troubled, and Hag-ridden by the eternally-tormenting Witchcraft of a vexatious, jealous Familiar, call'd a Wife.

Dared. A Wife! that ever any Fellow that has but two Grains of Brains in his Scull, ſhould give himſelf the trouble to complain of a Wife, ſo long as there is Arſenick in the World!

Beau. Nay, it is a meer ſhame, a ſcandalous ſhame, when it is ſo cheap too.

Cour. Would you have me poiſon her?

Dared. Poiſon her! ay, what would you with her elſe, if you are weary of her?

Cour. But if I ſhould be call'd to a terrible Account for ſuch a thing hereafter!

Dared. Hereafter!—— Croſs my Hand with a piece of Silver,—— that is to ſay,—— give me three Pence,—— three Pence, my deareſt——

Cour. Well, and what then?

Dared. Why, for that conſiderable Sum I'll be Security for thee, and bear thee harmleſs for hereafter; that's all.

Beau. 'Faith, and cheap enough of all Conſcience.

Cour. This is the honeſteſt Acquaintance I ever met withal, *Beaugard.*

Beau. Oh, a very honeſt Fellow, very honeſt.

Cour. Prithee then, *Daredevil*, if that be thy Title, ſince we have ſo happily met this Evening, let us grow more intimate, and eat and drink together.

Dared. Faith and troth, with all my Heart: Pox on me, Boy, but I love Drinking mightily; and to tell ye the truth on't, I am never so well satisfy'd in my out-of-the-way Principles, as when I am drunk, very drunk. Drunkenness is a great Quietter of the Mind, a great Soother of the Spirit.

Beau. And shall we be very free, my little Atheistical disbelieving Dog? Wilt thou open thy Heart, and speak very frankly of Matters that shall be nameless?

Dared. Much may be done; I seldom hide my Talent, I am no Niggard of my Parts that way.

Beau. To tell thee a Secret, then, *Daredevil*, we two are this Night, for some weighty Considerations, to give a Treat to the People of the *Duke's* Theatre, after the Play's done, upon their Stage; we are to have the Musick too; and the Ladies, 'tis hop'd, will not deny us the Favour of their fair Company. Now, my dear Iniquity, shall we not, thinkest thou, if we give our Minds to it, pass an Evening pleasantly enough?

Dared. Rot me, with all my Heart: I love the Project of Treating upon the Stage extreamly too. But will there, will there be none of the Poets there? Some of the Poets are pretty Fellows, very pretty Fellows; they are most of 'em my Disciples in their Hearts, and now and then stand up for the Truth manfully.

Beau. Much may happen: But in the next place, after Supper we have resolv'd to storm a certain enchanted Castle, where I apprehend a fair Lady, newly enter'd into League with an honest Friend of thine, call'd my self, is kept a Pris'ner, by an old, ill-natur'd, snarling Dog in a Manger, her Guardian. Thou wilt make one at it, wilt thou not, my little *Daredevil?*

Dared. Dam' me, we'll burn the House.

Cour. Dam'me me, Sir? Do you know what you say? You believe no such thing.

Dared. Words of course, Child, meer Words of course: We use a hundred of 'em in Conversation, which are indeed but in the nature of Expletives, and signifie nothing: as, *Dam'me Sir*; *Rot me, Sir*; *Confound me, Sir*; which purport no more than *So, Sir*; *And, Sir*; or *Then, Sir*; at

the

the worſt: For my part, I always ſpeak what I think; no Man can help thinking what he does think: So if I ſpeak not well, the Fault's not mine.

Beau. Diſtinguiſh'd like a Learned School-Divine.

Cour. When meet we at the Play-Houſe then?

Dared. Before the Clock ſtrike Nine.

Beau. Where we'll have Muſick, Women, Mirth.

Dared. And very much good Wine. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Beaugard, Courtine, *and* Daredevil.

Beau. IS not this Living now? Who that knew the Sweets of Liberty, the uncontroul'd Delights the Free-man taſtes of, Lord of his own Hours, King of his own Pleaſures, juſt as Nature meant him firſt; Courted each Minute by all his Appetites, Which he indulges, like a bounteous Maſter, That's ſtill ſupply'd with various full Enjoyments; And no intruding Cares make one Thought bitter.

Dared. Very well this; this is all but very well.

Cour. Nay, not one Rub, to interrupt the Courſe Of a long, rolling, gay, and wanton Life. Methinks the Image of it is like a Laune In a rich flow'ry Vale, its Meaſure long, Beauteous its Proſpect, and at the End A ſhady peaceful Glade; where, when the pleaſant Race is over, We glide away, and are at reſt for ever.

Beau. Who, that knew this, would let himſelf be a Slave To the vile Cuſtoms that the World's debauch'd in? Who'd interrupt his needful Hours of Reſt, to riſe and yawn in a Shop upon *Cornhill*? Or, what's as bad, make a ſneaking Figure in a great Man's Chamber, at his riſing in a Morning? Who would play the Rogue, Cheat, Lie,

Lie, Flatter, Bribe, or Pimp, to raiſe an Eſtate for a Blockhead of his own begetting, as he thinks, that ſhall waſte it as ſcandalouſly as his Father got it? Or who, *Courtine*, would marry, to beget ſuch a Blockhead?

Cour. No body but ſuch a Blockhead as my ſelf, *Beaugard*, that's certain; but I will, if poſſible, atone for that Sin of mine in the future Courſe of my Life, and grow as zealous a Libertine as thou wouldſt wiſh thy Friend to be.

Dared. Theſe are Rogues that pretend to be a Religion now! Well, all that I ſay is, Honeſt Atheiſm for my Mony.

Beau. No, grant me while I live the eaſie Being I am at preſent poſſeſt of; a kind, fair She, to cool my Blood, and pamper my Imagination withal; an honeſt Friend or two, like thee, *Courtine*, that I dare truſt my Thoughts to; generous Wine, Health, Liberty, and no Diſhonour; and when I ask more of Fortune, let her e'en make a Beggar of me. What ſayſt thou to this, *Daredevil?* Is not this coming as near thy Doctrine as a young Sinner can conveniently?

Dared. Nay, I have very great Hopes of you, that's my Comfort.

Cour. But why did we part with the Women ſo ſoon?

Beau. Oh, *Courtine*, Reputation, Reputation! I am a young Spark, and muſt ſtand upon my Credit, Friend; the Rogues that cheat all the Week, and go to Church in clean Bands o' *Sunday*, will advance no neceſſary Sums upon my Revenues elſe, when there may be an Occaſion: Beſides, I have a Father in Town, a grave, ſober, ſerious old Gentleman, call'd a Father.

Dared. One that will Drink, Rant, Whore, and Game, and is as full of Religion as his worſhipful Son here.

Beau. Hah!

Enter Father.

Fath. Very well, very noble, truly, Son! This is the Care you are pleaſed to take of my Family! Sit up all Night, Drink, Whore, ſpend your Eſtate, and give your Soul to the Devil! A very fine—— *Hickup* —— This *Aquamirabilis* and the old Hock does not agree with my Stomach.

Beau.

Beau. Daredevil, ſtick to me now, and help me out at a dead lift, or I am loſt for ever.——Sir, I hope my being here, has not done you, nor any Friend of yours, an Injury.

Fath. Injury! No, Sir, 'tis no Injury for you to take your ſwill in Plenty and Voluptuouſneſs——*Hickup*——while your poor Father, Sirrah, muſt be contented to drink paltry Sack, with dry-bon'd, old, batter'd Rogues, and be thankful. You muſt have your fine, jolly, young Fellows, and bonny, buxom, brawny-bum'd Whores, you Dog, to revel with, and be hang'd to you, muſt you? Sirrah, you Rogue, I ha' loſt all my Mony.

Beau. I am ſorry for it, Sir.

Fath. Sorry for it, Sir!——*Hickup*——Is that all?

Dared. If thou art very poor, old Fellow, take a ſwinging Doſe of *Opium* and ſleep upon't; 'tis the beſt thing in the World for old Gentlemen that have no Mony. Or wilt thou be good Company? wilt thou ſit down and crack a Bottle, old Boy? Hah?

Fath. Heh! crack a Bottle!

Dared. Ay, crack a Bottle: What ſayſt thou to that comfortable Propoſition?

Cour. Come, Sir, here's your good Health, and to your better Fortune.

Fath. A very honeſt Fellow, *Jack*: Theſe are very honeſt Fellows. What is your name, Friend?

Dared. My name is *Daredevil*, Friend; of the ancient Family of the *Daredevils* in the North, that have not had a Church in their Pariſh, Chaplain in their Houſe, Prayers Publick or Private, or Graces at Meals, ſince the Conqueſt.

Fath. Sir, I have heard much of your Family; it is a very ancient Honourable Family: and I am glad to find my Son has made choice of ſuch Noble Acquaintance.——Sir, my Service to you.——I proteſt, a Cup of pretty Clarret, verry pretty Clarret.

Cour. And he has top'd it off as prettily, I'll ſay that for him.

Fath. Jack, I ha' loſt all my Mony, *Jack.*

Beau. Have you been robb'd, Sir?

Fath.

Fath. Robb'd, Sir! No, Mr. Saucy-face, I ha' not been robb'd, Sir: but I ha' been nick'd, Sir, and that's as bad, Sir. You are a worthy Perſon, and I'll make you my Judge.

Dared. Come along then.

Fath. The Main was Seven, and the Chance Four; I had juſt thirty Pound upon it, and my laſt Stake: The Caſter threw, nothing came of it; I chang'd his Dice; he threw again, to as little purpoſe as before.

Dared. Very ſtrange, truly.

Fath. I chang'd his Dice again, he threw again: So he threw, and I chang'd; and I chang'd, and he threw, for at leaſt half an Hour; till at laſt-----Do you mark me?---the Dice powd'ring out of the Box——

Dared. That's plain.

Fath. One of 'em trips againſt the Foot of a Candleſtick, and up comes two Deuces, two Deuces, Sir, do you hear? And ſo I loſt my Mony. No, Sir, I was not robb'd, Sir; but I loſt it upon two Deuces: and that was ſo hard Fortune, that I'll hold you, or any Man living, fifty pound to ten, that he does not throw two Deuces before Seven again.

Dared. Two Deuces afore Seven! Two Deuces are not to be thrown, Sir, not to be thrown.

Beau. I am glad to hear you are ſo rich, Sir.

Fath. Rich, quoth 'a! Prithee be quiet, I am not worth a Shilling, Man. But, Sir, here you are a Lord at large, enjoy your Drink and your Drabs, ſit up all Night in the fulneſs of Iniquity, with worthy Eſquire *Daredevil* of the North here, with a Pox to you; whilſt I muſt be kept without a Shilling in my Pocket.—— But, Sir,——

Beau. Sir, I ſent you a hundred Pound yeſterday Morning.

Fath. Well, Sirrah, and I have had ill Luck, and loſt it all: What then?

Beau. Sir, to avoid Diſpute, ſhall I make one Propoſition to you?

Fath. Heh! With all my Heart. Look you, *Jacky*-boy, I am not againſt thy taking thy moderate Diverſions, ſo long as I ſee thou keepeſt good Company, neither.

But

But—— sneak what Ready-mony thou hast into my Hand, and send me the rest of t' other Hundred to my Lodging.

Beau. Do you think it reasonable, that as often as two Deuces are thrown before Seven, I must advance a hundred Pound to make the Devil's Bones rattle, Sir?

Fath. Sirrah, you are a Rebel; and I could find in my Heart to cut your Throat. Sir, have you e'er a Father?

Dared. No, Sir.

Fath. No, Sir?

Dared. No, Sir; I broke his Heart long ago, before I came to be at Years of Discretion: I hate all Fathers, and always did.

Fath. Oh Lord! Hark you, Sir, what's that Fellow's Profession?

Cour. Oh, an Atheist, Sir; he believes neither God nor the Devil.

Fath. 'Sbud, I'll bustle up to him. Are you an Atheist, Fellow? hoh?

Dared. Yes, Sir, I am an Atheist.

Fath. And what think you will become of you when you die? hoh?

Dared. I shall be buried six Foot under Ground, to prevent stinking, and there grow rotten,

Fath. Oh Lord!

Dared. If I chance to be hang'd, being a lusty Sinewy Fellow, the Corporation of Barber-Chirurgeons, may be, beg me for an Anatomy, to set up in their Hall. I don't take much care of my self while I am living; and when I am dead, whatever happens to me will never trouble me.

Fath. No more to be said; my Son's in a very hopeful way to be damn'd, that's one Comfort. Impudent Rogue! You keep Company with the Devils Resident! You converse with Foreign Ministers, and deny your Father a little dirty Mony! Fogh, Poltroon!

Beau. This is very hard, Sir: But if Ten Guineas will do you any Service——

Fath. Ten Guineas? Let me see; ten Guineas are a pretty little pidling Sum, that's the truth on't: But what will it do, *Jacky*-boy? Serve, may be, to play at Tick-tack in an Afternoon, three Hits up for a Piece, or so; but when will that recover my Hundred again? Ten

Guinea's! Pox o' thy Ten Guinea's.—— Well, let me ſee the Ten Guinea's though,—— let me ſee 'em a little.—— *Jacky*-boy, *Jacky*, *Jack*,—— You ha' drunk damnable hard to Night, you Rogue; you are a drunken Dog, I believe—— Han't you had a Whore too, *Jacky*?—— e e e——You'll get the Pox, Sirrah, and then——But if thou doſt, I know a very able Fellow, an old Acquaintance of mine——Ten Guinea's, *Jacky!*

Beau. There they are, Sir; and long may they laſt you.

Fath. Make 'em Twenty, *Jacky*-rogue;—— you Plump-cheek'd, Merry-ey'd Rogue, make 'em twenty-----make 'em fifteen then—— *Jacky*-boy, *Jacky*, *Jack*,-----Do faith.

Beau. Upon my Duty, you have ſtripp'd me, Sir.

Fath. Then do you hear, Friend, you Atheiſt, that are ſo free of your Soul? let us ſee if you dare venture a little of your Mony now-----Come [*Draws out a Box and Dice.* Seven's the Main: I'll hold you ten Pounds to two, two Deuces does not come before Seven.

Beau. At him, *Daredevil*; Beggar him once more, and then we ſhall be rid of him.

Dared. Done, Sir, done; down with your Mony.

Fath. Here, you Blaſphemous Dog.——Doſt thou love Hazard?

Dared. Dearly, from the bottom of my Heart, Sir.

Fath. I love thee the better for't: Come along---Seven---

Dared. Right.

Fath. Seven. [*Throws two Deuces.*

Dared. Two Deuces! ——You ha' loſt, Sir.

Fath. Dam' me, Sir, lay your Hand upon my Mony!

Dared. Dam' me, Sir, 'tis my Mony; I won it fairly.

Beau. Now, *Courtine*, now——

Cour. Now look to't, Atheiſt!

Fath. Son of a Whore, you lie. Thus to my Hat I ſweep the yellow Scoundrels, and draw my Sword in witneſs th'are my own.

Dared. Nay then I'll——

Cour. Hold, Sirs, no drawing Swords, no Quarrelling.

Dared. I am glad on't, with all my Heart; for though I am not much afraid of the Devil, I hate a drawn Sword mortally.

Beau. Good Sir——

Fath.

Fath. Stand off.——Dogs, Atheists win my Mony!——Rascal,——Good morrow. [*Exit.*

Beau. Till next time two Deuces come before Seven; and then I am sure to see or hear from you again infallibly.

Cour. How dost thou intend to dispose of this wild, extravagant, old Father of thine, *Beaugard?*

Beau. I hope to find him run so far in Debt within this Fortnight, that to avoid the Calamity, he shall be forced to compound with me for his Freedom, and be contented with a comfortable Annuity in the Country; that's all my hopes of him.

Cour. Which he'll sell in one Quarter of a Year, and return to old *London* again, for t'other Game at Hazard.

Beau. No, like a wise Guardian, I'll take care of the contrary, lay it too far out of his reach, and tie it too fast for him. Why how now, *Daredevil*? What, in the dumps? 'Tis an unruly old Gentleman, but yet he has some Religion in him, *Daredevil.*

Dared. Yes, Pox on him, to cheat me of my Mony. 'Tis well he was your Father, Sir.

Cour. Why?

Dared. Had he been my own, by these Hilts I would have saw'd his old Windpipe asunder upon the Spot. Rob me of my Right!

Cour. Does he love Fighting so well then? I thought most of your Atheists had not much car'd for that impertinent Exercise.

Dared. 'Tis a little impertinent, that I'll grant you, for honest Fellows to fall out, squabble, and cut one anothers Throats, to spoil good Company: But when my Honour's injur'd——

Beau. Then, I know, thou art implacable. But for a foolish trifling Sum of Mony——

Dared. Trash, trash, Dunghil, and Filthiness! I give it away to my Wenches and my Servants; we part with it to every Body, upon all Occasions. He that values Mony, deserves never to have the Benefit of it.

Beau. A very noble Fragment of Philosophy. But, *Courtine,* the Morning is new risen again, and I have receiv'd Intelli-

Intelligence this Night, by a certain Minister I keep for such Offices, where my poor distressed Widow is held in Durance: If thou thinkest there may be any Hopes for thee upon the Coast I am bound for, let us embarque together, and good Luck attend us.

Cour. No, I have other Projects o' foot: Marriage has crack'd my Credit so, that no body that knows my Condition cares to dwell with me: Therefore I am resolv'd to set out for new Discoveries, and try how I can thrive where my Name's a Stranger.

Beau. What, this Morning!

Cour. This very Morning: Fortified with *Bourdeaux*, as I am, will I issue forth; and let all straggling Wives, Widows, and Virgins have a care of their Cargo's.

Beau. Nobly resolv'd, and good Fortune guide thee. Thou, *Daredevil*, wilt not part with me; thou art more a Friend than to leave thy Disciple, when there is good substantial Sinning like to go forward. May be we may do a Murder before we part; something that is very wicked we'll not fail of.

Dared. With all my Heart; let us fire a House or two, poison a Constable and all his Watch, ravish six Cinder-women, and kill a Beadle.

Beau. Shall we do all this?

Dared. Do't! I'll do't my self.

Beau. Thou art the very Spirit of Iniquity.

Enter Footman.

Footm. Sir, Captain *Beaugard*.

Beau. With me, Friend?

Foot. Sir, there is a Mask'd Lady, in a Chair, at the Corner of the Street, desires a Word with you instantly.

Beau. Tell her, I'm her Vassal, and will wait on her this Moment. *Courtine*, good morrow.

Cour. Gone already?

Beau. Trading comes in, Friend, and I must mind my Calling, that's all. *Allons, Daredevil.*

Dared. Friend, farewel to thee; if either of us are run through the Lungs, or shot in the Head, before we meet again, let us hear from one another out of the Lower World, how matters go there, and what Entertainment they give us.

Cour.

Cour. You shall find me a very civil Correspondent, Sir.

Dared. Farewel.

Cour. The same good Wish to you, Sir. Now will I out into the middle of the Street, play at Blind-mans-buff by my self, turn three times round, and catch who I can.

SCENE *changes to the Street. Enter* Beaugard *and* Daredevil.

Beau. This should be the Place, and yet I see no Chair.

Dared. Then let us fall to Mischief.

Beau. Prithee a little Patience, tho' it be a Vertue, dear Temptation.

Enter another Footman.

Footm. Sir, is your name Captain *Beaugard?*

Beau. Yes, my dear *Mercury*, I am the happy Man.

Footm. Then, Sir, this Letter is for you.

Beau. Stay till I read it, Friend.

Footm. Sir, it requires no Answer.

Beau. What Jilts Trick now!——*Sir,*——*to meet us with your Swords in your Hands this Morning, behind the Corner House of*——By my Stars, a Challenge from the termagant Sparks that fell upon us last Night. Why, what a deal of Love and Honour have I upon my Hands now? *Daredevil,* thou canst fight?

Dared. Why, is there any occasion?

Beau. Only a Challenge, *Daredevil,* that's all: See, there's a Breakfast for thee, if thou hast any Stomach to't.

Dared. Idle Rogues, Rascals, Hectors! Never mind 'em; hang 'em, these are some hungry Varlets that want Dinners; let us break the next Windows, and never think on't.

Enter six Ruffians.

1 *Ruf.* These are our Quarry; be sure we seise 'em both. Is the Coach ready?

2 *Ruf.* At the next Corner.

1 *Ruf.* Fall on then. Sir, you are our Prisoner.

Beau. Villains! Rogues! Thieves! Murder! Thieves! Rascals, you'll not murder me?

1 *Ruf.* Nay, Sir, no noise, no strugling, as you tender your Safety.

Beau.

Beau. Daredevil, Dog, Coward, draw thy Sword and reſcue me.

Dared. I am terrify'd, amaz'd; ſome Judgment for my Sins is fallen upon me; alas, I am in Bonds too! Have mercy on my Soul, and don't ſlay me, Gentlemen.

Beau. Damnation! Blinded! Raſcals, Villains, Ruffians! Murder!

Dared. Oh *Daredevil, Daredevil,* what will become of thee! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Theodore *and* Gratian.

Theod. This Generoſity makes good thy Character,
That thou art the braveſt Man, and trueſt Friend.
How ſhall I deſerve this from thee?

Grat. I ſhould be unjuſt, both to my ſelf, and the dear Mem'ry of thy Noble Brother, whoſe Friendſhip was ſo dear to me, ſhould my true Sword be idle in thy Cauſe. Beſides, the Love which I profeſs to *Porcia,* tells me a Rival muſt not tamely carry her.

Theod. She is thy Right: My dying Brother, her ſoon-forgotten Husband,
But thy remember'd Friend, with his laſt Breath thus told me;
I have a Friend, *Gratian,* the Man my Heart
Has cheriſh'd moſt; we from our Youth were Rivals
For my dear *Porcia:* Tell him, if I die,
I left her to him, as the deareſt Legacy
I could bequeath: Bid him be tender of her,
For ſhe'll deſerve it from him.——Would ſhe did.

Grat. Heav'n knows, it is my Curſe, ſpite of her Scorn, to love her even to Madneſs; nor ſhall this Man of War, this *French*-bred Hero, win her with nothing but his Cap and Feather: I wonder he's not come yet.

Theod. I have heard the Man is Gallant; but in honeſty, as thou art my Friend, I wiſh thou wouldſt hear good Counſel.

Grat. Thine muſt be Noble.

Theod. I'd have thee think no more of this proud Woman.

Grat. I wiſh 'twere poſſible.

Theod Their Sex is one groſs Cheat; their only Study
How to deceive, betray, and ruin Man:
They have it by Tradition from their Mothers,

Which they improve each Day, and grow more exquiſite.
Their Panting, Patching, all their Chamber-arts,
And publick Affectations, are but Tricks
To draw fond Men into that Snare, their Love.

Grat. Would this could cure mine.

Theod. When we're caught faſt, 'tis then they ſhew their Natures,
Grow haughty, proud, to vex the Wretch they've conquer'd;
Tho' the ſame Hour they glance abroad for new Ones.
Let but a Woman know you're once her Slave,
Give her once Teſtimony that you love her,
She'll always be thy Torment, Jilt, deſign,
And practiſe Ends upon thy honeſt Nature;
So ſtrong is their Antipathy to Truth.

Grat. But let a Fool——

Theod. Oh give 'em but a Fool,
A ſenſeleſs, noiſie, gay, bold, briſtling Blockhead,
A Raſcal with a Feather, and Cravat-ſtring,
No Brains in's Head; a vain, pert, empty Rogue,
That can prune, dance, liſp, or lie very much,
They're loſt for ever: They'll give all they have
To Fools, or for 'em.——

Grat. But, my Friend, this granted,
Grant *Porcia* this, and more, as ſhe's the Relict
Of thy dear Brother, and my valu'd Friend,
The Injury ſhe brings upon thy Honour
Muſt not be ſlighted; and that's my Cauſe now.

Theod. There thou o'ercom'ſt me: Still our Men of Mettle
Delay their Time; the Day grows late; let's walk
Down by yon' Wall; may be they have miſs'd the Place:
Beſides, I fancy Company is coming this way, and we may be prevented.
Methinks I would not loſe ſo fine a Morning, and do nothing.

Grat. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sylvia *and* Lucretia.

Sylv. Oh *Lucrece*, 'twas the Pangs of Jealouſie, curſt Jealouſie, that brought me hither.

Luc. Where lodg'd you then laſt Night?

Sylv.

Sylv. Here, in this Houſe, my Couſin *Porcia*'s Houſe: I met her late laſt Night, juſt as I alighted, harraſt with my Journey, and the Cauſe of it: Had ſhe not took pity of me, Heav'n knows how my Perplexities would have diſpoſed me!

Luc. What, in this Houſe?

Sylv. Here, in this very Houſe.

Luc. I'm glad I know it; I'll take ſuch care, it ſhall not be long a Secret.

Sylv. The Garden opening thus upon the Fields, invited me to take the Morning-air here; for Sleep's a Gueſt that ſtays but little with me. Why ſigheſt thou, *Lucrece?*

Luc. I'm thinking why my Couſin *Porcia* ſhould chuſe this Reſidence.

Sylv. 'Tis for a Lover, *Lucrece*; *Beaugard* courts her, a Friend and lewd Companion of my falſe Husband's.

Luc. I know him but too well.

Sylv. Why, doſt thou love him?

Luc. So much, that I can neither eat, drink, nor ſleep in peace, for the tormenting Thoughts of him.

Sylv. By Heav'ns, I pity thee. Oh have a care of Marriage, *Lucrece*, Marriage; 'twill be thy Bane, and ruin thee for ever. Marriage ſpoils Faces; How I look with Marriage!

Luc. I ſee no change.

Sylv. No change! I have not ſlept ſix Nights in peace ſince the curſt Day I wedded.

Luc. Will then a Husband ſpoil ones Sleep ſo ſadly?

Sylv. A Husband's, *Lucrece*, like his Wedding-Clothes;
Worn gay a Week, but then he throws 'em off,
And with 'em too the Lover: Then his Days
Grow gay abroad, and his Nights dull at home:
He lyes whole Months by thy poor longing Side
Heavy and uſeleſs, comes faint and loth to Bed,
Turns him about, grunts, ſnores: and that's a Husband.

Luc. Is *Courtine* ſuch a one?

Sylv. 'Tis pain to tell thee the Life I lead with him. He's colder to me, than Adamant to Fire; but let him looſe amongſt my Kitchen-Furniture, my Maids, never was ſeen ſo termagant a Towzer: He loves a naſty, foul-

fed, fulſome Drab, and ſcorns the tender Joys my Arms invite him to. To be deſpis'd at that rate, ſo diſhonour'd, makes me even curſe the Chance that made me Woman: Would I had been any Creature elſe.——See yonder, yonder he comes: Thy Mask, thy Mask, dear *Lucrece*.

Luc. Farewel; I'll away, and leave ye fairly both together. [*Exit.*

Enter Courtine.

Cour. What, fly thy Ground, faint Soldier! How, another! Nay then 'twas nobly done; two to one had been odds elſe: Had it not, pretty one?

Sylv. Why, who are you, Sir?

Cour. E'en a wandring Knight, that have forſaken my Caſtle in the Country, and am come up to Town for Preferment truly.

Sylv. And one would think ſo proper, luſty, a well-made Fellow as you are ſhould not be long out of Employment.

Cour. Doſt thou know me, my Deareſt?

Sylv. No.

Cour. Then I am ſure thou canſt have no Exception againſt me.

Sylv. But ſuppoſe I had a Mind to a little farther Acquaintance with you; what then, Sir?

Cour. Why, then thou may'ſt reaſonably ſuppoſe that I'll make no evil Uſe of thy good Inclinations; Faith there are very pretty Gardens hereabouts, let us commit a Treſpaſs for once, break into one of 'em, and roll a Camomile-walk together this Morning.

Sylv. Oh Lord, Sir!

Cour. She's coming already.

Sylv. If I ſhould let you make advantage of my Weakneſs now, you would be falſe afterwards, forſake me, and break my Heart.

Cour. Pretty Fool! What innocent Scruples ſhe makes!

Sylv. Have you no other Miſtreſs already? have you no Engagements that will return hereafter upon your Heart to my Prejudice?

Cour. Shall I ſwear?

Sylv. But han't you truly?

Cour.

Cour. If I have, may that blue Mountain over our Heads there, fall down and cruſh me like a pelted Toad.

Sylv. To ſhew you then that I deſerve your Faith——

Cour. What wilt thou ſhew me?

Sylv. A Face which I am not aſham'd of, though you'll perhaps be ſcandaliz'd when you ſee it.

Cour. The Devil take me if I am though, ſo it prove not very horrible indeed.

Sylv. What think you then, Sir, is it ſuch a one as you look'd for?

Cour. My own Wife!

Sylv. Yes, thy unhappy Wife,
Thou falſe, deceitful, perjur'd, ſhameleſs Wretch:
Have I deſerv'd this from thee?

Cour. Pox confound her.——

[*Takes out a Book and falls to reading.*

Sylv. Is this the Recompenſe of all my Love?
Did I beſtow my Fortune on thy Wants,
Humble my ſelf to be thy Dove-like Wife?
And is this all I'm worth?——

Cour. Wealth is a great
Provocative to am'rous heat; [*Reads.*
For what is worth in any thing,
But ſo much Mony as 'twill bring?
Hudibras, Part the Second, *Canto* the Firſt.

Sylv. Patience direct me! have I wrought my Nature
To utmoſt Sufferance, and moſt low Contentment,
Set my poor Heart to cares! have I been bleſt
With Children by thee: to be left with ſcorn,
Caſt off, neglected, and abandon'd vilely?
Speak, is not this hard Uſage?——

Cour. Umph!

Sylv. Umph! what's Umph!

Cour. Umph, that's I, Child; Umph is I, I, I, my Dear.

Sylv. Death! death and torments! Cut my wretched Throat, don't treat me thus: By Heav'n I'll bear't no longer.

Cour. No more.

Sylv. I have done, Sir.

Cour. What do you at *London!*

Sylv. Is it a fault to follow what I'm fond of!

Cour. Can't I enjoy my Pleaſures, take my Freedoms, but you muſt come, and ſpoil the high-ſeaſon'd Diſh, with your inſipid whining ſenſeleſs Jealouſie?

Sylv. Prithee forgive me.——

Cour. Where did you lodge laſt Night?

Sylv. Here with a Kinſwoman,
May be you know her not; her Name is *Porcia.*

Cour. Death! *Beaugard*'s Widow! now I am finely fitted. What, at this Houſe?

Sylv. This very Houſe; that Door
Opens into the Garden, let us walk there;
Won't you go with me, *Courtine?*

Cour. No.

Sylv. Prithee do, Love.
Don't be thus cruel to me.

Cour. Then promiſe one thing,
And may be my good Nature ſhall be wrought upon.

Sylv. I'll grant thee any thing; ſpeak, try m'Obedience.

Cour. Then promiſe me, that during our Abode
In this ſweet Town, which I love very dearly,
That let me ramble, ſteer what courſe I will,
Keep what late Hours, and as I pleaſe employ 'em,
That you'll be ſtill an humble, civil Doxy,
And pry into no Secret to diſturb me.

Sylv. Well, 'tis all granted.

Cour. On then, I'll be dutiful.

Sylv. Enter you firſt.

Cour. No.——

Sylv. Oh, then you'll forſake me;
You ſeek but opportunity again to leave me.

Cour. Well, ſince I am trapt thus,
Like a poor Beaſt that wanted better Paſture,
There is no Replevin, and I muſt to Pound. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Theodoret, Gratian *and* Lucretia.

Theod. What, in this Houſe?

Luc. Here, in this very Houſe;
My Couſin *Sylvia*, *Courtine*'s jealous Wife,
Coming to Town, lodg'd with her here laſt Night.

Theod.

Theod. No more, I gueſs the cauſe we're diſappointed. Do thou go, *Gratian*, muſter what Friends 'tis poſſible; I'll try my Intereſt too; we'll ſtorm your Fortreſs, Enchanted Lady, though your Giant guard it.

SCENE *changes to the Inſide of a very fair Houſe, adorn'd with rich Furniture and Lights.*

Enter Ruffians, with Beaugard *and* Daredevil.

Beau. Dogs! Raſcals! Villains! how do you intend to deal with us?

1 *Ruff.* Much better than your Language has deſerv'd, Sir. [*They unbind 'em.*

Beau. Sirs, for this noble Uſage, had I a Sword or Piſtol about me, I would reward ye moſt amply. [*They all bow and withdraw.*

A Plague of your Civility! where the Devil are we?

Dared. Where are we, quotha! why, we are in a Palace Man, prithee look about thee a little.

Beau. By Heav'n here's a Paradiſe; hark *Daredevil!* Muſick too!

Dared. I'll be hang'd if 'tis not a bawdy Dancing-School; ſome better Whores than ordinary deſigning a private *Ballum rancum*, have pitch'd upon our two proper Perſons for the bus'neſs; we are like to have a ſwinging time on't, *Beaugard.*

Beau. A Plague o'your Cowardiſe! you were whining and praying juſt now, and be hang'd to you.

Dared. I praying! prithee be quiet Man, I never pray'd in my Life, nor ever will pray: Praying quotha! that's a merry Jeſt with all my Heart.

Beau. Impudent *Poltroon!* he ſaid two dozen of *Pater-Noſters* within this half Hour, and every jolt the Coach gave was afraid the Devil would have torn him to pieces.

Dared. Odd I like this Contrivance very well: Look, *Beaugard*, what comes yonder? 'sheart, two Devils in Petticoats, how my Guts ſhrink together!

Enter two Black Women.

Beau. Heyday! Lady *Blackamores!* nay then we are certainly enchanted. What are you two, Maids of Honour to the Queen of *Pomonkey?* and is this one of her Palaces? Not a Word!——

Dared. How I long now to be familiar with one of those Sooty-fac'd Harlots! I would beget a chopping Black Son of a Whore upon her, in defiance to the Prince of Darkneſs.

Enter a Dwarf.

Beau. What, another too of the ſame Complexion? this muſt be her Majeſty's Page.

Dared. A Pimp, I'll warrant him; he's ſo very little, pert, and dapper, the Rogue looks as if he could inſinuate himſelf through a Key-hole.

Dwarf. Welcome, thou beſt-lov'd Man of the fair World.

Beau. Well, Sir, and what's the Service you have in order to command me?

Dwarf. My Orders are to lead you to repoſe in a rich Bed prepared for Reſt and Love.

Dared. I ſaid it was a Pimp; what a ſmooth'd-tongu'd little Raſcal 'tis?

Beau. A very pretty ſort of an Amuſement this: But prithee young *Domine,* why to Bed? 'tis but now Day, and the Sun newly riſen; for I have not been a-bed all Night, my little Monſter; I know how the time goes, Child.

Dwarf. Such are the Orders of the Power I ſerve. For you are come a long unmeaſurable Journey.

Dared. Hah!

Dwarf. Drawn by wing'd Horſes through the untract Air.

Beau. A Pox upon thee for a little, black, lying, well-inſtructed Raſcal; but ſince it is the Cuſtom of the Place, and my laſt Night's Fatigue requires it, I'll accept of the Offer, and diſpenſe with an Hour or two of Sleep to fit me for better Exerciſe when I wake again.

[*Sits down in a Chair to be undreſt.*

Dared. Drawn by wing'd Horſes through the Air, ſaid he! if this ſhould be true now, what would become of us! Methought

Methought indeed the Coach whew'd it away a little faſter than ordinary.

[*While* Beaugard *is undreſſing the two Black Women dance.*

Beau. A very notable Entertainment truly, and your little Black Ladyſhips have tript it moſt featly.——

[*The Women advance towards him.*

What, and muſt you take charge of me now!——With all my Heart. *Daredevil* farewel to thee; but that I am in hopes of a better, I'd invite thee for a Bedfellow.

[*Women lead in* Beaugard.

Dared. Bedfellow, quotha! would I were a-bed with any Bedfellow that I was ſure had but Fleſh and Bones about him.

Dwarf. Come, Sir, you are my Charge.

Dared. I hope your little Impſhip will be civil to me: Pray, Sir, what Place is this?

Dwarf. A Chryſtal Caſtle built by Enchantment in a Land unknown to any but the Fair One that commands it: The Spirits of the Air keep guard about it, and all obey her Charms.

Dared. Oh Lord! and what Religion is the Lady of?

Dwarf. That's a Secret, you'll know more hereafter.

Dared. Lead on then: Now in the lower World, whence I come lately, were this but known,

How would the Fate in Ballad be lamented,
Of Daredevil *the Atheiſt, that's Enchanted.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Gratian *and* Theodoret.

Grat. THESE are your Men of Honour now: I never knew a bluſtering, roaring, ſwaſhing Spark, that, at the bottom, was good for any thing.

Theod. Your faux Braves always put on a ſhew of more Courage than ordinary; as your beggarly half-Gentlemen

always wear tawdry and finer Cloaths than their Fortune will afford 'em.

Grat. But, to lye conceal'd in private in the Houſe with her!

Theod. Dam' her, ſhe's a Proſtitute; has given her ſelf already to his Arms.

Grat. Yet, I'll warrant you, ſhe has an Excuſe for that too, if it be ſo; as, Alas! you know, Woman is but a weak Veſſel.

Theod. A Pox o' the weakneſs of her Veſſel! Dam' her! Would my Sword were in her Throat! But will our Friends be ready?

Grat. Moſt punctually. It was an odd old Fellow, that, which we met with. Was he certainly *Beaugard*'s Father?

Theod. No body can ſwear that, for his Mother was a Woman; but that merry-conceited old Gentleman has the honour of it: He has the Title, but whoſe was the Property, that I dare not determine.

Grat. I hope he'll be as good as his Word with us.

Theod. It will not be amiſs if it prove ſo. See, here he comes too.

Enter Father and Fourbine.

Fath. You lie, you Dog; you *Scanderbeg* Varlet, you lie. Do not I know that he ſate up all Night with a Conſort of Whore-maſters and Harlots; and have you the Impudence to tell me he is not at Home? Do not I know, you Villain, that, after a Debauch, he will out-ſnore a *Fleetſtreet*-Conſtable and all his Watch, for ſix Hours; and dare you tell me, he is not at home, you Caterpillar?

Four. Upon the word of a true *Valet de Chambre*, Sir, I deal ſincerely and honeſtly with you.

Fath. No more to be ſaid: But, Sirrah, do you take Notice in his Behalf, and tell him, he ſhall pay for this; pay for it, do you hear you Mongril? Fob me off with ten ſtinking Guineas, when I had loſt a hundred! Fiends and Furies, I'll not bear it. Good Morrow my little Thunder-bolts! What ſay you, my tiny brace of Blunder-buſſes?

quſſes? can I be ſerviceable? ſhall we about the Buſineſs while it is practicable? hah?——

Theod. Have you conſider'd of it throughly, Sir?

Fath. Trouble thy Head no farther; I'll do't, my Darling.

Theod. Have you conſider'd, Sir, that ſhe is your Son's Miſtreſs?

Fath. So much the better ſtill; I'll ſwinge her the ſtoutlier, for alienating his Affections from his natural Father.

Grat. But ſuppoſe you ſhould meet him too there in her Defence, Sir?

Fath. Still better and better, and better for that very reaſon; for I would ſwinge him too with much fatherly Diſcipline, and teach him the Duty which a Son, with a great deal of Mony, owes an honeſt old Daddy, that has none.

Theod. Very piouſly reſolv'd, this; that's the truth on't. But, Sir, I would have you ſatisfy'd into the Bargain, that this will be no trifling matter. No Boys Play, old *Tilbury*.

Fath. Boys Play, Sir! Sir, I can fight, Sir: Though I am an old Fellow, I have a Fox by my ſide here, that will ſnarl upon Occaſion. Boys Play! I don't underſtand your Boys Play, Sir——

Theod. I would not have you take my Plainneſs ill, Sir: I only hinted it, to deal with you according to an old faſhion of Sincerity, which I profeſs: Sir. I hope you are not offended at it.

Fath. Then, to rectifie all Miſtakes, let us fairly have a Breakfaſt, *hoc Momento*. I have a ſort of gnawing Courage, that when it is provok'd, always gives me a Stomach to a ſavoury Bit, and a cheerful Bottle. I hate to be run through the Guts, with nothing in 'em to keep the Wind out.

Grat. Very well propos'd, I think; for we have more Friends to meet us at a Tavern hard by here, where we intend to wiſh our Enterpriſe well in a bonny Bottle or two, and then about it as cheerfully as we can.

Fath.

Fath. Very well said, that: This is a pretty Fellow, I'll warrant him. Now, if my Rebel be run through the Midriff in this buſineſs, I am the next Heir at Law, and the two thouſand Pounds a Year is my own, *declaro.* Come along my little Spit-fires.

Nous allons.
Brave ſtrippons.
Sans ſçavoir ou Nous allons.

Six Bumpers in a Hand to him that drills the firſt Whore-Maſter through the ſmall Guts.

Grat. We'll pledge it heartily, Sir.

Fath. You are both my honeſt Boys, my beſt Children, march along then bravely and boldly.——I muſt borrow Mony of theſe Fellows before I part with 'em. *Nous allons, Brave ſtrippons.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Courtine.

Cour. Oh the unconſcionable Importunity of an unſavoury, phlegmatick, cold, inſipid Wife! By this good Day, ſhe has kiſs'd me 'till I am downright ſick; I have had ſo much of her, that I ſhall have no Stomach to the Sex again this Fortnight.

Enter Sylvia.

Sylv. My Deareſt, pray my Deareſt, don't thus leave me: By this kind Kiſs I beg it.

Cour. Oh, the Devil!

Sylv. Look kindly on me; ſpeak to me.——

Cour. Plague intollerable!——

Sylv. Indeed, my Dear, I love you with ſuch fondneſs! Pray ſpeak.

Cour. I cannot.

Sylv. Why? an't you well?

Cour. Oh, there's a ſudden Faintneſs comes o'er my Spirits! Oh, I'm very ſick! Leave me, if thou lov'ſt me, ſtand off, and give me Air; I die elſe. Oh h!——

Sylv. I'll kiſs thee then to Life again.

Cour. Stand off, I ſay; I'll not be ſtifled! Murder! Help! Murder! Help!

Sylv. Ill-natur'd Tyrant!

Cour. Good-natur'd Devils! Kiſs, i'th' Devil's Name!——

Sylv.

Sylv. Come near me, Husband.

Cour. Come not near me, Wife. How I am tortur'd!——

Sylv. You must be kind; indeed, my dear, you must.

Cour. Indeed, my dear, by your good Leave, I sha'not, ——Damnation!

Sylv. You long to be rid of me again.

Cour. That I do most mightily; but how to bring it about, if I know, I am a Rascal! Oh! Oh!

Sylv. What's the matter, Dearee?

Cour. Oh, I am sick again of the sudden! Give me the Chair there: Oh! my Heart beats, and my Head swims! Oh! oh!

Sylv. Alas, I fear y'are very sick indeed! if my poor Lovee should die, what will become of me!

Cour. A Plague o' your whining! Would I were well out of the House once!

Sylv. Shall I fetch thee some Cordial, my dearest Love, my Joy? Speak to me; shall I?——

Cour. Ay if thou wilt, my Jewel. [*Exit* Sylv.] Jewel quotha!——what a plague's this: Hush, is she gone?—— Now for a convenient Balcony to venture the breaking of a Neck at.——

Enter Page.

Page. Sir, Sir, a word with you.

Cour. With me, Sweetheart; thy Business?

Page. A Lady, Sir, that dog'd you hither this Morning——

Cour. A Lady!——

Page. Yes, a Lady, Sir.

Cour. Hist: Get you in, you little Monkey; skip, sculk, or you'll spoil all else.——Here's the blessed Comfort of a Wife again now:——Oh, oh!—— [*Ex. Page.*

Enter Sylvia.

Sylv. How is't, my Blessing? Here, take this: Heav'n guard thee.

Cour. From thy confounded troublesome Company, if it be possible. [*Drinks.*

Sylv. How is't, my Dearee?

Cour. If I had a little more on't, Dearee.

Sylv. I'll see what's left, my Joy.

Cour.

Cour. Do, prithee do, my Joy then. Joy in the Devil's Name. [*Ex.* Sylv.

Hiſt, Sirrah Page, come hither.

Enter Page.

Page. Is your Lady gone, Sir?

Cour. Yes: But what News of the other Lady, my truſty *Mercury*?

Page. She's now below, Sir; and deſires to ſee you.

Cour. Is ſhe young? handſome?

Page. I can't tell that, Sir; but ſhe's rare and fine.

Cour. Are her Cloaths rich?

Page. Oh Sir, all Gold and Silver; with a deep Point *Thingum Thangum* over her Shoulders: And then ſhe ſmells as ſweet as my Lady's Dreſſing-Box.

Cour. Fly little Spright, and tell her, I'm impatient: tell her, I'll wait on her within a Moment: Tell her ——

Page. But Sir ——

Cour. Be gone, be gone, you Knave, or you'll be caught elſe. Oh! [*Ex. Page.*

Enter Sylvia.

Sylv. Here's all that's left, my Heart.

Cour. I am ſorry for it, it is very comfortable. [*Drinks.*] Oh, oh, oh!

Sylv. What ails my Life?

Cour. Oh, I have a horrid Tremor upon my Heart! 'tis the old Palpitation I us'd to be troubl'd with, return'd again. Oh, if I were but ——

Sylv. Where, Love?

Cour. Oh! but in a condition to go abroad, there is an able Fellow of my Acquaintance, that always us'd to relieve me in this Extremity.

Sylv. Where does he live? I'll take a Coach my ſelf, and go to him.

Cour. The Devil take me if I know. —— Oh! 'tis a vaſt way off. —— Oh! now it kills me again.

Sylv. I ſhall not think it ſo, when it is my Duty.

Cour. That's but too kind, my Sweeteſt; though, if I had but one Bottle of his *Elixir*. ——

Sylv. How is it call'd?

Cour. Specimen Vitæ.

Sylv.

Sylv. *Specimen Vitæ?*

Cour. Ay, *Specimen Vitæ*: 'tis a damn'd hard Name, but it is very good.

Sylv. Where is't he lives then? Prithee let me go thither.

Cour. Oh, 'tis a horrid way off! Beſides, it would trouble me now, in this condition, to be ſo long without thee.

Sylv. Prithee let me go.

Cour. Why, 'tis as far as *Grub-ſtreet* Child, as *Grub-ſtreet?*

Sylv. I'll be back again inſtantly.

Cour. I had rather, indeed, thou ſhouldſt go thy ſelf, than ſend a Meſſenger, becauſe the buſineſs will be done more carefully.

Sylv. How's the Direction then?

Cour. In *Grub-ſtreet*, Child, at the Sign of the *Sun* and *Phœnix*, I think it is, there lives a Chymiſt; ask for him, and in my Name deſire a Bottle of his *Specimen Vitæ*. Oh!

Sylv. *Specimen Vitæ?*

Cour. Ay, *Specimen Vitæ* —— I'll try in the mean time if I can walk about the Room, and divert the terror of my Fits.

Sylv. Heav'ns bleſs my deareſt Dearee.

Cour. Thank you, my only Joy. —— Would in the Devil's Name ſhe were gone once, and had her Guts full of that Quack's *Specimen Vitæ*.

Sylv. You'll be careful of your ſelf, Child?

Cour. As careful as I can, Child.

Sylv. Gud b'w'y *Courtee*.

Cour. B'w'y my *Sylvee*. —— Oh, oh! [*Exit* Sylvia.

Enter Page.

Is ſhe gone?

Page. Yes, Sir.

Cour. Where's the Lady?

Page. Here; juſt entring up the Back-Stairs.

Lady appears at the Door.

Cour. Madam, this Honour done your worthleſs Servant ——

Enter

Enter Sylvia.

Sylv. Oh, my dear Heart, I had forgot my Wages. Pray *Courtee*, kiſs me before I go.

Cour. Confound her, come again! Oh, my Love! I have made hard ſhift to crawl to the Door here.

Sylv. Who's that behind you?

Cour. Nothing but a Page, come to know if I wanted any thing. A Plague of her Hawks Eyes! ——

Sylv. Gud b'w'y my deareſt Love.

Cour. Gud b'w'y my Joy.

Sylv. Nay, give me another. B'w'y *Courtee.*

Cour. B'w'y *Sylvee.*——So, is ſhe gone again?——The Devil take me, if thou interrupteſt me any more.

[*Locks the Door after her.*

Enter Lady.

Lady. Is that your Lady, Sir?

Cour. Yes; but I hope you'll not think the worſe of me, pretty One, for keeping a Wife Company now and then, for want of better.

Lady. Can you be ſo kind, Sir, not to forget me? Do you remember me ſtill, Captain?

Cour. Remember thee, Child! Is it poſſible for that Face to be ever blotted out of my Memory!——Though, the Devil eat me, if ever I ſaw it before, to the beſt of my Knowledge.

Lady. Where is your Lady gone, Sir?

Cour. To *Grub-ſtreet*, Jewel, for ſome *Specimen Vitæ.*

Lady. Specimen Vitæ, Sir! Oh dear, what's that?

Cour. Oh, come but quietly into the next Room, and I will ſhew thee what *Specimen Vitæ* is preſently.

Lady. You may, perhaps, think ſtrange of this Freedom I take with you, Sir.

Cour. Not in the leaſt, Child; it ſhews thy Generoſity.——I love her now, for underſtanding her Buſineſs, and coming cloſe to the matter quickly.

Lady. But, Sir, preſuming on your *Quondam* Favours to me, I am come to beg your Advice in a matter of Law, which I am at preſent involv'd in: and if you pleaſe——

Cour.

Cour. To retire a little in private?——Oh, thou couldſt not have pick'd out ſuch another Man for thy purpoſe: I am, may be, the beſt Lawyer in the World for Chamber-practice. And if I do not find out the Merits of thy Cauſe as ſoon as-----

Lady. Really, you are ſo good-natur'd-----

Cour. Grub-ſtreet and *Specimen Vitæ*, quotha! He that has the Palpitation of the Heart, and an armful of this won't cure him, let him die upon a Dunghill, and be bury'd in a Ditch, I ſay.-----This is the rareſt Adventure.

[*Exeunt* Courtine *and the Lady.*

The SCENE *changes to a Bed-Chamber.*

Enter Beaugard *in, as Dreſſing himſelf.*

Beau. Heigho! Heigho! Boy, Imp, where art thou?

Dwarf. Here: Your Pleaſure? What's your Pleaſure, Sir?

Beau. What is't o' Clock, Boy?

Dwarf. Sir, in your World, by Computation, I gueſs it may be Afternoon.

Beau. A very pretty little Raſcal, this; and a very extraordinary way of Proceeding, I am treated withal here: I have been a-bed, 'tis true, but the Devil a wink of ſound Reſt came near my Senſes all the while; but broken Slumbers, Dreams, Starts, and ſprawling from one ſide to the other, in hopes the fair Unknown that keeps this Caſtle might have been ſo good-natur'd to have given a Stranger a Viſit. This can be no leſs than ſome Romantick deſign of the little Fairy, that threatned ſhe would cheat the Widow of me: Now will I, for once, if ſhe does attempt me, put on that monſtrous Vertue, call'd Self-denial, and be damnably conſtant.-----What, Muſick again! This is a merry Region, I'll ſay that for it, where ever it be. Boy!

Dwarf. Did you call, Sir?

Beau. My Cloaths, Monſter; my Veſtments: I hate a *Diſ-habilee* mortally: I long to be rigg'd, that I may be fit for Action, if Occaſion ſhould preſent it ſelf.

[*Dwarf dreſſes him.*

A SONG.

I.

Welcome Mortal to this place,
Where ſmiling Fate did ſend thee:
Snatch thy happy Minutes, as they paſs;
Who knows how few attend thee!

II.

Floods of Joy about thee roul,
And flow in endleſs meaſure.
Dip thy Wiſhes deep, and fill thy Soul
With Draughts of every Pleaſure.

III.

Feaſt thy Heart with Love's Deſire,
Thy Eyes with Beauty's Charms:
With Imaginations fan the Fire,
Then ſtifle it in thy Arms.

IV.

For, ſince Life's a ſlippery Gueſt,
Whoſe flight can't be prevented;
Treat it, whilſt it ſtays here, with the beſt,
And then 'twill go contented.

V.

Come you that attend on our Goddeſs' Will,
And ſprinkle the Ground
With Perfumes around;
Shew him your Duty, and ſhew us your Skill.

Enter four Black Women, that dance to the ſame Meaſure of the Song, and ſprinkle Sweets.

Circle him with Charms,
And raiſe in his Heart
Such Alarms,
As Cupid *ne'er wrought by the Power of his Dart.*

They

They dance round him.

Fill all his Veins with a tender Deſire,
And then ſhew a Beauty to ſet 'em a-fire;
'Till kind panting Breaſts to his Wound ſhe apply,
Then on thoſe white Pillows of Love let him die.
[The Dance ends.

Beau. Faith, and with all my Heart; for I am weary of the lingring Diſeaſe, and long to taſte my Mortality moſt mightily. Hah! A Banquet too, uſher'd in by a couple of *Cupids!* [*Two* Cupids *run in a Table furniſh'd.*] Pretty innocent Contrivance! Well, here's no fear of ſtarving, that's one Comfort. Now, my dear Muſicians, would ye be but as good as your word, and ſhew me the Beauty you have ſo prepar'd me for!----But then, my Widow! my dear, generous, noble-hearted Widow! She that loves Liberty as I do. She that defies Matrimony as I do too. Shall I turn Recreant, and be falſe to her? Ah *Daredevil, Daredevil!* How I want thee to help me out in this Caſe of Conſcience a little!

Enter Daredevil.

Dared. Beaugard, where art thou?

Beau. Ah dear Damnation! I was juſt now heartily wiſhing for thee.

Dared. Such News! ſuch Tidings! ſuch a Diſcovery!

Beau. Hah! What's the matter, Man?-----

Dared. Only ſix and fifty Virgins apiece for us, that's all; pretty little bluſhing opening Buds, you Rogue, that never had ſo much as a blaſt of Maſculine Breath upon them yet.----What's here? A Banquet ready? Nay, then I am ſatisfy'd. Never were Heroes ſo inchanted as we are.

Beau. But where are the Virgins, *Daredevil?* the Virgins!

Dared. There's only one of 'em, Child; only one;----- but ſuch a one, my Soldier.-----

Beau. Is there but one then?

Dared. That's no matter, Man; I'll be contented till thou haſt done with her: I hate a new Conveniency that was

was never practiſed upon; 'tis like a new Shoe that was never worn, wrings and hurts ones Foot baſely and ſcurvily. I love my eaſe, I.

Beau. But is ſhe very Lovely?

Dared. Such a Swinger, you Dog! ſhe'll make thy Heart bound like a Tennis Ball, at the ſight of her: with a Majeſtick ſtately Shape and Motion.

Beau Well:

Dared. A Lovely, Angelical, Commanding Face.

Beau. By Heav'ns.

Dared. With two Triumphant, Rolling, Murdering Eyes, that ſwear at you ev'ry time you look upon her.

Beau. Stand off, ſtand off, I ſay; ſhe's mine this Minute. But then again, my Widow!-----

Enter a Lady Mask'd.

Hah!——Mask'd too, when the Devil ſhall I ſee a Woman with her own natural Face again? Madam ——

Lady. Be pleas'd, Sir, to repoſe your ſelf a little; there is a ſmall Account, Sir, to be adjuſted betwixt you and I. Where are my Servants? Who is it waits there?

[*Several Men Vizarded, and Arm'd, appear at the Doors.*

Beau. What the Devil can be the meaning of this now? I am not to be murdered, I hope, after all this Ceremony and Preparation.

Dared. Murder'd, in the Devil's Name? Here is great fear of being murder'd, truly.

Lady. Come Sir, ſit down Sir.

Beau. Madam, I'll obey you.

Lady. I doubt not, Sir, but ſince your coming hither, You are much ſurpris'd, and wonder at your Treatment.

Dared. So, now the Fardle's opened, we ſhall ſee what is in it.

Beau. Madam, 't has been ſo very highly generous-----

Lady. That you are prepar'd with Compliments to pay me for it.

But, Sir, ſuch Coyn's adulterate and baſe:
I muſt have honeſt Dealing from your Heart.

Dared. Swear to her, ſwear to her a little, Man; pour out a Buſhel of Oaths upon her inſtantly: Swear, ſwear, if thou wilt do any good upon her.

Lady.

Lady. I know my Rival.

Beau. Ay, 'tis ſo, juſt ſo, juſt as I thought; my poor Widow will run a damnable hazard of loſing this ſweet Perſon of mine, if I do not take abundance of care in the buſineſs. Here are Rogues on each hand, with Blunderbuſſes too. I ſhall be raviſh'd.

Lady. She, by her Arts,
And the good Fortune to have firſt attempted it,
I know, 's poſſeſs'd already of your Heart.
But know too, I'm a Woman loath Refuſal,
Scornful Refuſal——

Dared. Swear to her, I tell thee: That ever a Fellow ſhould loſe all this time for an inſignificant Oath or two!

Lady. Or, if my Fortune,
Which is not deſpicable, prove too weak
An Argument to tell you I deſerve you;
Yet I have this to boaſt, I ne'er conceal'd my ſelf,
Either for Shame or Ends; but rather choſe
To run the Riſque of being deny'd your Love,
Than win it by baſe Artifice and Practices.
What think you, Sir?——

Beau. Hah!——
That, Madam, I'm moſt miſerable,
Unleſs——

Lady. Your Widow *Porcia*, Sir, your Widow.

Beau. Madam, I muſt confeſs——

Lady. Well:

Beau. That I love her, and will for ever.——

Lady. Death! Do you confeſs it too?
See you not here your ſelf within my power,
And dare you ſtill confeſs you love that Creature?
Thus far I've kept my Word, I've croſs'd her Stratagems.
You are here my Priſ'ner, and by what is paſt,
You ought to think me capable of more.

Dared. If this Fellow would but ſwear a little, all this might be rectify'd. Madam, to my own knowledge——

Beau. Fool, ſtand off.
I'm ſenſible that you are the loveliеſt Creature
My Eyes e'er gaz'd on; but——

Lady. But what?

Beau.

Beau. I'm ſure
You'd your ſelf ſcorn, nor think me worth your Heart,
Could I be faithleſs, could I be unconſtant.
Pity me, fair One; yet, methinks this Hand——
Lady. Should ſend a Dagger to thy ungrateful Heart.
By Heav'n, I'll never bear it——
Beau. Madam!
Dared. Madam,
Could you but throw ſome favour on your Servant.
Lady. By all the fury in a Woman's Heart,
I'll be reveng'd on his. Make ready, Slaves,
To do your Office——
Dared. Madam——
Beau. Look you, Madam, your Ladyſhip may do your pleaſure; you may command half a dozen of Bullets through my *Pericranium*, if you have a mind to have your Beauty ſpoke well of by the Criticks of *Holborn*, that once a Month ſwarm at their Windows to ſpy handſom Faces: Upon that conſideration you may murder a poor conſtant Monſter if you pleaſe, Madam.
Lady. Still am I ſcorn'd then.
Beau. Would you kill me barbarouſly?
Sure thoſe ſweet Eyes could not ſee ſuch a Sight.
Lady. No, take your Life, and with't this ſatisfaction; *Porcia* ſcorns you, as much as you do me:
And, till thou fueſt upon thy humble Knees
To me for Pity, *Porcia* ſhall deſpiſe thee.
Beau. Madam, I ſwear!
Lady. No more.
Beau. By all thoſe Beauties.
Lady. Be gone, for ever fly this. Ah h!—— [*Squeaks.*

Enter Courtine.

Cour. Death, Damnation, Devils! How came I hither? *Beaugard!*
Beaug. Friend *Courtine!* Speak Man: What's the matter?
Cour. Damnation! Jilted, chous'd, betray'd——

Enter Woman.

Wom. A Midwife! Run for a Midwife, run for ſome good Woman.—— Oh Madam, an Accident.
Beau. A Midwife!

Lady.

Lady. Heav'ns! a Midwife! [*Exit.*

Cour. Yes, Friend, a Midwife. I am ſweetly manag'd, I---I thought I had been in private here, in this Houſe, with a civil Perſon of good Reputation, and it proves a damn'd trapanning Strumpet. Juſt in the middle of all our good Underſtanding together, ſhe fetches a great Shriek, and roars out for a Midwife: The Drab is full gone with Baſtard, and ſwears I am the Father of it.

Beau. A very great happineſs, take my Word for't, Friend; Children bring a great Honour with them, *Courtine:* It may grow up to be a Comfort to thee in thy old Age, Man.

Dared. Oh, your Olive Branches are unſpeakable Bleſſings, the Gift of Heav'n. I love to ſee Poſterity go forward, and Families encreaſe, with all my heart.

Cour. Let me be hang'd and quarter'd, Gentlemen, if ever I ſet Eyes on the Harlot in my Life before. My ſweet Wife, with a Pox to her, brought me hither.

Beau. Why, is thy Wife in *London?*

Cour. Yes, Hell confound her! ſhe has hunted me full Cry up to Town; ſeiz'd upon me this Morning, and brought me hither, where it ſeems ſhe lay all the laſt Night.

Dared. Why then, for ought I know, we may be ſtill enchanted.

Beau. I am glad to hear that, with all my heart. Is ſhe in the Houſe?

Cour. No; I was forced to counterfeit Sickneſs, 'till I was e'en ſick indeed, to get rid of her, upon pretence of going to my Phyſician, in the Devil's name; that this confounded Bulker, with her Guts full of Baſtard, and I might conſole together for half an hour; and I am ſweetly fitted with a Concubine, that's the truth on't.

Beau. This comes of your Whoring, *Courtine*; if you had kept me Company, and liv'd vertuouſly, none of this had happened to you now. But you muſt be wandring. No reaſonable Iniquity will ſerve your turn.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I'll ſwear, Captain *Courtine*, you are the happieſt Gentleman! Yonder's the fineſt chop-

ping

ping Boy for you. Why, it will be able to carry a Musquet in your Company within this Fortnight. And then, I am so obliged to you for bringing the Lady to lye in at my House, that if your Wife will do me the honour, I'll take it for a favour to stand for Godmother with her.

Cour. And, Madam, to return your Compliment, I wish with all my heart you were pregnant with a Littre of nine such chopping Boys, upon condition that I were bound to be Godfather to the whole Kennel.——Confound your being witty, with a Plague to you. [*Aside.*

Beau. That's something coarse though, Friend, to a Lady that's so civil to you.

Enter several Maids of the Family, one with the Child.

1 *Maid.* See *Jenny*, yon's the Man; that, that's the Father.

2 *Maid.* I'll swear it is a proper Person.

3 *Maid.* Oh Sir, Heav'ns bless you, you're the happiest Man! Here is my young Master, as like you as if you had bore it your self.

1 *Maid.* What a pretty little Nose it has!

2 *Maid.* And just its Father's Eyes for all the World.

1 *Maid.* It would never grieve a Body to have a Child by such a handsom Gentleman.

Cour. Ye Whores! ye Drabs! ye fulsom, stinking Whores! Clusters of Poxes on ye, and no Hospitals pity ye:——Confound ye, leave me.

Beau. Fye upon it, *Courtine*? fye for shame: give something to the Nurse, Man; that's but civil.

Enter Sylvia.

Sylv. A Bastard! Death, a Bastard! Under my Nose too! Where's the vile hateful Monster?

Beau. Have patience, Lady.——

Sylv. False, loathsome Traytor.

Cour. Now my Joy's compleated.

Sylv. Let me come at him, let me go.——

Cour. Hold her fast, Friend, if thou loveſt me,

Sylv. Thou Devil!——Thou treach'rous, faithless, perjur'd Wretch! Thou Husband! Look in my Face.

Cour. Well.——

Sylv.

Sylv. Did I e'er deſerve this?
Degenerate Brute! Thou, only in Falſhood, Man.
Thou rampant Goat abroad, and Drone at home.
Cour. Like a Dog with a Bottle, &c. [Sings.
Sylv. Thou perfect Yoke-fellow! Thou heavy Ox,
That want'ſt a Goad to make thee know thy Strength!
Death, Fiends and Torments! I could dig thoſe Eyes out,
I'll bear't no longer: *Bedlam! Bedlam! Bedlam!*
[Courtine *ſings, and dances a Jigg.*
Sylv. No more! I'll ſtay no more to be his Triumph.
Be warn'd by me, ye Virgins that are bleſt
With your firſt native Freedom; let no Oaths
Of perjur'd Mankind woe ye to your Ruin.
But when a creeping, fawning, weeping Crocodile
Moans at your Feet, remember then my Fall:
And when for Pity moſt his Tears implore,
Like me, your Virtue to your Hearts recal;
Reſolve to ſcorn, and never ſee him more. [*Exit.*
Cour. With all my Heart, thou dear, dear Wife and Plague.
Beau. Methinks a very pitiful Caſe, this, Madam.
Lady. If your Widow were but here, Sir, now, ſhe might fairly ſee what ſhe is like to truſt to.
[*Here the Sham Scene.*
Enter a Woman and Daredevil.
Wom. Oh Madam, Madam! What will become of us all?
Lady. Become of us, Woman! Prithee, what's the Matter? are we in any danger?
Dared. Only your Brother-in-Law, Madam, and his Friend, with about a dozen armed Men more, Madam; that's all the Matter, Madam.
Lady. My Brother-in-Law!
Dared. Yes, your Brother-in-Law, Lady, if your Name be *Porcia:* Such a one they ask for.
Beau. Porcia!
Cour. Yes, *Porcia:* I could have told you ſhe was *Porcia* before.
Por. 'Tis but too true, Sir; my unhappy Name is *Porcia.*
Beau. Porcia, my Widow! my dear lovely Widow! What an ill-natur'd Trick was this Concealment!

Por. Though, Sir, you never saw my Face before,
If now you think it worth your least Regard,
Protect me; for I dread my Brother's Fury,
Ev'n worse than Matrimony. Here, Sir, I yield my self
Up yours for ever.

Beau. And shall I claim thee?

Por. From this Hour, for ever.

Beau. And, by this happy Hour, I'll keep thee mine then.
Secure thy self in the next private Closet,
Peace to thy Heart, poor Widow, [*Exit* Porcia.
Give us but Arms!——

Dared. Those I've provided for you.
I found our Swords in a certain private Corner that shall be nameless, where I was proposing some civil Familiarities to the Lady Governess of the Family, just as the Blusterers entred.

Beau. Are they in the House, then?

Dared. Yes, and have bound the Servants too; the hungry Rogues were all surpris'd at Dinner; you'll hear more of them presently, I'll warrant you.

Cour. Stand to your Arms, *Beaugard*; the Enemy's upon us.

Dared. We have had a Succession of very pretty Adventures here; first we are enchanted, then we are fiddled to sleep, then we are fiddled up again: Then here's a Discovery of a very fair Lady, follow'd by another of a bouncing brown Bastard; and when we might have thought all Fortune's Tricks had been over, we are in a very fair way at last of having our Throats cut. But I'll secure one Life, that shall be my care.—— [*Is stealing off.*

Beau. Dog, stay and fight, or, by Heav'n, I'll rip your Heart out.

Dared. Well then, if I must fight I must: What a Pox, I have two good Seconds o'my side; and that has sav'd many a Coward's Credit before now. [*Noise within.*

Theod. Break open the Door there, force the Passage, down with it.

Enter Theodoret, Gratian *and Father.*

Beau. Well Gentlemen, what farther? What means this Violence here?

Theod.

Theod. I hope, Sir, that's no Secret, when you see who we are.

Fath. We come, Sir, to demand a Lady, Sir; one *Porcia*.

Beau. How's that, my Father!

Fath. Father me no Fathers: I am none of thy Father, Fellow; but I am these Gentlemens Friend here.—— Now, Atheist, will I murder thee.

Dared. Oh Law'd!

Fath. Jack, Jack, Jack! Come hither *Jack*; a word with thee, *Jack:* Give me a hundred Pieces now, and I'll be o'thy side *Jack*; and help thee to beat off these impudent Fellows. Gentlemen, I cannot but own to you that this is my Son.——

Beau. Sir, were you nick'd to your Shirt, I would no part with a single Shilling, Sir.

Fath. Though, if he were my Son Ten thousand times, in such a Cause as yours, I'd draw my Sword against him. [*Draws.*

Beau. You may remember, Gentlemen, a Challenge.

Grat. Which you forgot, Sir.

Cour. Hah! a Challenge, *Beaugard?*

Beau. I'll tell thee more hereafter. To shew you I ha'not forgot it, the Lady you thus persecute is now under my Protection, and with my Sword I'll keep her so. [*Draws.*

Cour. If we don't, may my Wife get the better of me, and wear mine for a Bodkin.

Theod. Come on then, Sir.

Beau. For the Lady.

Grat. For my Honour.

Cour. And for my Friend, Sir.

Dared. Old Brimstone-Beard, have at thee.

[*Fight. The rest of* Theodoret's *Party fall in.*

Cour. Base Traitors! Odds!

Beau. Confound 'em, thrust.

[Beaugard *and* Courtine *driven off.*

Dared. Oh, I am slain! my Maw runs out: What will become of me! Oh! [Gratian *and* Daredevil *fall.*

Enter Theodoret.

Theod. Secure that Passage now:——How fares my Friend?

Grat. I'm wounded: Send for a Chyrurgion quickly, for I bleed much.

Theod. Look to your Master, Sirrah; and you, Fellow, be careful of this Beast here.

Dared. Oh, a Parson! a Parson! dear Sir, a Parson! Some pious good Divine, if you have any Charity.

Enter Father with Porcia.

Fath. Here, here she is; I ha'got her for you; let me alone for ferreting a Female's Quarters out.

Theod. I'd have you, Sir, take care for your Security: There's Mischief done, Sir.

Fath. The more Mischief the better; thou shalt find me no Flincher, Boy: here, here; make sure of her.

Por. Inhuman Tyrant! Why am I abus'd thus? Help! Murder! Help!

Theod. None of your Tricks; no Cries, no Shrieks for Succour:
By Hell, here's that shall silence you for ever.
Thou Woman! thou young, itching, wanton Devil!
Fly to base Cells of Lust! Give up thy Virtue,
Disgrace thy Name, and triumph ev'n in Infamy.
Oh what a tott'ring Point his Honour stands,
That trusts the Treasure in such lavish Hands. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Lucretia *in Man's Cloaths, and* Chloris.

Luc. FROM this gay Minute farewel Love and Doating: I have shook the lazy, stretching, wishing Folly out of my Blood, and now my wandring Heart is at home again. Let me see; I have a hundred and a hundred times wish'd my self a Man; and now, in outward Appearance, I am a very Fellow; nay, a very pretty Fellow: For, methinks Foppery, Impertinence, Self-conceit, and other Masculine Qualities grow upon me tragely.——Oh, Mischief, Mischief, Mischief! thou art a very sweet Employment:——But Opportunity! Bewitching,

witching, Lovely, Omnipotent Opportunity! How shall I come at thee? *Chloris!* ——

Chlo. Madam.

Luc. Give me my Sword.

Chlo Here Madam: Bless us, What will your Ladyship do with your self in this Equipage!

Luc. Ladyship, Huzzy! take notice from this important Moment, I am no more your Mistress; but that imperial Creature, your Master: And therefore know too, I will have my Fœminine Habiliments burnt instantly, and an Operator sent for to make me a Beard grow. I will learn to Ride, Fence, Vault, and make Fortifications in Dirt-Pies: Nay, if the humour hold, I'll go Voluntier into *Germany* against the *Turk*.

Chlo. But what will be the end of all this, Madam?

Luc. Why, if I go into the War, I shall have the Privilege, when I return home, to talk of Marches, Battels and Sieges, which I never was at, nor understand any more than the Fools I tell my Story to. If I stay at home, with the Privilege of good Cloaths, Pertness and much Simplicity, will I set up for a Spark, grow familiar at *White-Hall*, and impudent with some great Man there or another; run in Debt with a high Hand, be terrible in Eating-Houses, and noise all over the Town.

Chlo. A very hopeful Resolution.

Luc. As thus: When I and another Spark meet; Dam me, *Jack*, says I, What Times are there stirring? What Ready to be had? What Caravans have you met with, or what Loose lately managed? You Rogue, you look very high upon the Huckle.

Chlo. Well Madam; But what will all this Gibberish signifie?

Luc. Signifie, you Fool! why what it signifies already; Wit, Courage, Martial Discipline, Interest at Court, Pretence to Preferment, Free Quarters in my Lodgings, and Free Booty in every Cuckold's Shop, who shall trust me against his palpable Knowledge, that I'm not worth a Groat; and never have the Impudence to hope to be paid.

Chlo. And must your Honour have a Mistress too?

Luc. Yes Huzzy, and you shall be serviceable to me in the Matter: I'll have a Doxy this very Night; I have singled her out already; *Courtine*'s Wife, that jealous, raging, insatiable Help-meet of the Captain's shall be my *Dulcinea del Toboso.* She's in Love with me already, that's my Comfort: As I passed through the Hall just now, she coming into the House to pay a Visit to the Widow *Porcia,* (who, by the way, is as wicked as my self, and my great Councellor in this noble Project) we met: I, you must know, bow'd very respectfully; she taking me for a Stranger, Curt'sy'd as low; and viewing me strictly leer'd at me, as if that Minute she took Aim at my Heart, and design'd me for her Quarry.

Chlo. But, Madam, she knows, and must discover you.

Luc. Thou art a Fool: She never saw me 'till Yesterday in her Life-time, then too disguised: So that if I do not practise on her Frailty, and by that means find a way to revenge my self on that Vizard-monger *Beaugard,* may I be condemn'd to wear Breeches as long as I live, and never know more than the present use I make of them.

Chlo. Hist Madam, she's returning.

Enter Sylvia.

Luc. Hush then: Now my Cause is coming on, and have at her.

Sylv. Sweet-heart, pray oblige me so far to shew me the way to the Gardens; I come to pay a Visit to Madam *Porcia,* and am inform'd she's gone there for the Air.—— A very handsom Youth—— [*Aside.*

Chlo. Madam, this young Gentleman here is come hither on the same kind Errand with your Ladyship, and waits 'till her Return.

Luc. But, Madam, the good Fortune of seeing you is a Happiness would recompence the being disappointed of all the Conversation of your Sex besides.

Sylv. Indeed, Sir!

Luc. Yes indeed, Madam.

Sylv. Are you a Relation to this Family, Sir?

Luc. Madam, the greatest Advantage I hope from the Family is, henceforth to have oftner the Honour of kissing your fair Hands here: It is an Opportunity I should make no ungentlemanly use of. *Sylv.*

Sylv. Opportunity, Sir?

Luc. Yes, Opportunity, Madam: I am not aſhamed to mention ſo honeſt a Friend as Opportunity, to one that, by her Years and Beauty, ſhould not, methinks, be a mortal Foe to Opportunity.

Sylv. Do you know me, Sir?

Luc. Why, Madam; do I treat you like a Stranger? Know you! By this good Hour, there has not been a Day or Night ſince I firſt ſaw you, that I have thought or dream'd of any thing elſe. Are not you the Wife of a certain ſwaggering Squire about this Town, who calls himſelf Captain *Courtine?*

Sylv. Yes, Sir; ſuch a Friend in a Corner I have, Sir; and what have you to ſay to him, Sir? I'll ſwear, a very handſome Youth ſtill.——

Luc. What, Madam! what I have to ſay to you, rather than loſe you, I would ſay to him: Which is, that I like you, love you, languiſh for you; and would, with all my Heart, Blood, Spirit and Fleſh, I——

Sylv. I'll ſwear, Sir, I am mightily oblig'd to you, and ſo is Mr. *Courtine*; ha, ha, ha!——

Luc. Mr. *Courtine!* Take notice, Madam, I receive that Expreſſion as kindly as if you had call'd him what I wiſh him: For, pretty one, if my Intelligence be true, he lives with your Ladyſhip as much like Mr. *Courtine*, as much like a Gentleman——

Sylv. Sir!

Luc. Madam!

Sylv. Oh Gaud! he's very handſome.

Luc. Shall we walk in theſe Gardens anon, for I have the Privilege of a Key that opens into the Fields: The Moon ſhines too.

Sylv. Between Ten and Eleven does the Moon ſhine?

Luc. As bright as any thing but your ſelf.

Sylv. But you'll tell, young Gentleman.

Luc. Only you how I love you.

Sylv. Eleven's a late Hour.

Luc. Not too late.

Sylv. Indeed!

Luc. Take this, and my Word for it. [*Kiſſes her*

Sylv. Fie, how you uſe me, when you mean to forget me.

Luc. Huſh, no more; Company's coming. Eleven.

Sylv. Ten, if you are kind enough.

Luc. Well ſaid, my chaſt Sex.

Enter Porcia.

Por. Oh Couſin, art thou come! Thou art the welcomeſt Creature on the Earth; I have expected thee almoſt to deſpair for theſe three Hours. Oh, Sir! your Servant.

Luc. I am here, Madam, in order to your Commands.

Sylv. Her Commands!

Por. Oh, Couſin, the prettieſt beſt-natur'd Youth! He is ſomething related to us a great way off; and by that means has the Privilege of viſiting, without Offence to my jealous Brother-in-Law, and tyrannical Guardian. Have you contriv'd that buſineſs?

Luc. Madam, it is done!

Sylv. Bus'neſs! What Bus'neſs, Couſin? Lord, Couſin, you ſeem concern'd at it.

Por. I'll tell thee: Seeing my ſelf here confin'd to the Rules and Limits of a very Priſon, I am reſolv'd to put as good a face upon the Matter as it will bear, and make my Misfortune as eaſie as I can. Wherefore, for a little preſent Diverſion, I have contriv'd a Letter in an unknown Name, by this young Agent here, and convey'd it to thy lewd Husband, with another in my own to *Beaugard*; and ſent for thee, my Dear, to ſhare in the Pleaſure of the Conſequence.

Sylv. Ha, ha, ha! But what will be this Conſequence, Couſin?

Por. Twenty to one but it occaſions ſome new Alarm, and Divertiſement to my Jailours; who are ſo very capricious, they would fancy a Rat behind the Hangings for a concealed Lover. It may too, by chance, produce me ſome lucky Opportunity once more to make my Eſcape out of their mercileſs Power. Nay, they are already half diſpos'd to run away themſelves; for by my Woman's Intereſt in the Chyrurgion, who has care of the ſwearing Atheiſtical Fellow, Yeſterday hurt in the Scuffle, and afterwards

terwards convey'd hither, he gives it out, that he fears his Wounds may be mortal. Upon which, my Lover *Gratian* ſighs, and turns up his Eyes like a godly Brother at Exerciſe. My Brother *Theodoret* puffs, ſwells, grinds his Teeth, and ſtamps as if he would brain himſelf againſt the next Wall; while poor *Beaugard*'s ne'er-be-good Father has, with pure fear, loſt a red Noſe that has been his faſt Friend for theſe forty Years; and every time he ſees his Face in a Glaſs, fancies every Wrinkle there has the ſhape of a Gibbet.

Enter Phillis.

Phil. Oh, my dear, dear Lady, what will become of us! the moſt unhappy Accident!

Por. Hah!

Phil. Indeed Madam, I could not poſſibly help it: I ha' loſt it.

Por. Loſt it, loſt what? What haſt thou loſt? Would thou hadſt loſt thy ſelf; loſt a Leg or an Arm, or any thing, rather than have put me in this fright. Speak, what is the matter?

Phil. Oh, Madam, the Billet; Madam, the Billet.

Luc. } How's this?
Sylv. }

Por. What, the Note I ſent to *Beaugard?*

Phil. As I hope to ſee you happy, Madam, I put it as faſt here between theſe two poor naked Breaſts here, as ever it could ſtick, ſo I did; when, juſt as I was going forth, who ſhould meet me but the old, wicked, ranting, roaring Gentleman that lies hid here for fear of hanging, would he had been well hang'd a Twelvemonth ſince; and there he fell a towzing, and a mowzing, and a meddling with me; I was never ſo afraid of being raviſh'd in my Life, gad he knows: So in the ſtruggle, I gueſs the Note was loſt truly; though, in my Heart, I wiſh I had been raviſh'd ſix times over, rather than ſuch a Misfortune had happen'd. Nevertheleſs, I ha' done your bus'neſs for you, ſo I have.

Por. Bus'neſs! what Bus'neſs? Uglineſs and ill Reputation light on thee. Thou haſt undone and ruin'd me for ever.

Phil. Why, I have met with the Captain, and told him the whole matter, as well as if he had read it in the Letter himself. He's but too kind a Man to you, and I too faithful a Servant, so I am, to be thus reviled and curſed by you, for all this.

For. What then did he ſay? Fool, Beaſt and Blockhead; tell me.

Phil. Why, he ſaid, he'd die a thouſand and a thouſand times for you, were it poſſible, ſo he did; and that that he will not eat, drink or ſleep 'till he has ſet you at liberty, ſo he wo' not; and that he will be in the Garden before Ten.

Luc. What's in this Caſe to be done, Madam?

For. O deareſt Couſin, retire if you love me; for, ſhould the Lords of my Liberty get any notice of this Billet, and find a Man here, notwithſtanding your Relation, who knows what ill Uſage it may aggravate!—— To thy Chamber, dear *Lucrece*, e'er the Storm comes upon us. [*Aſide.*

Luc. I am all Obedience. Sweet Creature, you'll remember! [*To* Sylvia.

Sylv. It is not poſſible to forget you, ſurely.

Luc. Bleſſings on you for this Goodneſs.

[*Kiſſes her Hand, and Exit.*

Enter Theodoret *in a Rage.*

Theod. Double Bar up all the Doors and Windows: Load all the Arms in the Houſe, and be ready for Execution inſtantly, all of ye. By thoſe Devils that dance in your gogling Eyes, Madam, I'll try if you have given your ſelf over to Hell ſo far, that you can out at a Key-hole.

For. What means the great He-Brute?

Theod. To cut off your Intelligence, Lady, and make thee, e'er I have done, to curſe thy Father and Mother that let thee learn to write.. Seeſt thou this! thou irreclamable profligate Wretch! fogh! ſend you the draggle-tail'd Miniſter of thy lewd Affairs a hunting, full cry about the Town, upon the rank ſcent of a brawny-back'd Hector! By Heav'ns! the thought of it makes me loath the Houſe, and fancy it ſtinks of the foul Sins thou haſt imagin'd in it.

For.

Por. Thou barbarous, ill manner'd, worſe than Beaſt! Why am I abus'd thus? why made a Priſoner too, at your ſawcy Will? fetter'd up, and barr'd all Liberty and Converſe?

Theod. For the ſame Reaſon other too hot-blooded Females are; becauſe, if poſſible, I would not have a good Breed ſpoil'd.

Por. What a Load of Dirt is thy Thick-Skull cram'd withal, if the Tongue were able to throw it out!

Theod. Filthy, filthy, fulſome filthy! What, be a *Doll-Common*, follow the Camp! How lovelily would your fair Ladyſhip look, mounted upon a Baggage-Cart, preſiding over the reſt of the Captain's dirty Equipage!

Sylv. If any thing in the World would make me follow a Camp, it would be a very ſtrong Fancy I have, that I ſhould never ſee you in one, Sir.

Theod. Your Ladyſhip has reaſon to defend the Soldier's Cauſe: You have marry'd one, as I take it, Madam. Ha, ha, ha.

Por. He in a Camp! he has not Courage enough to animate half a Taylor, nor good Nature enough to make a Spaniel of, nor Senſe enough, if he were that Animal, to learn to fetch and carry.

Theod. This will open no Locks, Lady.

Por. But there are Inſtruments to be had, that will break open Locks, Sir.

Theod. Will you pleaſe to retire, and conſider farther of that in your Chamber.

Por. No, I'll not ſtir, Sir.

Theod. Nay, by Heav'n, but you ſhall, Madam.

Sylv. Nay, by Heav'n, but ſhe ſhall not, Sir.

[*Father at the Door*

Theod. How!

Fath. By *Jove*, and that's well ſaid, I'll ſtand ſtill a little, and ſee what's the matter.

Theod. Do not drive me to uſe Violence.

Fath. How! Violence to a fair Lady! that's not ſo well, neither.

Por. Hark you, Sir; my Jaylor, or my Hang-man; for which of the two your Office will end in, by your proceeding

ceedings I cannot imagine: do but touch me, or offer the leaſt Violence to compel me to a cloſer Confinement; by this injur'd Heart, I'll fire the Houſe about your Aſſes Ears: I'll ſooner burn with you, to be reveng'd, than endure ſuch Inſolence and Torment any longer.

Theod. Very well.

Fath. I 'gad, a brave Girl, a delicate Wench! how my Fingers itch to take her part now! I have a Months mind to eſpouſe her Quarrel, and make Friends with poor *Jacky* again. Honeſt *Jacky!* 'tis the beſt-natur'd Boy in the World, though I was ſuch a Beaſt to fall out with him.

Por. Inhumane, cruel *Theodoret!* why do you afflict me thus? why do you force the Tears from my poor Eyes, and wrack a tender Heart that never wrong'd you?——

[*Weeps.*

Theod. For your Soul's Health, Lady; and the Welfare of your waſting Reputation. A Pox o' your Whining! come, to your Chamber, to your Prayer-Book and Repentance: Faſting and Humiliation will be good for you. To your Chamber.

Por. To my Grave firſt.

Theod. Nay then —— Wha, hoa!

[*Offers to lay hold of her.*

Por. Stand off! Murder! Cramps, Rheums and Palſies, with, *&c.* thy unmanly Hands.

Theod. By Heav'n!

Por. You dare not do't.

Theod. Hah!

Sylv. No Sir, you dare not do't, you dare not.

Theod. Davaunt Paſs! Confound me, but I ſhall be ſcratch'd here preſently for my Patience.

Sylv. What an ill-bred Camel 'tis!

Fath. Nay, and what's more; you ſhall not do't, you ſhall not, Sir. Hoh! Is this the Iſſue of your honourable Pretenſions?

Theod. Et tu Brute!

Fath. Brute, Brute! Brute me no Brutes Friend: Oounds I am a Man, Fellow; Battoons and Bilboes! Brute! a Gentleman!

Theod.

Theod. Your Pardon, Sir!

Sylv. Don't pardon him, Sir.

Enter Gratian *leaning on a Staff.*

Grat. Oh, Friend!

Theod. Poor *Gratian.*

Grat. If ever we ought to do any thing for our Safety, let us now prepare, and look about us: I have made hard ſhift to hobble hither, my Wound's grown very troubleſome.——We are all loſt.

Theod. I can fear nothing when my Friend's ſo near me.

Sylv. Now Couſin rebel, and force your Freedom nobly.

Fath. Jacky, I hope, *Jacky* at the Head of *Mirmidons*, and declaring for his Property. Look you, Gentlemen; I muſt confeſs, I have Remorſe of Conſcience, and am ſenſible I have been a Rebel: Wherefore, if my Liege Son and Heir have recruited his Power, and be once more up in Arms, Loyalty and Natural Affection, Friends, will work; I muſt pronounce for Prince *Jacky*; and here I reſolve to defend his Territories. [*Draws a broad Sword.*

Grat. If Prince *Jacky* have Intereſt enough to get your Pardon for Murder, Sir, it will be your beſt way to cloſe with him; for, in ſhort, the Atheiſt *Daredevil*, your Antagoniſt, is dead, Sir.

Theod. Hah! Dead!

Fath. Dead!

Grat. Yes dead, Sir.

Sylv. So much the better, *Porcia*, let us run up to the Leads, and cry out Murder to the Streets this Moment.

Fath. Then I find, that I am but a ſhort-liv'd Sinner; farewell for ever Old Hock, Sherry, Nutmeg and Sugar; Seven and Eleven, Sink-Tray, and the Doublets! Never comes better of rebelling againſt one's natural born Children. I ſhall be hang'd one of theſe Sun-ſhiny Mornings, and a Ballad come out in the Afternoon to a lamentable Eighty eight Tune of the careful Son, and prodigal Father. Dead ſaid you Sir?

Grat. Or, at leaſt, cannot ſurvive half an Hour; therefore it is my Opinion that we inſtantly quit the Houſe, and provide all for our Safety.

Theod. Confuſion, Devils!

Por:

Por. Nay, Sir, ſtand faſt! dare but to open a Door, Sir; by Heav'n, that Moment I'll alarm the Town: You ſhall not think to eſcape, reeking with a poor Man's Blood, ſhed in defence of me.

Theod. Lady, no fooling.

Por. No Sir, no fooling: but now, Sir, do you to your Chamber, Sir, to your Chamber; to your Prayer-Book and Repentance; Faſting and Humiliation will be good for you: To your Chamber, Sir; as you tender your Neck, Sir.

Theod. Damnation! unhand me!

Por. I'll dye e'er I'll unhold you. Think you ſo barbarouſly to leave me here in the Houſe with a dead Wretch, and have the Puniſhment of his horrid Murder light on my innocent Head?

Theod. What do you reſolve to do, Sir?

Fath. Do, Sir! What can I reſolve to do, Sir? I have no means to hope to eſcape, Sir: for, in the firſt place, I have no Mony; and a Man that kills another without Mony in his Pockets, is in a very hopeful Condition. In the next place, for a Diſguiſe, I have no Cloaths but theſe you ſee on my Back; with this Tripe-Buff Belt here, which there is not a Conſtable in the whole City but knows, and has had in his Cuſtody, Sword and all. Look you, Gentlemen, I have civilly kill'd a Man for your Service; if you will reſolve, fairly and ſquarely, to hang like Friends together, ſo: If not, I mutiny; and the word is, Diſcover the Plot, the old Boy muſt impeach.

Enter Roſard.

Roſ. Oh, Sir! where are you?

Grat. Well, *Roſard*, what's the News now?

Roſ. The Gentleman, Heav'n be thank'd, is reviv'd again, Sir; tho' the Doctors ſay, ſuch another Fit will certainly carry him off. The poor Creature is very weak, but very penitent.

Fath. In troth, and that's a very ill Symptom; therefore my Opinion is ſtill——I am for hanging all together.

Theod. Hark you, old Ruſt; you ſay you have no Mony, wherefore, during the preſent Interval, in the firſt place, becauſe

becauſe I will have no Mutiny upon this Occaſion; in order to your Eſcape, there's Mony for you: In the next place, as you want change of Rayment, here is the Key of a ſmall Wardrobe, at the lower end of the Gallery above, you'll find the Door to it: Equip your ſelf, and provide for your Security, as your beſt Diſcretion ſhall direct you.

Fath. Look you, Friend, the ſooner the better; for, to tell you the truth, elſe I ſhall make but a ſcurvy matter of it at *Tyburn* Croſs; with a whining, ſniveling Account of breaking the Sabbath, and keeping ill Company. Wherefore, not being good at making Speeches, I will leave the Opportunity to you, of ſhewing your politer Rhetorick, and ſave a Member of the Common-wealth.------There's no great harm in Murder, when it brings a Man Mony. [*Aſide, and Exit.*

Por. And now my Tyrant Brother, I hope we ſtand on even Terms.

Theod. No, Lady, not yet: There's Life return'd, and therefore hopes ſtill; though, at preſent, in ſome meaſure to comply with you, and eaſe your Apprehenſions, within the Limits of the Houſe and Gardens you are at your Liberty, but no farther this Night: And, for your ampler Satisfaction, if I have any Midnight Alarms from your Correſpondent abroad, there's Entertainment ready for him, which he may not be very fond of; ſo Good Night, it is almoſt Ten. Who waits? What hoa, be ready there. Come *Gratian*, I'll ſee you to your Repoſe, and then to my Poſt of Guard. [*Ex.* Theod. *and* Grat.

Por. Ten! That was the Hour, *Phyllis*, *Beaugard* mentioned; was it not?

Phil. It was, Madam,

Por. Be ready then, all ye propitious Powers, that ſmile on faithful Love; Wait, like kind Angels, on him; eſtabliſh Conqueſt in his able Hand, and Kindneſs in his Heart. Oh, *Sylvia!*

Sylv. You are tranſported, Couſin!

Por. With hopes of Liberty I am indeed: It is an *Engliſh* Woman's natural Right. Do not our Fathers, Brothers

thers and Kinſmen often, upon pretence of it, bid fair for Rebellion againſt their Soveraign? And why ought not we, by their Example, to rebel as plauſibly againſt them?

Sylv. Moſt edifying Doctrine this is, truly.

[*A Whiſtle without.*

Por. The Sign! Hark, the Sign! *Phyllis*, heard you nothing? [*Whiſtle again.*

'Tis there again; he's true, and I am happy. *Sylvia*, let us retire our ſelves; you know your Apartment, for precious Miſchief will be ſoon on foot; and Action worthy Love's great Cauſe. Thy Husband too, may chance to have his ſhare in the bus'neſs, and, as I have order'd Matters, meet ſomething in the Adventure, to mortifie his roving Humour, and reconcile him to his Duty and Allegiance.—— Hark: [*Whiſtle again.*

There, 'tis once more a Summons to the Citadel to ſurrender. This ſhall, in after Story, be call'd, Captain *Beaugard*'s beſieging of the Widow.

Which, as 'tis laid ſure, with Succeſs muſt end,
Since Juſtice does his Enterprize attend
Without, and powerful Love within's his Friend.

SCENE *changed to Fields on the Back-ſide of a Garden.*

Enter Beaugard, *with a Party.*

Beau. Hold, ſtand faſt; I have juſt now receiv'd Intelligence over the Garden-Wall, that our Deſign has taken air, and there will be no eaſie Entrance.

1 *Man.* Ah Captain; the time has been, when, under your Command, we ſhould have had no need of a Council of War for the attacking ſuch a Fortification as this is.

Beau. Peace *Plunder*, Peace, you Rogue; no Moroding now; we'll burn, rob, demoliſh and murder another time together: This is a Bus'neſs muſt be done with decency.—— Hark.

2 *Man.* Some Company coming, Sir, from the Back-Street-Ward.

Beau. Hold then, *Plunder*: Do you, with your flying Party, hover at a diſtance about the Fields; while I, with the

the reſt of the Body, poſt my ſelf as advantagiouſly as I can, to watch the Enemies Motions.—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Theodoret *and his Party.*

Theod. This way the Noiſe was: Be ſure keep ſafe the Garden Gate, and follow me carefully. [*Exit* Theod.

Enter Courtine.

Cour. So, here I am; and now for my Inſtructions. Let me ſee. [*Reads the Billet.*] *Pray come diſguiſed, that if the Deſign ſhould miſcarry, your Retreat may be the eaſier. Your unknown bluſhing Servant* ——Humph! *Bluſhing Servant!* Paſſingly modeſt, I'll warrant you! *Pray come diſguiſed!* So I am, or the Devil's in't; for I look more like a Cut-throat, than any thing elſe. Let me ſee; Upon this very Spot, the laſt time I was here, did I meet my damn'd Wife: Avert the Omen, ſweet Heav'n, I beſeech thee. And now, as I am conſidering, where can my Friend *Beaugard* be at preſent too? With a Whore. There's that Queſtion anſwer'd. Wherefore, would but my unknown bluſhing Servant appear, or give me a kind Sign; would but my little Partridge call, methinks I could ſo ſhuckle, and run, and Bill, and clap my Wings about her Hah! [*Turns about.*

Enter Theodoret.

Theod. Stand: Who goes there?

Cour. What's the matter now?

1 *Ser.* Stand, Sir: What are you, Sir?

Cour. What am I, Sir! A Man, Sir.

Theod. A Man, Sir, we ſee you are: But what Man are you, Friend?

Cour. A Gentleman, Friend; and you had beſt uſe me ſo.——By Heav'n, *Theodoret?* and if I am but diſcover'd!

Theod. Hands off, unlooſe him. You are not him we look for, Sir.

Cour. I am glad of that with all my Heart.

Theod. And therefore I ask your Pardon. But, if you are a Gentleman, you will aſſiſt one in me, that have been injured. I have reaſon to believe, my Houſe is now beſet by Villains, who have baſe deſigns upon the Honour of my Family. Wherefore, if you are what you pretend, you'll draw your Sword to do a good Cauſe Juſtice.

Cour.

Cour. Sir, I wear it for no other end; and you shall command it.---Ay, 'tis so; *Beaugard* upon new Exploits for the Recovery of his Widow. Nothing but Knight-Errantry stirring this Moon.

Theod. Please you then, Sir, to stay here with my Servants, while I walk to the Corner of yon Wall, and try what I can discover. [*Exit* Theod.

Cour. You may trust me, Sir. Now will I shew my self a true *Renegado*; take Entertainment in Christian Service, to betray 'em to my Brother *Turk*, upon the first opportunity. And so, my blushing Unknown, you may e'en stay your Stomach with your Sheets for this Night.

Re-enter Theodoret.

Theod. They are here, stand fast; be resolute, and be rewarded.

Enter Lucretia.

Luc. Now, for a convenient Opportunity to do a Mischief: *Beaugard*, I find, is come, and my kind Mistress punctual to Appointment in the Garden. Now, could I but order the Affair so, as to slur *Beaugard* upon her, instead of my self; and her upon him, instead of *Porcia*, my Conscience would be satisfied; and he, Mr. *Courtine*, my Rival Widow, and the Wife, serv'd all in their kind.

Theod. Hold, Sir; What are you? [*To* Beau. *at the Entrance.*

Cour. Ay; Now, now.

Beau. No matter, Sir; this is not a time of Night to answer Questions.

Theod. Nay, then.——

Beau. Nay, now Sir; and when else you think fitting, Sir: I am the Man you look for; and you are him I wisht to meet here.

Cour. Now how the Devil I shall do to tilt Booty; Hang me like a Dog if I can imagine.

Beau. Come on there.

Theod. You pass upon your Death.

Beau. I have learnt to scorn Death more since first you threatned it;

I see your Numbers too, and come prepar'd;
Porcia's my Claim, and here I'll win or lose her.

Theod. Then take thy due; and dye like a midnight Thief. Fall on.

[Beau.

[Beau. *and* Theod. *engage, and their Parties.* Beau. *and* Theod. *quit each other.* Beau. *falls upon* Courtine, *and* Theod. *upon* Beaugard's *Party; who retire from him, as* Cour. *does from* Beau. *off from the Stage.*

Theod. He runs, he runs; the half-bred Hector runs. False Cards and Dice, and Quart-pot Brothel Brawls, were fitter for his Management, than honourable Difference: Hark, clashing of Swords still, by Heav'n I miss our Friend the honourable Stranger, that so generously took our Party; if it be him, let's out, and give him Succour.

Enter Beaguard *driving in* Courtine, *who retires beyond the reach of his Sword.*

Beau. Base Rascal! Coward, flie!——

Cour. No, Sir, I stand stock still, and won't stir an Inch; but since you are so uncivil, resolve not to fight a stroke more: So there's my Sword, and here's your humble Servant.

Beau. Courtine!

Cour. The same.

Beau. And thou my Enemy too!

Cour. No, Sir, your Friend, had you been wise enough to have found it. I came hither disguis'd, for a Reason you shall know hereafter; but falling into the hands of the Enemy, was forced to take Party against you, for fear of being beaten for you: Yet with a design of revolting, would you have given me leave. But you, when you should have kept at the head of your Friends, took a particular fancy to be tickling my small Guts, and now you see what you have got by it.

Beau. Then farewel for ever poor Widow.----But stay, it were base and unmanly to give it over so-----Let me see---- Lend me thy Disguise, quickly, quickly, quickly, my Imagination's warm.

Cour. Ay, with all my heart, and glad to be rid of it so---- [*Disguises* Beaugard.

Beau. Take this, and rally my scatter'd Forces, [*Gives him his Whistle.*] They know the Sign; and cannot be far off under the Conduct of *Plunder* that was my Serjeant abroad, thou know'st him; make what haste is possible,

I'll

I'll be hereabouts, and be near me, if any new Diſaſter ſhould happen.

Cour. Well, with all my Heart for once: here is a new deſign in Embrio now; though I fancy when we have got her, we ſhall never make of this Widow what ſhe has coſt us.

Beau. No more; I hear Company; Vaniſh.--- [*Exit* Cour.

Enter Theodoret.

Theod. This way I think I heard it: Look, is not that he! Oh my dear generous Friend, let me embrace you: I hope you are come off well.

Beau. Very well, Sir, I thank you, if I were but well off from this place; I fear the Man I had to deal withal is fallen, for I left him ſtagg'ring. Security were beſt for us all, Sir.

Theod. My Houſe ſhall be your Sanctuary, and I'll die with you but I'll protect you.

Beau. I gad, and that's kindly ſaid, as things ſtand between us, and if he knew all. [*Aſide.*

Theod. Open the Garden-gate there: You ſhall reſt your ſelf in an Arbor, while I diſpoſe of the groſs of my Family, and prepare an Apartment for your Privacy.

Beau. If I had dy'd in your Quarrel, Sir, a Generoſity like this had over-rewarded it. [Cour. *at the Entrance.*

Cour. Stand ſtill ye beaten ſcatter'd Scoundrels, I think that's he, follow me but at a diſtance.

Theod. Open the Gate I ſay there; come Sir ——

[*They enter the Garden.*

Cour. The Stratagem ſucceeds, and *Troy* at laſt is taken.

Enter Lucretia.

Lucr. Oh dear Sir, are not you Captain *Beaugard*?

Cour. The ſame, my dear Child, the ſame; haſt thou any good tidings for me?

Lucr. The private door of the Garden on the other ſide is opened, and you may enter, Sir. My poor Lady is dying almoſt with deſpair, that ſhe ſhall never ſee you more: Could you now tell me News of Captain *Courtine*?

Cour. Hah! Does then my Bluſhing unknow belong to theſe Territories? It muſt be ſo. Captain *Courtine* is juſt gone in before Sweet-heart, therefore if thou art a true Friend to Love, quickly conduct me. *Lucr.*

Lucr. I'll ſhew you, Sir, into the Door, where you may conceal your ſelf in one of the Arbours till I go through the Houſe, and bring you farther Intelligence.

Cour. And if my Adventure happen really to be at the end of this buſineſs, my Friend and I ſhall not, I fancy, paſs our time very uncomfortably. Rogues follow me, follow me Rogues. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *the Garden.*

Beaugard *looking out of an Arbour.*

Beau. So, ſo, thus far I am undiſcovered; it is as dark, as if the Devil himſelf were abroad a ſolacing amongſt a Company of Northern Witches to Night: If *Courtine* be but enter'd with my *Mirmidons*, the Widow's infallibly all my own. Hiſt! Who comes here?

Enter Lucretia.

Lucr. Sir, Sir, where are you?

Beau. Here, here, my Friend, I wait you.

Lucr. Friend! Is not your Name——

Beau. My Name, what! what can this mean?---[*Aſide.*

Lucr. Beaugard, Come, come, I know you: You need not diſtruſt your ſelf, my deſign is to do you Service; your *Porcia* knows you are here, and expects you with her Arms open; follow me.

Beau. Be thou my good or bad Angel, at the charm of that Name I muſt follow thee, though thou lead me to Perdition.

Lucr. Softly, no noiſe, this way, give me your Hand. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Courtine.

Cour. Hold, let me ſee; Ay, there I think is an Arbour where I will creep in, and lye as cloſe, as a Coward in the Hould at a Sea-fight.

Enter Theodoret.

Theod. Hereabouts it was I left him, it is wonderfully dark: Friend! Friend! Where are you?

Cour. Ha! that's another ſort of Voice than the Youngſters I depend on: By Heav'n: *Theodoret!* [*Aſide.*

Theod. Friend, Friend, I ſay, where are you?

Cour. Ay, but the Devil a word you get out of me. [*Aſide.*

Theod. Why, Sir Friend, do not you hear me?

Cour.

Cour. No. [*Aside.*

Theod. I am sure this must be the Arbour; I'll run and call a Flambeaux.

Cour. That may not be so well neither, my Affairs will not agree with the Light, as I take it. [*Aside.*

Theod. May be he's fallen asleep; let me see. [*Gropes into the Arbour, and feels him.*] 'Tis even so: What hoa, Sir!—— [Courtine *snores.* Friend, Friend, awake, your Chamber's ready, and I stay for you.

Cour. Who's there? What are you? [*Aloud, as if frighted suddenly.*

Theod. Hush, make no noise; but come away.

Cour. Is it you, Sir?----He mistakes me for *Beaugard,* I hope.

Theod. The same: I wait upon you, follow me.

Cour. If he discover me, all again is ruin'd; but Darkness, I hope, and Impudence, will befriend a good Cause.

SCENE, Daredevil's *Chamber.*

With only one small Lamp burning, and Daredevil *on the Bed.*

Dared. Oh! oh! oh! my Wounds and my Sins! Conscience, Conscience, Conscience, how shall I quiet thee! [Beaugard's *Father at the door.*

Fath. This cowardly Chicken-hearted Rascal will die, and be damn'd at last. How do you do Sir? How do you find your self?

Dared. Oh very ill, Heav'n knows! within few hours of a Grave, and, without great Mercy, of a deeper place: Who ever you are, if you have any Charity, procure me some Conscientious Godly Divine to unburden my self of my Iniquity to.

Fath. This puling, whining, repining Rogue, within these two days was blaspheming: Ought I to be hang'd now for such a Varlet! Shall I send you a Divine, said you Sir?

Dared. It would be a great Favour, and a Comfort to me, Sir.

Fath.

Fath. I'll try what I can do for you, since I see your condition so dangerous; a Pox o' your Queasie Conscience. There is no Safety for me in staying here, that's one thing, the House being certainly beset for the apprehending some body: For looking out at the Wardrobe Window as I was dressing my self, I observed six or seven arm'd Rogues, with hangmanly Faces, sneaking and sculking about the Garden, that's another thing; wherefore I will hasten and finish my Disguise, and if there come an Alarum, take the fairest opportunity to get off in it; and that for me will be the best thing. [*Exit Father.*

Enter Courtine.

Cour. To what an insignificant purpose have I taken all this pains to Night? here have I been put into a Room with a Bed in it, with Pray, Sir, will you be pleased to take your rest, in the Devil's Name; when my design has not been to take my Rest, but my Recreation: I fancy I heard a kind, small, complaining Voice this way too, and must at present confess my self in a very good-natur'd Humour, very much inclined to succour any distressed Damsel that wants a Companion to pass away a tedious Night withal.

Dared. Oh! oh! Would but this dear Man come now!

Cour. Hah! hark! That must certainly be me she means; nay, I am sure on't: I'll on a little farther.

Dared. Oh h h!

Cour. Where art thou, thou poor Creature? I am come to comfort thee.

Dared. I wish you had come a little sooner, I am very ill.

Cour. Alas, kind Soul, she's sick with passionate Expectation: This must be my blushing, unknown Servant, at the least.

Dared. Whereabouts are you? Give me your hand hither, will you?

Cour. Here, here it is, and my Heart too, thou hast 'em both: I'll swear she has a well grown Palm, by the Rule of Proportion I'll warrant her a Swinger:——But no matter, 'tis in the dark. [*Aside.*

Dared. Heart, said you Sir? Alas! my poor Heart'. breaking.

Cour. Breaking, dear Soul! No, no, never fear it; I'll give thee a Recipe to keep it whole, I warrant thee. This is the most Romantick Adventure. [*Falls to undressing himself.*

Porcia *and* Phillis *at the door.*

Por. Has then *Beaugard* gotten entrance art thou sure?

Cour. Hah!

Phil. Madam, so sure, that his *Valet Fourbine* is here in the House, and told me so himself.

Cour. What's that?

Por. Then now my Part begins: Was there ever such inhumane Cruelty committed, a Wretch barbarously murder'd and expos'd, without comfort or succour?

Cour. Murder, said they? What, Manslaying! when all my thoughts were upon nothing but Manmaking. I gad then 'tis time that I take care for one, and till a better conveniency offer it self, here's my Burrough. Murder in the Devil's name. What do they say now?

[*Creeps under the Bed.*

Por. No, no, my Conscience will not bear it, I must proclaim it to the World: What hoa there, Murder, Murder, Murder!

Cour. Oh Lord, here's a comfortable Condition that I am got into.

Por. But does the Chyrurgion say there is certainly no danger?

Phil. Only a thin skin Wound on the outside of his Belly; but that the Force of Fear in the Cowardly-hearted Fellow, will let him think of nothing but a Grave and Damnation.

Por. The present Advantage of it then must be improv'd: wherefore, I say, the stinging of my Conscience will not let me rest, I dare not conceal this Murder. Murder, Murder, Murder! Cry Murder you Witch, and alarm the House.

Phil. Here is somebody coming already, Madam.

Por. Stand still and observe then.

Enter Beaugard.

Beau. I think it was this way, but no matter, for I am sure I reign Lord Paramount of this Castle now: The angry jealous Brother is gone to Bed, and all his warlike Family, where he lies as fast, and snores and gapes so wide,

wide, one might steal the Widow out of his Mouth if she were there: Now could I but find the way to her Ladyship's Chamber, while *Plunder* is, according to Orders, with his Crew binding the drowzy Rogues of the Family in their Beds! What an opportunity would that be! For there is but one way of making a slippery Widow sure to you.

Por. No matter, happen how it will, I say again it is a crying Sin, it is an Abomination, 'tis a —— Ah!

[*Seeing* Beau. *disguis'd, is frighted and runs out.*

Beau. Hah! What do Ghosts walk here at this time o' Night, and in Petticoats too; Nay, then have at you, Ye airy Forms.

[*Going out, is met by his Father, disguis'd like a Phanatick Preacher.*

Fath. Yes, verily, and indeed it is an Abomination, a burning Shame, and a lewd Abomination.

Beau. Hell and the Devil! My Spirit in Petticoats that squeak'd Abomination in *Ela*, converted to the fleshly similitude of a Holy Brother, that Cants it in *Gamut* —— Hoh! Speak, what art thou?

Fath. A Minister of Peace to wounded Consciences, I come here by appointment with an Olive Branch in my mouth, to visit a mortal Ark tost'd and floating in floods of its own Tears, for its own Frailties.

Beau. And are you really, Sir, a Man? Really the Godly Implement you appear to be, for the scowring of foul Consciences?

Dared. Ha! ha! ha! Godly Implement! it has almost made me laugh; that's a merry Gentleman, I'll warrant him: Oh h h!

Fath. I am, Friend, I tell thee, an Instructer of the Chosen: Thou savour'st of the old Man, stand off, and do not pollute me with too near communication: I come to convert a Sinner to the Truth; it was I that converted —— as some say no body; and expounded the groan of the Protestant Board. How fareth our Brother?

Dared. Alas, Sir, very weak; upon the point of Dissolution, and tormented with the stings of a terrify'd Conscience.

Fath. Lay then one Hand upon thy Heart.

Dared. I do so.

Fath. Lend me the other; that in the pouring forth thy sins, thy right hand may not know what thy left hand doth.

Beau. A very material Point that is truly.

Fath. Thou hast lived in Wickedness long.

Dared. From Sixteen to Eight and Forty, without the least Repentance, or a thought of it.

Fath. A very dangerous state; but for thy darling Sins, *Imprimis*, what?

Dared. Drunkenness.

Fath. A very pernicious sin, and of the Devil's own institution; for it sets our Souls a fire: Nay, it sets our Noses o'fire, and sets Houses o'fire. Drunkenness!—— Did you ever burn any Houses?

Dared. Never but three, and they Houses of Pollution too: Bawdy-houses, Sir.

Fath. So much the worse: For if Bawdy-houses be burnt, what civil Family in this City sleeps safe? I never burnt a Bawdy-house in my Life, that's my comfort. *Item.*

Dared. Whoredom, ~~Adultery~~!

Fath. For Adultery, I mean corrupting of other Mens Wives, let me tell you it is a crying Sin, and a very loud one too; but do you repent?

Dared. From the bottom of my Heart.

Beau. So, Heav'n be thanked, there's no harm in plain Whoredom.

Fath. No more to be said then; be comforted, and I'll absolve thee: But with whom was this Wickedness committed last?

Dared. With my Bosom Friend's Wife, and one that deserv'd much better of me.

Beau. And that was very friendly done of thee truly.

Fath. Impudent Rogue! But was she very young?

Beau. Ay, now the feeling, circumstantial Questions are starting.

Dared. About Eighteen; and not yet wedded a full year.

Fath. Voluptuous Dog! But handsom too? Was she very handsom?

Dared.

Dared. Too beautiful, to have had ſo little Virtue.

Fath. Her Name, her Name! Tell me her Name. Quickly, I ſay unto thee, let me know her Name.

Beau. Well ſaid, well ſaid there, old Fornication!

Dared. That I have promiſed ſhall for ever be a Secret, Sir.

Fath. Then thou art damn'd, and I do not abſolve thee. I muſt know this precious young Harlot. [*Aſide.* Once more I ſay her Name!

Dared. But I have ſworn, Sir; you'd not have me be forſworn?

Fath. A mortal Sin in it ſelf: Swearing is another Sin. Farewel, I'll have no more to do with thee: Thy Sins are of too deep a Dye, and Satan be upon thee; a damn'd Rogue not to tell me her Name.

Dared. Oh! oh! dear Sir, come back again, and leave me not in this deſperate, deſponding, ſad condition. [*Exit Father.* If he has any mercy in this Caſe but upon his own conditions, he's no Father of mine I am ſure on't. [*Aſide.*

Enter Lucretia.

Lucr. Oh, Sir, I am glad I have met with you; a word with you in private; turn, turn this way into the next Room quickly; *Porcia*, *Porcia*, your Widow *Porcia*, Sir.

Beau. Hah! ſpeak, where is ſhe, thou pretty, ſmiling *Mercury*!

Lucr. I am to bring her to you this moment: No more words, but in Sir, in, if you'll be happy.

Cour. Porcia, *Porcia*, ſaid he? Then I am ſure it muſt be *Beaugard*; a pretty Pimp that I'll warrant him. [*Aſide.*

Beau. And ſhall I truſt thee?

Lucr. Why ſhould I deceive you?

Beau. Be ſure thou doſt not, as thou loveſt the welfare of this ſoft, tender Outſide; adieu for a minute. [*Exit.*

Lucr. That minute gives her to your poſſeſſion, Sir----- Hiſt, Madam, Hiſt! The Coaſt is now clear.

Syl. Where are you, Ill-nature?

Lucr. Here, tortur'd with my Longings: Where are you? come, come.

Syl. Why do you make me do this?

Lucr. Is that a Queſtion now? Turn, turn into the dark Chamber: I'll but ſecure this Door, and then the Night's our own.

Syvl. Don't ſtay too long.

Cour. How afraid ſhe is, leſt he ſhould come again too ſoon! [*Aſide.*

Lucr. Be ſatisfy'd, I'll fly——that is from you as faſt as I can, for I hope I have fitted you. [*Exit* Sylvia.

Cour. Nay, faith, if this be the Cuſtom of the Houſe, I'll lurk here no longer: The Devil again!

Re-enter Father.

Fath. Trouble me no more, I ſay I will not be perſuaded, I will know the Adultreſſes Name, that I may admoniſh her; for it has been of ancient Practice in theſe our pious Offices, to make our Converts confeſs, not only all they know, but all that we have a mind to know.

Dared. Not Sir, I hope, if it be improper.

Fath. No matter for that, proper or improper, right or wrong, true or falſe, if it be for our uſe, it muſt be confeſſed. Therefore I ſay, and ſay again, I do not abſolve thee, thou art in the ſtate of Perdition ſtill; tell me her Name, or for thy Drunkeneſs, and burning of Houſes; Thy Whoredoms, and Adulteries; Blaſphemy, and Profaneſs; thy Swearing, and Forſwearing; Thy rubbing out Milk-ſcores, and lamb-blacking of Signs in *Covent-Garden*; Thy breaking of Windows, killing Conſtables and Watchmen, Beadles, Taylors, Hackney-Coachmen and Link-Boys: for all theſe——

[*Noiſes of ſqueaking from each ſide of the Stage, one from* Sylvia.

Hark there the ſcreaming Fiends are at thy door already. Hark. [*Scream again.*

Cour. Nay, Madam, if you ſqueak, and think to alarum the Houſe, if I do not behave my ſelf like a true Friend to Love, I am miſtaken, and ſo here I am poſted, and thus will maintain the Paſs.

[*Goes to the door where* Beau. *and his Wife are, and draws his Sword to defend it.*

Lucr. [*At the Door.*] Well ſaid, my civil, dear and friendly Cuckold.

Enter

Enter Theodoret, *and* Porcia *crying.*

Theod. Come forth thou Strumpet.

Por. Nay, cruel *Theodoret*, do not, do not kill me: here on my Knees——

Cour. How's this? *Porcia* taken there, and my Friend here in private with *Porcia* too!

Theod. By Heav'n thou dy'ſt this moment.

Cour. By Hell though but ſhe ſhall not, Sir.

Enter Sylvia *and* Beaugard *purſuing her.*

Beau. Nay, Madam, then! how's this? My Widow ſplit in twain! My *Porcia* there, and *Porcia* here too? Confound me, *Courtine's* Wife! I have done finely.

Theod. You'll juſtifie this uſage?

Cour. You ſee, Sir, I am reſponſible. [*Shews him* Beau.

Beau. By Heav'n unhand her, or----Nay, look Sir well, you'll know me. [*Throws off his Diſguiſe.*

Por. My faithful Soldier!

Beau. My victorious Widow! [*She runs into his Arms.*

Theod. Call up my Servants there, raiſe all the Houſhold.

Beau. I'll do't Sir——

[*Gives the Sign*, Plunder *and his Party appear.* See, here are thoſe that are ready to wait on you, if you have any ſervice to command them.

Theod. And I will find 'em ſervice that ſhall warm 'em [*Exit.*

Cour. Now, I fancy, by this Lady's concealing her ſelf, ſhe may be a diſcovery worth the making. Madam, you ſee here my Friend is unconſtant, but truly nothing could ever wean him from this Widow here —— *Sylvia!* My Wife! my rigid virtuous Wife! my damn'd, confounded, Jealous Wife!

Beau. Now here are very hopeful matters towards.

Cour. It was very courteouſly done of me, *Beaugard*, was it not, to keep the door for you, with my own Wife, Sir?

Beau. Nay, let us not quarrel, *Ned:* I'll give thee a friendly account of this matter to morrow between our ſelves; in the mean time be ſatisfy'd, I have not wrong'd thee.

Por. Will you never leave this Foraging into other Folks Quarters, Captain?

Beau. I am afraid, Widow of mine, you had a finger in the Plot, though——

Sylv. Indeed, my Deareſt.——

Cour. Your humble Servant, my Deareſt! I am only glad of this fair opportunity, to be rid of you, my Deareſt: henceforth, my Deareſt, I ſhall drink my Drink, my Deareſt, I ſhall Whore my Deareſt; and ſo long as I can Pimp ſo handſomly for you, my Deareſt, I hope if ever we return into the Country, you'll wink at a ſmall fault now and then with the Dairy-Wench, or Chamber-Maid, my Deareſt.

Sylv. I always was a Burden to your ſight, and you ſhall be this time eas'd on't. [*Exit.*

Cour. With all my Heart! Heav'n grant it would laſt for ever.

Enter Theodoret.

Theod. My Doors lockt up! my Servants gagg'd and bound! I am betray'd, undone, and I'll not live to bear it.

Beau. Nay, hold, Sir, none of that neither: This Deſign was not laid for a Tragedy.

Theod. How do you intend to deal with me?

Beau. Like a Gentleman, Sir, though you hardly deſerve it of me: In ſhort, this Lady is in my Charge now, and you in my power, and by her Authority; this being her own Houſe, I have made thus bold with it; and will take care to diſpoſe her hereafter out of the reach of your mercileſs Tyranny; nay, if this reverend Perſon will do us the friendly Office, though I have often renounc'd it, am ready to do it one way this moment. *Daredevil*, wilt thou lend me thy Chaplain?

Dared. Heh!

Por. Riſe, Sir! Won't you riſe? If your old Friend and I make a match on't, I hope you'll be ſo kind to dance at the Wedding.

Dared. Dance, Madam! I am dying.

Phil. That's falſe, to my knowledge, Madam: For the Surgeon told me laſt dreſſing, it was ſo ſlight a Wound, he had much ado to keep it from healing.

Dared.

Dared. Yes, by the ſame token when he had done with me, he began with you, forſooth, and ſaid he would ſhew you a little of his operation, for handling and tampering with his Box of Inſtruments, and there's the truth out now.

All. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Dared. Why Gentlemen, Ladies, Friends, Acquaintance, am not I dying? Am not I wounded? Is not there a hole in my Belly, that you may turn a Coach and ſix in?

Beau. No, no: Prithee leave raving, and get up for ſhame, Man. Thou an Atheiſt, thou believe neither a God nor a Devil, and be afraid of a hurt no bigger than a Pin-hole! *Courtine,* lend us thy hand to raiſe up our old Friend here: Well, how is't now? [*Set him on his Legs.*

Dared. Ha! Faith and Troth, I fancy, not ſo bad as I thought it was. Methinks I begin to find my ſelf pretty hearty; I can ſtand, I can walk too, I have no pain at all. How doſt thou do, old Orthodox?

[*Strikes him on the Shoulder, which ſhakes the Diſguiſe from his Face.*

Cour. Ah! but you repented, *Daredevil*; thou didſt repent, Friend: I am ſorry to hear of it with all my Heart, it will be a foul blot in thy Eſcutcheon: But thou didſt repent.

Fath. A Pox on the Block-head, now I ſhall be known. [*Fumbling to fix his Diſguiſe again.*

Dared. Repent! Prithee be quiet, Man: Repent, quotha! Why, doſt thou think I did not know my old Cuſtomer for two Deuces here, old *Anti-Abraham,* the Father of Unbelievers?

Fath. My *Jacky!* my little Rogue! my dainty Boy! Thou Son of thy nown Father, I can hold no longer; and I muſt kiſs thee, and I will kiſs thee, eeee you Dog, you Dog, you Dog, you little dear damn'd Dog.

[*Sings old* Simon.

Huzza, the Widow's our own: There lie Divinity.

Beau. A very *Cutter,* as I live, had he but a *Tabitha,* a perfect *Cutter.*

Fath. Now, *Jacky* boy; *Jacky,* you Rogue, ſhall not

I have a little ſpill out of this Portion now hah? The jolly Worms that have fatten'd ſo long in this Malmſey Noſe of mine with the Fumes of Sack will die, and drop out of their Sockets elſe. Couldſt thou have the Heart to ſee this illuminated Noſe of mine look like an empty Hony-Comb; couldſt thou be ſo hard-hearted?

Por. Faith, Captain, be mollify'd; the old Gentleman, methinks, propoſes very moderately.

Fath. It ſhall be ſo: She ſhall be my Daughter-in-Law, though I invert the Order of Duty, and ask her Bleſſing.

Beau. Look you, Sir: Though you have been a very ungracious Father, upon condition that you'll promiſe to leave off Gaming, and ſtick to your Whoring and Drinking, I will treat with you.

Fath. The truth on't is, I have been to blame, *Jack!* But thou ſhalt find me hereafter very obedient; that is, provided I have my Terms: which are theſe.

Beau. Come on, then.

Fath. Three Bottles of Sack, *Jack, per Diem,* without Deduction, or falſe Meaſure: Two Pound of Tobacco *per* Month; and that of the beſt too.

Cour. Truly this is but reaſonable.

Fath. Buttock-Beef and *March*-Beer at Dinner, you Rogue: A young Wench of my own chuſing, to wait on no body but me always: Mony in my Pocket: An old Pacing Horſe, and an Elbow-Chair.

Beau. Agreed. You ſee, Sir, already, I am beginning to ſettle my Family; and all this comes by the Dominion Chance has over us. By Chance you took the Charge of an old Father off from my Hands, and made a Chaplain of him. By the ſame ſort of Chance I have taken this Lady off from your Hands, and intend to make her another ſort of Domeſtick. What ſay you, Sir? Are you contented?

Theod. I cannot tell whether I am or no.

Beau. Then you are not ſo wiſe a Man as I took you for. In the mean time; for your Liberty, you muſt diſpenſe with the want of it, till I have this Night ſecured the

the Safety of my Widow. Your Friend *Gratian*, becauſe of his Wounds, is only lock'd in his Chamber, and may take his Reſt as otherwiſe. For the other part of the Family, I care not to make Excuſes.

Thus ſtill, with Power in hand, we treat of Peace;
But when 'tis ratify'd, Suſpicions ceaſe:
The Conquer'd to recruting Labours move.
Like me, the Victor, Crowns his Eaſe with Love.

EPILOGUE,

By Mr. *Duke* of *Cambridge*.

IT is not long since in the noise Pit
Tumultuous Faction *sate the Judge of* Wit;
There Knaves *applauded what their* Blockheads *writ.*
At a Whig-Brother's *Play, the Bawling Crowd*
Burst out in Shouts, as zealous, *and as* loud,
As when some Member's *stout* Election-Beer
Gains the mad Voice *of a whole* Drunken Shire.
And yet, even then, our Poet's Truth was try'd,
Tho' 'twas a Dev'lish pull to stem the Tyde;
And tho' he ne'er did Line of Treason *write,*
Nor made one Rocket *on Queen* Besse's *Night,*
Such was his Fortune, or so good his Cause,
Even then he fail'd not wholly of Applause.
He that could then *escape,* now *bolder grows:*
Since the Whig-Tyde *runs out the* Loyal *flows.*
All you who lately here presum'd to bawl,
Take warning from your Brethren at Guild-hall:
The Spirit of Rebellion *there is quell'd,*
And here your Poet's Acts *are all repeal'd:*
Impartial Justice *has resum'd again*
Her awful Seat, nor bears the Sword in vain.
The Stage *shall lash the* Follies *of the Times,*
And the Laws Vengeance *overtake the* Crimes.
The perjur'd Wretch *shall no Protection gain*
From his dishonour'd Robe, *and* Golden Chain;
But stand expos'd to all th' insulting Town,
While rotten Eggs *bepaw the* Scarlet Gown.
Pack hence betimes, you that were never sparing
To save the Land, and dam' your selves, *by* Swearing.
Shou'd the Wise City *now, to ease your Fears,*
Erect an Office to Insure your Ears,
Thither such num'rous Shoals of Witnesses,
And Juries, *conscious of their Guilt, wou'd press,*
That to the Chamber *hence might more be gain'd,*
Than ever Mother Cresswell *from it drain'd;*
And Perjury *to the* Orphans Bank *restore*
Whatever Whoredom *robb'd it of before.*

THE ORPHAN: OR, THE *Unhappy Marriage.* A TRAGEDY.

Qui Pelago credit magno, se fœnore tollit;
Qui Pugnas & Castra petit, præcingitur Auro;
Vilis Adulator picto jacet Ebrius Ostro;
Et qui sollicitat Nuptas, ad præmia peccat:
Sola pruinosis horret Facundia pannis,
Atque inopi lingua desertas invocat Artes. Petron. Arb. Sat.

Printed in the YEAR 1712.

TO HER

Royal Highneſs

THE

DUTCHESS.

MADAM,

FTER having a great while wiſh'd to write ſomething that might be worthy to lay at Your Highneſs's Feet, and finding it impoſſible: Since the World has been ſo kind to me to Judge of this Poem to my Advantage, as the moſt pardonable Fault which I have made in its kind; I had ſinn'd againſt my ſelf, if I had not choſen this Opportunity to implore (what my Ambition is moſt fond of) Your Favour and Protection.

For

For though Fortune would not so far bless my Endeavours, as to encourage them with Your Royal Highness's Presence, when this came into the World; Yet, I cannot but declare it was my Design and Hopes, it might have been Your Divertisement in that happy Season, when You return'd again to chear all those Eyes, that had before wept for your Departure, and enliven all Hearts that had droop'd for Your Absence: When Wit ought to have paid its choicest Tributes in, and Joy have known no Limits, then I hop'd my little Mite would not have been rejected; though my ill Fortune was too hard for me, and I lost a greater Honour, by Your Royal Highness's Absence, than all the Applauses of the World besides can make me Reparation for.

Nevertheless, I thought my self not quite Unhappy, so long as I had Hopes this way yet to Recompence my Disappointment past: When I consider'd also, that Poetry might claim right to a little Share in Your Favour: For *Tasso*, and *Ariosto*, some of the best, have made their Names Eternal, by transmitting to After-Ages the Glory of Your Ancestors: And under the spreading of that Shade, where two of the best have planted their Lawrels, how Honoured should I be, who am the worst, if but a Branch might grow for me.

I dare not think of offering any thing in this Addreſs, that might look like a Panegyrick, for fear, leſt when I have done my beſt, the World ſhould condemn me, for ſaying too little, and you your ſelf check me, for medling with a Task unfit for my Talent.

For the Deſcription of Virtues and Perfections ſo rare as Yours are, ought to be done by as deliberate, as skilful a Hand; the Features muſt be drawn very fine, to be like; haſty dawbing will but ſpoil the Picture, and make it ſo unnatural, as muſt want falſe Lights to ſet it off: And Your Virtue can receive no more Luſtre from Practices, than Your Beauty can be improv'd by Art; which as it Charms the braveſt Prince that ever amaz'd the World with his Virtue: So, let but all other Hearts enquire into themſelves, and then Judge, how it ought to be prais'd.

Your Love too, as none but that great Hero, who has it, could deſerve it, and therefore, by a particular Lot from Heav'n, was deſtin'd to ſo extraordinary a Bleſſing, ſo matchleſs for its ſelf, and ſo wondrous for its Conſtancy, ſhall be remember'd to Your Immortal Honour, when all other Tranſactions of the Age You live in ſhall be forgotten.

But I forget that I am to ask Pardon for the Fault I have been all this while Committing.

mitting. Wherefore I beg Your Highneſs to forgive me this Preſumption, and that You will be pleas'd to think well of one who cannot help reſolving with all the Actions of Life, to endeavour to deſerve it: Nay more, I would beg, and hope it may be granted, that I may through Yours never want an Advocate in his Favour, whoſe Heart and Mind You have ſo entire a Share in; it is my only Portion and my Fortune; I cannot but be happy, ſo long as I have but Hopes I may enjoy it, and I muſt be miſerable, ſhould it ever be my ill Fate to loſe it.

This with Eternal Wiſhes for Your Royal Highneſs's Content, Happineſs, and Proſperity, in all Humility is preſented by

Your moſt Obedient and

Devoted Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE.

To You, great Judges in this Writing Age,
The Sons of Wit, and Patrons of the Stage,
With all those humble Thoughts, which still have sway'd
His Pride, much doubting, trembling and afraid
Of what is to his want of Merit due,
And aw'd by every Excellence in you,
The Author sends to beg you would be kind,
And spare those many Faults you needs must find.
You to whom Wit a common Foe is grown,
The thing ye scorn, and publickly disown;
Though now perhaps y'are here for other ends,
He swears to me ye ought to be his Friends:
For he ne'er call'd ye yet insipid Tools;
Nor wrote one Line to tell ye you were Fools:
But says of Wit ye have so large a store,
So very much, you never will have more.
He ne'er with Libel treated yet the Town,
The Names of Honest Men bedawb'd and shown,
Nay, never once lampoon'd the harmless Life
Of Suburb Virgin, or of City Wife.
Satyr's the Effect of Poetries Disease;
Which, Sick of a lewd Age, she vents for Ease,
But now her only Strife should be to please;
Since of ill Fate the baneful Cloud's withdrawn;
And Happiness again begins to dawn,
Since back with Joy and Triumph he is come,
That always drove Fears hence, ne'er brought 'em home,
Oft has he plow'd the boisterous Ocean o'er,
Yet ne'er more welcome to the longing Shore,
Not when he brought home Victories before.
For then fresh Lawrels flourish'd on his Brow,
And he comes crown'd with Olive Branches now,
Receive him! Oh receive him as his Friends;
Embrace the Blessings which he Recommends;
Such Quiet as your Foes shall ne'er destroy;
Then shake off Fears, and clap your Hands for Joy.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Acaſto, a Nobleman retir'd from the Court, and living privately in the Country.	Mr. *Gillow*.
Caſtalio, *Polydore*, His Sons.	Mr. *Betterton*. Mr. *Williams*.
Chamont, a Young Soldier of Fortune.	Mr. *Smith*.
Erneſto, *Paulino*, Servants in the Family.	Mr. *Norris*. Mr. *Wiltſhire*.
Cordelio, *Polydore*'s Page.	A little Girl.
Chaplain.	Mr. *Percival*.

WOMEN.

Monimia, the Orphan, left under the Guardianſhip of Old *Acaſto*.	Mrs. *Barry*.
Serina, *Acaſto*'s Daughter.	Mrs. *Boteler*.
Florella, *Monimia*'s Woman.	Mrs. *Osborn*.

SCENE, *BOHEMIA*.

THE ORPHAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Paulino *and* Erneſto.

PAULINO.

IS ſtrange, *Erneſto*, this Severity
Should ſtill reign pow'rful in *Acaſto*'s Mind,
To hate the Court where he
Was bred and liv'd,
All Honours heap'd on him that Pow'r could give.

Ern. 'Tis true, he came thither a private Gentleman,
But young and brave, and of a Family
Ancient and Noble as the Empire holds.
The Honours he has gain'd are juſtly his;
He purchas'd them in War; thrice has he led
An Army againſt the Rebels, and as often
Return'd with Victory; the World has not
A truer Soldier, or a better Subject.

Paul. It was his Virtue at firſt made me ſerve him;
He is the beſt of Maſters as of Friends:

I know he has lately been invited thither;
Yet ſtill he keeps his ſtubborn purpoſe, cries,
He's old, and willingly would be at reſt:
I doubt there's deep Reſentment in his Mind,
For the late Slight his Honour ſuffer'd there.

Ern. Has he not Reaſon? When for what he had born,
Long, hard, and faithful Toil, he might have claim'd
Places in Honour, and Employment high;
A huffing, ſhining, flatt'ring, cringing Coward,
A Canker-worm of Peace was rais'd above him.

Paul. Yet ſtill he holds juſt Value for the King,
Nor ever names him but with higheſt Reverence.
'Tis noble that——

Ern. Oh! I have heard him wanton in his Praiſe,
Speak things of him might charm the Ears of Envy.

Paul. Oh may he live 'till Nature's ſelf grow old,
And from her Womb no more can bleſs the Earth!
For when he dies, farewel all Honour, Bounty,
All generous Encouragement of Arts,
For Charity her ſelf becomes a Widow.

Ern. No, he has two Sons that were ordain'd to be
As well his Virtues, as his Fortunes Heirs.

Paul. They're both of Nature mild, and full of Sweetneſs.
They came Twins from the Womb, and ſtill they live
As if they would go Twins too to the Grave:
Neither has any thing he calls his own,
But of each others Joys as Griefs partaking;
So very honeſtly, ſo well they love,
As they were only for each other born.

Ern. Never was Parent in an Off-ſpring happier;
He has a Daughter too, whoſe blooming Age
Promiſes Goodneſs equal to her Beauty.

Paul. And as there is a Friendſhip 'twixt the Brethren,
So has her Infant Nature choſen too
A faithful Partner of her Thoughts and Wiſhes,
And kind Companion of her harmleſs Pleaſures.

Ern. You mean the Beauteous Orphan, fair *Monimia?*

Paul. The ſame, the Daughter of the brave *Chamont.*
He was our Lord's Companion in the Wars,
Where ſuch a wondrous Friendſhip grew between 'em

As

As only Death could end: *Chamont*'s Eſtate
Was ruin'd in our late and Civil Diſcords;
Therefore unable to advance her Fortune,
He left his Daughter to our Maſter's care;
To ſuch a care as ſhe ſcarce loſt a Father.

Ern. Her Brother to the Emperor's Wars went early,
To ſeek a Fortune or a noble Fate;
Whence he with Honour is expected back,
And mighty marks of that great Prince's Favour.

Paul. Our Maſter never would permit his Sons
To lance for Fortune in the uncertain World,
But wants to avoid both Courts, and Camps,
Where Dilatory Fortune plays the Jilt
With the brave, noble, honeſt, gallant Man,
To throw her ſelf away on Fools and Knaves.

Ern. They both have forward, gen'rous, active Spirits,
'Tis daily their Petition to their Father,
To ſend them forth where Glory's to be gotten;
They cry they're weary of their lazy home,
Reſtleſs to do ſome thing that Fame may talk of.
To day they chas'd the Boar, and near this time
Should be return'd.

Paul. Oh that's a Royal Sport!
We yet may ſee the old Man in a Morning,
Luſty as Health come ruddy to the Field,
And there purſue the Chace as if he meant
To o'ertake Time, and bring back Youth again.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Caſtalio, Polydore, *and Page.*

Caſt. Polydore! our ſport
Has been to day much better for the Danger;
When on the brink the foaming Boar I met,
And in his ſide thought to have lodg'd my Spear,
The deſperate Savage ruſht within my Force,
And bore me headlong with him down the Rock.

Pol. But then——

Caſt. Ay then, my Brother, my Friend *Polydore*,
Like *Perſius* mounted on his winged Steed,
Came on, and down the dang'rous Precipice leapt
To ſave *Caſtalio*. 'Twas a God-like Act.

Pol.

Pol. But when I came, I found you Conqueror.
Oh my Heart danc'd to ſee your danger paſt!
The heat and fury of the Chace was cold,
And I had nothing in my Mind but Joy.
Caſt. So, *Polydore*, methinks we might in War
Ruſh on together; thou ſhou'dſt be my Guard,
And I be thine; what is't could hurt us then?
Now half the Youth of *Europe* are in Arms,
How fulſome muſt it be to ſtay behind,
And die of rank Diſeaſes here at home?
Pol. No, let me purchaſe in my Youth Renown,
To make me lov'd and valu'd when I'm old;
I would be buſie in the World, and learn,
Not like a courſe and uſeleſs dunghill Weed,
Fixt to one ſpot, and rot juſt as I grw.
Caſt. Our Father
Has ta'en himſelf a ſurfeit of the World,
And cries it is not ſafe that we ſhould take it;
I own I have Duty very pow'rful in me;
And tho' I'd hazard all to raiſe my Name,
Yet he's ſo tender and ſo good a Father,
I could not do a thing to croſs his Will.
Pol. Caſtalio, I have doubts within my Heart,
Which you, and only you, can ſatisfie:
Will you be free and candid to your Friend?
Caſt. Have I a Thought my *Polydore* ſhould not know?
What can this mean?
Pol. Nay, I'll conjure you too,
By all the ſtricteſt bonds of faithful Friendſhip,
To ſhew your Heart as naked in this point,
As you would purge you of your Sins to Heav'n.
Caſt. I will.
Pol. And ſhould I chance to touch it nearly, bear it
With all the ſuffrance of a tender Friend.
Caſt. As calmly as the wounded Patient bears
The Artiſt's hand, that miniſters his Cure.
Pol. That's kindly ſaid. You know our Father's Ward
The fair *Monimia*; is your Heart at Peace?
Is it ſo guarded that you could not love her?
Caſt. Suppoſe I ſhould.
Pol. Suppoſe you ſhould not, Brother. *Caſt.*

Caſt. You'd ſay, I muſt not.
Pol. That would ſound too roughly
'Twixt Friends and Brothers, as we two are.
Caſt. Is Love a Fault?
Pol. In one of us it may be:
What if I love her?
Caſt. Then I muſt inform you,
I lov'd her firſt, and cannot quit the Claim,
But will preſerve the Birth-right of my Paſſion.
Pol. You will.
Caſt. I will.
Pol. No more, I've done.
Caſt. Why not?
Pol. I told I you had done;
But you, *Caſtalio*, would diſpute it.
Caſt. No:
Not with my *Polydore*; though I muſt own
My Nature obſtinate and void of ſuff'rance.
Love reigns a very Tyrant in my Heart,
Attended on his Throne by all his Guards
Of furious wiſhes, fears, and nice ſuſpicions.
I could not bear a Rival in my Friendſhip,
I am ſo much in love, and fond of thee.
Pol. Yet you would break this Friendſhip!
Caſt. Not for Crowns.
Pol. But for a Toy you would, a Woman's Toy,
Unjuſt *Caſtalio*.
Caſt. Prithee, where's my fault?
Pol. You love *Monimia*.
Caſt. Yes.
Pol. And you would kill me,
If I'm your Rival.
Caſt. No, ſure we're ſuch Friends,
So much one Man, that our Affections too
Muſt be united, and the ſame as we are.
Pol. I dote upon *Monimia*.
Caſt. Love her ſtill;
Win, and enjoy her.
Pol. Both of us cannot.

Caſt.

Caſt. No matter
Whoſe chance it proves, but let's not quarrel for't.
Pol. You would not wed *Monimia*, would you?
Caſt. Wed her!
No! were ſhe all deſire could wiſh, as fair
As would the vaineſt of her Sex be thought,
With Wealth beyond what Womans Pride could waſte,
She ſhould not cheat me of my Freedom. Marry?
When I am old and weary of the World,
I may grow deſperate,
And take a Wife to mortify withal.
Pol. It is an elder Brother's duty ſo
To propagate his Family and Name:
You would not have yours die and bury'd with you?
Caſt. Meer Vanity, and ſilly Dotage all;
No, let me live at large, and when I die——
Pol. Who ſhall poſſeſs th' Eſtate you leave?
Caſt. My Friend,
If he ſurvives me; if not, my King,
Who may beſtow't again on ſome brave Man,
Whoſe Honeſty and Services deſerve one.
Pol. 'Tis kindly offer'd.
Caſt. By yon Heaven, I love
My *Polydore* beyond all worldly Joys,
And would not ſhock his Quiet to be bleſt
With greater Happineſs than Man e'er taſted.
Pol. And by that Heav'n eternally I ſwear,
To keep the kind *Caſtalio* in my Heart.
Whoſe ſhall *Monimia* be?
Caſt. No matter whoſe.
Pol. Were you not with her privately laſt Night?
Caſt. I was, and ſhould have met her again;
But th' opportunity ſhall now be thine;
My ſelf will bring thee to the Scene of Love;
But have a care, by Friendſhip I conjure thee,
That no falſe Play be offer'd to thy Brother.
Urge all thy Pow'rs to make thy Paſſion proſper,
But wrong not mine.
Pol. Heav'n blaſt me if I do.
Caſt. If't prove thy Fortune, *Polydore*, to Conquer.
(For thou haſt all the Arts of fine Perſwaſion!) Truſt

Truſt me and let me know thy Love's ſucceſs,
That I may ever after ſtifle mine.
Pol. Though ſhe be dearer to my Soul, than Reſt
To weary Pilgrims, or to Miſers Gold,
To great Men Power, or Wealthy Cities Pride,
Rather than wrong *Caſtalio*, I'd forget her.
For if ye Powr's have happineſs in ſtore,
When ye would ſhower down Joys on *Polydore*,
In one great Bleſſing all your Bounty ſend,
That I may never loſe ſo dear a Friend.
[*Ex.* Caſt. Pol. *Manet Page.*

Enter Monimia.

Mon. So ſoon return'd from hunting? This fair Day
Seems as if ſent to invite the World abroad.
Paſs'd not *Caſtalio* and *Polydore* this way?
Page. Madam, juſt now.
Mon. Sure ſome ill Fate's upon me.
Diſtruſt and Heavineſs ſits round my Heart,
And Apprehenſion ſhocks my timorous Soul.
Why was I not lain in my peaceful Grave
With my poor Parents? And at reſt as they are?
Inſtead of that I am wand'ring into Cares.
Caſtalio! Oh *Caſtalio!* Thou haſt caught
My fooliſh Heart; and like a tender Child,
That truſts his Play-thing to another Hand,
I fear its harm, and faign would have it back.
Come near, *Cordelio*, I muſt chide you, Sir.
Page. Why, Madam, have I done you any wrong?
Mon. I never ſee you now; you have been kinder;
Sate by my Bed, and ſung me pretty Songs:
Perhaps I've been ungrateful, here's Mony for you:
Will you oblige me? Shall I ſee you oftner?
Page. Madam, I'd ſerve you with my Soul;
But in a Morning when you call me to you,
As by your Bed I ſtand and tell you Stories,
I am aſham'd to ſee your ſwelling Breaſts,
It makes me bluſh, they are ſo very white.
Mon. Oh Men for Flattery and Deceit renown'd!
Thus when y'are young, ye learn it all like him,
Till as your Years encreaſe, that ſtrengthens too,

T' undo poor Maids, and make our Ruin eaſie.
Tell me, *Cordelio*, for thou haſt oft heard
Their friendly Converſe, and their Boſom Secrets,
Sometimes, at leaſt, have they not talk'd of me?
Page. Oh Madam! Very wickedly they have talk'd!
But I'm afraid to name it, for they ſay
Boys muſt be whip'd that tell their Maſters Secrets.
Mon. Fear not, *Cordelio!* It ſhall ne'er be known;
For I'll preſerve the Secret as 'twere mine.
Polydore cannot be ſo kind as I.
I'll furniſh thee for all thy harmleſs Sports
With pretty Toys, and thou ſhalt be my Page.
Page. And truly, Madam, I had rather be ſo.
Methinks you love me better than my Lord,
For he was never half ſo kind as you are.
What muſt I do?
Mon. Inform me how th' haſt heard
Caſtalio, and his Brother, uſe my Name.
Page. With all the Tenderneſs of Love.
You were the Subject of their laſt Diſcourſe.
At firſt I thought it would have fatal prov'd;
But as the one grew hot the other cool'd,
And yielded to the Frailty of his Friend;
At laſt, after much ſtrugg'ling, 'twas reſolv'd——
Mon. What, good *Cordelio?*
Page. Not to quarrel for you.
Mon. I would not have 'em; by my deareſt hopes,
I would not be the Argument of Strife.
But ſurely my *Caſtalio* won't forſake me,
And make a Mockery of my eaſie Love.
Went they together?
Page. Yes, to ſeek you, Madam.
Caſtalio promis'd *Polydore* to bring him
Where he alone might meet you,
And fairly try the Fortune of his Wiſhes.
Mon. Am I then grown ſo cheap, juſt to be made
A common Stake, a Prize for Love in jeſt?
Was not *Caſtalio* very loth to yield it,
Or was it *Polydore*'s unruly Paſſion,
That heightned the Debate?

Page. The fault was *Polydore's.*
Caſtalio play'd with Love, and ſmiling ſhew'd
The pleaſure, not the pangs of his Deſire.
He ſaid no Woman's Smiles ſhould buy his Freedom;
And Marriage is a mortifying thing.
Mon. Then I am ruin'd if *Caſtalio's* falſe.
Where is there Faith, and Honour to be found?
Ye Gods, that guard the Innocent, and guide
The Weak; protect, and take me to your care.
Oh but I love him: There's the Rock will wrack me!
Why was I made with all my Sexes Softneſs,
Yet, want the Cunning to conceal its Follies?
I'll ſee *Caſtalio,* tax him with his Falſhoods,
Be a true Woman, rail, proteſt my Wrongs;
Reſolve to hate him, and yet love him ſtill.
Enter Caſtalio *and* Polydore.
He comes, the Conqueror comes! lye ſtill, my Heart,
And learn to bear thy Injuries with ſcorn.
Caſt. Madam, my Brother begs he may have leave
To tell you ſomething that concerns you nearly;
I leave you as becomes me, and withdraw.
Mon. My Lord *Caſtalio!*
Caſt. Madam!
Mon. Have you purpos'd
To abuſe me palpably? What means this Uſage?
Why am I left with *Polydore* alone?
Caſt. He beſt can tell you. Buſineſs of importance
Calls me away; I muſt attend my Father.
Mon. Will you then leave me thus?
Caſt. But for a moment.
Mon. It has been otherwiſe; the time has been,
When buſineſs might have ſtay'd, and I been heard.
Caſt. I could for ever hear thee; but this time
Matters of ſuch odd circumſtances preſs me,
That I muſt go——
Mon. Then go, and if't be poſſible for ever.
Well, my Lord *Polydore,* I gueſs your buſineſs,
And read the ill-natur'd purpoſe in your Eyes.
Pol. If to deſire you more than Miſers Wealth,
Or dying Men an hour of added Life,

If softest Wishes, and a Heart more true,
Than ever suffer'd yet for Love disdain'd,
Speak an ill Nature, you accuse me justly.

Mon. Talk not of Love, my Lord, I must not bear it.

Pol. Who can behold such Beauty, and be silent?
Desire first taught us Words: Man, when created,
At first alone long wander'd up and down,
Forlorn, and silent as his Vassal-Beasts;
But when a Heav'n-born Maid, like you, appear'd,
Strange Pleasures fill'd his Eyes, and fir'd his Heart,
Unloos'd his Tongue, and his first Talk was Love.

Mon. The first created Pair, indeed, were blest;
They were the only Objects of each other,
Therefore he Courted her; and her alone:
But in this peopled World of Beauty, where
There's roving Room, where you may court, and ruin
A thousand more, why need you talk to me?

Pol. Oh! I could talk to thee for ever: Thus
Eternally admiring, fix and gaze
On those dear Eyes, for every Glance they send
Darts through my Soul, and almost gives Enjoyment.

Mon. How can you labour thus for my undoing?
I must confess, indeed, I owe you more
Than ever I can hope to think to pay.
There always was a Friendship 'twixt our Families;
And therefore when my tender Parents dy'd,
Whose ruin'd Fortunes too expir'd with them,
Your Father's Pity, and his Bounty, took me,
A poor and helpless Orphan, to his care.

Pol. 'Twas Heav'n ordain'd it so, to make me happy.
Hence with this peevish Virtue, 'tis a Cheat,
And those who taught it first were Hypocrites.
Come, these soft tender Limbs were made for yielding.

Mon. Here on my knees by Heav'ns blest Power I swear, [*Kneels*

If you persist, I ne'er henceforth will see you,
But rather wander through the World a Beggar,
And live on sordid Scraps at proud Mens Doors;
For though to Fortune lost, I'll still inherit
My Mother's Virtues, and my Father's Honour.

Pol.

Pol. Intolerable Vanity! your Sex
Was never in the right; y'are always falſe,
Or ſilly; even your Dreſſes are not more
Fantaſtick than your Appetites: you think
Of nothing twice: Opinion you have none.
To Day y'are nice, to Morrow not ſo free,
Now ſmile, then frown; now ſorrowful, then glad;
Now pleas'd, now not; and all you know not why!
Virtue you affect, Inconſtancy's your Practice,
And when your looſe Deſires once get Dominion,
No hungry Churl feeds courſer at a Feaſt;
Every rank Fool goes down——

Mon. Indeed, my Lord,
I own my Sexes Follies; I have 'em all,
And to avoid its Fault, muſt fly from you:
Therefore believe me, could you raiſe me high
As moſt fantaſtick Woman's Wiſh could reach,
And lay all Nature's Riches at my Feet;
I'd rather run a Salvage in the Woods
Amongſt brute Beaſts, grow rinkled and deform'd,
As Wildneſs and moſt rude Neglect could make me,
So I might ſtill enjoy my Honour ſafe
From the deſtroying Wiles of faithleſs Men.—— [*Exit.*

Pol. Who'd be that ſordid fooliſh thing call'd Man,
To cringe thus, fawn, and flatter for a Pleaſure,
Which Beaſts enjoy ſo very much above him?
The luſty Bull ranges through all the Field,
And from the Herd ſingling his Female out,
Enjoys her, and abandons her at Will.
It ſhall be ſo, I'll yet poſſeſs my Love,
Wait on, and watch her looſe unguarded hours:
Then when her roving Thoughts have been abroad,
And brought in wanton Wiſhes to her Heart;
I'th' very Minute when her Virtue nods,
I'll ruſh upon her in a ſtorm of Love,
Beat down her guard of Honour all before me,
Surfeit on Joys till even Deſire grow ſick;
Then by long Abſence Liberty regain,
And quite forget the Pleaſure and the Pain.
[*Ex.* Pol. *and Page.*

ACT II. SCEENE I.

Enter Acaſto, Caſtalio, Polydore, *Attendants*.

Acaſt. TO day has been a Day of glorious Sport.
When you, *Caſtalio*, and your Brother left me,
Forth from the Thickets ruſh'd another Boar,
So large, he ſeem'd the Tyrant of the Woods,
With all his dreadful Briſtles rais'd up high,
They ſeem'd a Grove of Spears upon his Back;
Foaming he came at me, where I was poſted,
Beſt to obſerve which way he'd lead the Chace,
Whetting his huge long Tusks, and gaping wide,
As if he already had me for his Prey;
Till brandiſhing my well pois'd Javelin high,
With this cold Executing Arm, I ſtruck
The ugly brindled Monſter to the Heart.

Caſt. The actions of your Life were always wond'rous.

Acaſt. No Flattery, Boy! an honeſt Man can't live by't,
It is a little ſneaking Art, which Knaves
Uſe to cajole and ſoften Fools withal;
If thou haſt Flatt'ry in thy Nature, out with't,
Or ſend it to a Court, for there 'twill thrive.

Pol. Why there?

Acaſt. 'Tis, next to Mony, currant there;
To be ſeen daily in as many forms
As there are ſorts of Vanities, and Men;
The ſuperſtitious Sates-man has his Sneer
To ſmooth a poor Man off with, that can't bribe him;
The grave dull Fellow of ſmall buſineſs ſooths
The Humoriſt, and will needs admire his Wit:
Who without ſpleen could ſee a hot-brain'd Atheiſt
Thanking a ſurly Doctor for his Sermon,
Or a grave Counſellor meet a ſmooth young Lord,
Squeeze him by the hand, and praiſe his good Complexion?

Pol. Courts are the places where beſt Manners flouriſh;
Where the Deſerving ought to riſe, and Fools

Make

Make ſhow. Why ſhould I vex and chafe my Spleen,
To ſee a gawdy Coxcomb ſhine, when I
Have ſeen enough to ſooth him in his Follies,
And ride him to advantage as I pleaſe?——
Acaſt. Who merit ought indeed to riſe i'th' World,
But no wiſe Man that's honeſt ſhould expect.
What Man of ſenſe would rack his generous Mind,
To practiſe all the baſe Formalities
And Forms of buſineſs, force a grave ſtartch'd Face,
When he's a very Libertine in's Heart?
Seem not to know this or that Man in publick,
When privately perhaps they meet together,
And lay the Scene of ſome brave Fellow's Ruin.
Such things are done ——
Caſt. Your Lordſhip's Wrongs have been
So great, that you with Juſtice may complain;
But ſuffer us, whoſe younger Minds ne'er felt
Fortune's Deceits, to Court her as ſhe's fair:
Were ſhe a common Miſtreſs, kind to all,
Her Worth would ceaſe, and half the World grow idle.
Acaſt. Go to, y'are Fools, and know me not; I've learnt
Long ſince to bear Revenge, or ſcorn my Wrongs,
According to the Value of the Doer.
You both would fain be Great, and to that end
Deſire to do things worthy your Ambition.
Go to the Camp, Preferment's nobleſt Mart,
Where Honour ought to have the faireſt play, you'll find
Corruption, Envy, Diſcontent, and Faction,
Almoſt in every Band: How many Men
Have ſpent their Blood in their dear Country's Service,
Yet now pine under Want, while ſelfiſh Slaves
That ev'n would cut their Throats, whom now they
fawn on,
Like deadly Locuſts eat the Honey up,
Which thoſe induſtrious Bees ſo hardly toyl'd for?
Caſt. Theſe Precepts ſuit not with my active Mind,
Methinks I would be buſie.
Pol. So would I,
Not loyter out my Life at home, and know
No farther than one Proſpect gives me leave.

Acaſt. Buſie your Minds then, ſtudy Arts and Men:
Learn how to value Merit though in Rags,
And ſcorn a proud ill-manner'd Knave in Office.

Enter Serina, Monimia, *and Maid.*

Ser. My Lord, my Father!

Acaſt. Bleſſings on my Child,
My little Cherub, what haſt thou to ask me?

Ser. I bring you, Sir, moſt glad and welcome News:
The Young *Chamont*, whom you've ſo often wiſh'd for,
Is juſt arriv'd and entring.

Acaſt. By my Soul,
And all my Honours, he's moſt dearly welcome;
Let me receive him like his Father's Friend.

Enter Chamont.

Welcome, thou Relict of the beſt-lov'd Man,
Welcome from all the Turmoils, and the Hazards
Of certain Danger, and uncertain Fortune;
Welcome as happy Tydings after Fears.

Cham. Words would but wrong the Gratitude I owe you.
Should I begin to ſpeak, my Soul's ſo full,
That I ſhould talk of nothing elſe all day.

Mon. My Brother!

Cham. Oh my Siſter! let me hold thee
Long in my Arms, I've not beheld thy Face
Theſe many days; by Night I've often ſeen thee
In gentle Dreams, and ſatisfied my Soul
With fancy'd Joys, till Morning Cares awak'd me.
Another Siſter, ſure it muſt be ſo;
Though I remember well, I had but one:
But I feel ſomething in my Heart that prompts,
And tells me ſhe has claim and intereſt there.

Acaſt. Young Soldier, you've not only ſtudy'd War,
Courtſhip I ſee has been your Practice too,
And may not prove unwelcome to my Daughter.

Cham. Is ſhe your Daughter? then my Heart told true!
And I'm at leaſt her Brother by Adoption:
For you have made your ſelf to me a Father,
And by that Patent I have leave to love her.

Ser. Monimia, thou haſt told me, Men are falſe,
Will flatter, feign, and make an Art of Love:

Is *Chamont* ſo? No, ſure he's more than Man,
Something that's near Divine and Truth dwells in him.
Acaſt. Thus happy, who would envy pompous Pow'r,
The Luxury of Courts, or Wealth of Cities?
Let there be Joy through all the Houſe this day!
In every Room let Plenty flow at large,
It is the Birth-day of my Royal Maſter.
You have not viſited the Court, *Chamont*,
Since your Return?
Cham. I have no buſineſs there,
I have not ſlaviſh Temperance enough
T'attend a Favorite's heels, and watch his Smiles;
Bear an ill Office done me to my Face,
And thank the Lord that wrong'd me, for his favour.
Acaſt. This you could do. [*To his Sons.*
Caſt. I'd ſerve my Prince.
Acaſt. Who'd ſerve him?
Caſt. I would, my Lord.
Pol. And I; both would.
Acaſt. Away,
He needs not any Servants ſuch as you!
Serve him! he merits more than Man can do!
He is ſo good, Praiſe cannot ſpeak his worth:
So merciful, ſure he ne'er ſlept in wrath;
So juſt, that were he but a private Man,
He could not do a wrong. How would you ſerve him?
Caſt. I'd ſerve him with my Fortune here at home,
And ſerve him with my Perſon in his Wars,
Watch for him, fight for him, bleed for him.
Pol. Die for him,
As every true-born loyal Subject ought.
Acaſt. Let me embrace you both. Now by the Souls
Of my brave Anceſtors, I'm truly happy;
For this be ever bleſt my Marriage-day,
Bleſt be your Mother's Memory that bore you,
And double bleſt be that auſpicious Hour
That gave ye Birth. Yes, my aſpiring Boys,
Ye ſhall have buſineſs; when your Maſter wants you,
You cannot ſerve a Nobler; I have ſerv'd him;
In this old Body yet the Marks remain

Of many Wounds. I've with this Tongue proclaim'd
His Right, ev'n in the face of rank Rebellion;
And when a foul-mouth'd Traytor once prophan'd
His ſacred Name, with my good Sabir drawn,
Ev'n at the head of all his giddy rout,
I ruſh'd and clove the Rebel to the Chine.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord, the expected Gueſts are juſt arriv'd.

Acaſt. Go you, and give 'em Welcome and Reception.

Cham. My Lord, I ſtand in need of your aſſiſtance
In ſomething that concerns my Peace and Honour.

Acaſt. Spoke like the Son of that brave Man I lov'd:
So freely friendly we convers'd together.
What e'er it be with confidence impart it.
Thou ſhalt command my Fortune and my Sword.

Cham. I dare not doubt your Friendſhip nor your Juſtice:
Your Bounty ſhewn to what I hold moſt dear,
My Orphan Siſter, muſt not be forgotten!

Acaſt. Prithee, no more of that; it grates my Nature.

Cham. When our dear Parents dy'd, they dy'd together,
One Fate ſurpriz'd 'em, and one Grave receiv'd 'em:
My Father with his dying Breath bequeath'd
Her to my Love: My Mother, as ſhe lay
Languiſhing by him, call'd me to her ſide,
Took me in her fainting Arms, wept, and embrac'd me,
Then preſt me cloſe, and as ſhe obſerv'd my Tears,
Kiſt 'em away; ſaid ſhe, *Chamont* my Son,
By this and all the Love I ever ſhew'd thee,
Be careful of *Monimia*, watch her Youth,
Let not her Wants betray her to Diſhonour;
Perhaps kind Heaven may raiſe ſome Friend. Then ſigh'd,
Kiſt me again; ſo bleſt us, and expir'd.
Pardon my Grief.

Acaſt. It ſpeaks an honeſt Nature.

Cham. The Friend Heav'n rais'd was you; you took her up
An Infant to the deſart World expos'd,
And prov'd another Parent.

Acaſt. I've not wrong'd her.

Cham. Far be it from my Fears.

Acaſt. Then why this Argument?

Cham.

Cham. My Lord, my Nature's jealous, and you'll bear it.

Acaſt. Go on.

Cham. Great Spirits bear Misfortunes hardly:
Good Offices claim Gratitude; and Pride,
Where Pow'r is wanting, will uſurp a little,
Make us (rather than be thought behind-hand)
Pay over-price.

Acaſt. I cannot gueſs your drift;
Diſtruſt you me?

Cham. No, but I fear her Weakneſs
May make her pay a Debt at any rate;
And to deal freely with your Lordſhip's goodneſs,
I've heard a Story lately much diſturbs me.

Acaſt. Then firſt charge her; and if the Offence be found
Within my reach, tho' it ſhou'd touch my Nature,
In my own Off-ſpring, by the dear remembrance
Of thy brave Father, whom my Heart rejoic'd in,
I'd proſecute it with ſevereſt Vengeance. [*Exit.*

Cham. I thank you from my Soul.

Mon. Alas, my Brother!
What have I done? and why do you abuſe me?
My Heart quakes in me; in your ſettled Face
And clouded Brow methinks I ſee my Fate:
You will not kill me!

Cham. Prithee, why doſt talk ſo?

Mon. Look kindly on me then, I cannot bear
Severity; it daunts, and does amaze me?
My Heart's ſo tender, ſhould you charge me rough
I ſhould but weep, and anſwer you with ſobbing.
But uſe me gently like a loving Brother,
And ſearch through all the Secrets of my Soul.

Cham. Fear nothing, I will ſhew my ſelf a Brother,
A tender, honeſt, and a loving Brother.
Y'ave not forgot our Father?

Mon. I ſhall never.

Cham. Then you'll remember too, he was a Man
That liv'd up to the ſtandard of his Honour,
And priz'd that Jewel more than Mines of Wealth:
He'd not have done a ſhameful thing but once,
Though kept in darkneſs from the World, and hidden,

He

He could not have forgiven it to himſelf;
This was the only Portion that he left us;
And I more glory in't, than if poſſeſt
Of all that ever Fortune threw on Fools.
'Twas a large Truſt, and muſt be manag'd nicely;
Now if by any chance, *Monimia*,
You have ſoyl'd this Gem, and taken from its value,
How will y' account with me?

Mon. I challenge Envy,
Malice and all the Practices of Hell,
To cenſure all the Actions of my paſt
Unhappy Life, and taint me if they can!

Cham. I'll tell thee then; three Nights ago, as I
Lay muſing in my Bed, all Darkneſs round me,
A ſudden damp ſtruck to my Heart, cold ſweat
Dew'd all my Face, and trembling ſeiz'd my Limbs,
My Bed ſhook under me, the Curtains ſtarted,
And to my tortur'd Fancy there appear'd
The Form of Thee, thus Beauteous as thou art,
Thy Garments flowing looſe, and in each Hand
A wanton Lover, which by turns careſs'd thee
With all the Freedom of unbounded Pleaſure:
I ſnatch'd my Sword, and in the very Moment
Darted it at the Fantome, ſtraight it left me:
Then roſe and call'd for Lights, when, O dire Omen!
I found my Weapon had the Arras pierc'd,
Juſt where that famous Tale was interwoven,
How th' unhappy *Theban* ſlew his Father.

Mon. And for this Cauſe my Virtue is ſuſpected!
Becauſe in Dreams your Fancy has been ridden,
I muſt be tortur'd waking!

Cham. Have a care;
Labour not to be juſtified too faſt:
Hear all, and then let Juſtice hold the Scale.
What follow'd was the Riddle that confounds me:
Through a cloſe Lane, as I purſu'd my Journey,
And meditated on the laſt Night's Viſion,
I ſpy'd a wrinkled Hagg, with Age grown double,
Picking dry Sticks, and mumbling to her ſelf;
Her Eyes with ſcalding Rheum were gall'd and red;

Cold

Cold Palſie ſhook her Head, her Hands ſeem'd wither'd,
And on her crooked Shoulders had ſhe wrapt
The tatter'd Remnant of an old ſtrip'd Hanging,
Which ſerv'd to keep her Carkaſs from the Cold;
So there was nothing of a-piece about her:
Her lower Weeds were all o'er courſely patch'd
With diff'rent colour'd Rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And ſeem'd to ſpeak variety of Wretchedneſs;
I ask'd her of my way, which ſhe inform'd me;
Then crav'd my Charity, and bad me haſten
To ſave a Siſter: At that word I ſtarted.

Mon. The common Cheat of Beggars every Day!
They flock about our Doors, pretend to Gifts
Of Propheſie, and telling Fools their Fortunes.

Cham. Oh! But ſhe told me ſuch a Tale, *Monimia*,
As in it bore great Circumſtances of Truth;
Caſtalio and *Polydore*, my Siſter.

Mon. Hah!

Cham. What, alter'd! does your Courage fail you!
Now by my Father's Soul the Witch was honeſt;
Anſwer me, if thou haſt not loſt to them
Thy Honour at a ſordid Game.

Mon. I will,
I muſt; ſo hardly my Misfortune loads me,
That both have offer'd me their Loves moſt true.

Cham. And 'tis as true too, they have both undone thee.

Mon. Though they both with earneſt Vows
Have preſt my Heart, if e'er in thought I yielded
To any but *Caſtalio* ——

Cham. But *Caſtalio!*

Mon. Still will you croſs the Line of my Diſcourſe!
Yes, I confeſs that he has won my Soul
By generous Love, and honourable Vows:
Which he this Day appointed to compleat,
And make himſelf by holy Marriage mine.

Cham. Art thou then ſpotleſs? haſt thou ſtill preſerv'd
Thy Virtue white without a Blot untainted?

Mon. When I'm unchaſt, may Heav'n reject my Prayers!
Or more, to make me wretched, may you know it!

Cham. Oh then, *Monimia*, art thou dearer to me

Than

Than all the Comforts ever yet bleſt Man,
And let not Marriage bait thee to thy Ruin.
Truſt not a Man; we are by Nature falſe,
Diſſembling, ſubtle, cruel and unconſtant:
When a Man talks of Love, with caution truſt him;
But if he ſwears, he'll certainly deceive thee;
I charge thee let no more *Caſtalio* ſooth thee:
Avoid it as thou would'ſt preſerve the Peace
Of a poor Brother, to whoſe Soul th'art precious.

Mon. I will!

Cham. Appear as cold, when next you meet, as great Ones
When Merit begs; then ſhalt thou ſee how ſoon
His Heart will cool, and his Pains grow eaſie. [*Ex.*

Mon. Yes, I will try him; torture him ſeverely;
For, oh *Caſtalio!* thou too much haſt wrong'd me,
In leaving me to *Polydore*'s ill Uſage.
He comes; and now for once, oh Love ſtand Neuter,
Whilſt a hard part's perform'd! For I muſt tempt,
Wound his ſoft Nature, though my own Heart akes for't. [*Ex.*

Enter Caſtalio.

Caſt. Monimia, Monimia!—She's gone;
And ſeem'd to part with Anger in her Eyes;
I am a Fool, and ſhe has found my Weakneſs;
She uſes me already like a Slave
Faſt bounds in Chains, to be chaſtis'd at will:
'Twas not well done to trifle with my Brother:
I might have truſted him with all the Secret,
Open'd my filly Heart, and ſhewn it bare.
But then he loves her too; but not like me.
I am a doating honeſt Slave, deſign'd
For Bondage, Marriage-bonds, which I have ſworn
To wear: It is the only thing I e'er
Hid from his Knowledge; and he'll ſure forgive
The firſt Tranſgreſſion of a wretched Friend
Betray'd to Love, and all its little Follies.

Enter Polydore, *and Page at the Door.*

Pol. Here place your ſelf, and watch my Brother throughly:
If he ſhould chance to meet *Monimia*, make
Juſt Obſervation of each Word and Action;
Paſs not one Circumſtance without remark:

&c.

Sir, 'tis your Office, do't and bring me word. [*Ex.* Pol.

Enter Monimia.

Caſt. Monimia, my Angel, 'twas not kind
To leave me like a Turtle here alone,
To droop and mourn the Abſence of my Mate.
When thou art from me every Place is deſart,
And I, methinks, am ſalvage and forlorn;
Thy Preſence only 'tis can make me bleſt,
Heal my unquiet Mind, and tune my Soul.

Mon. Oh the bewitching Tongues of faithleſs Men!
'Tis thus the falſe *Hyæna* makes her Moan,
To draw the pitying Traveller to her Den;
Your Sex are ſo, ſuch falſe Diſſemblers all,
With Sighs and Plaints y'entice poor Womens Hearts,
And all that pity you, are made your Prey.

Caſt. What means my Love? Oh, how have I deſerv'd
This Language from the Soveraign of my Joys!
Stop, ſtop thoſe Tears, *Monimia*, for they fall
Like baneful Dew from a diſtemper'd Sky;
I feel 'em chill me to the very Heart.

Mon. Oh, you are falſe, *Caſtalio*, moſt forlorn;
Attempt no farther to delude my Faith.
My Heart is fixt, and you ſhall ſhake't no more.

Caſt. Who told you ſo? What Hell-bred Villain durſt
Prophane the ſacred Buſineſs of my Love?

Mon. Your Brother, knowing on what terms I'm here,
Th'unhappy Object of your Father's Charity,
Licentiouſly diſcours'd to me of Love,
And durſt affront me with his brutal Paſſion.

Caſt. 'Tis I have been to blame, and only I,
Falſe to my Brother and unjuſt to Thee.
For, oh! he loves thee too, and this Day own'd it,
Taxt me with mine, and claim'd a right above me.

Mon. And was your Love ſo very tame to ſhrink,
Or rather than loſe him, abandon me?

Caſt. I, knowing him precipitate and raſh,
To calm his Heat, and to conceal my Happineſs,
Seem'd to comply with his unruly Will;
Talkt as he talkt, and granted all he ask'd;

Leſt he in Rage might have our Loves betray'd,
And I for ever had *Monimia* loſt.

Mon. Could you then? did you; can you own it too?
'Twas poorly done, unworthy of your ſelf;
And I can never think you meant me fair.

Caſt. Is this *Monimia?* ſurely no! 'till now
I ever thought her Dove-like, ſoft and kind.
Who truſts his Heart with Woman's ſurely loſt:
You were made Fair on purpoſe to undo us,
Whilſt greedily we ſnatch th'alluring Bait,
And ne'er diſtruſt the Poiſon that it hides.

Mon. When Love ill-plac'd would find a means to break.

Caſt. It never wants pretences nor excuſe.

Mon. Man wherefore was a Lord-like Creature made,
Rough as the Winds, and as inconſtant too:
A lofty Aſpect given him for command,
Eaſily ſoften'd, when he would betray:
Like conquering Tyrants, you our Breaſts invade,
Where you are pleas'd to forage for a while;
But ſoon you find new Conqueſts out, and leave
The ravag'd Province ruinate and waſte.
If ſo, *Caſtalio*, you have ſerv'd my Heart,
I find that Deſolation's ſettled there,
And I ſhall ne'er recover Peace again.

Caſt. Who can hear this, and bear an equal Mind!
Since you will drive me from you, I muſt go;
But, oh *Monimia*, when th'haſt baniſh'd me,
No creeping Slave, though tractable and dull,
As artful Woman for her ends would chuſe,
Shall ever dote as I have done: For oh!
No Tongue my Pleaſure nor my Pain can tell,
'Tis Heav'n to have thee, and without thee Hell.

Mon. Caſtalio! ſtay! we muſt not part. I find
My Rage ebbs out, and Love flows in apace.
Theſe little Quarrels Love muſt needs forgive,
They rouſe up drowſie Thoughts, and wake my Soul.
Oh! charm me with the Muſick of thy Tongue;
I'm ne'er ſo bleſt, as when I hear thy Vows,
And liſten to the Language of thy Heart.

Caſt.

Caſt. Where am I! ſurely Paradice is round me!
Sweets planted by the Hand of Heav'n grow here,
And every Senſe is full of thy Perfection.
To hear thee ſpeak might calm a mad Man's Frenzy,
'Till by attention he forgot his Sorrows;
But to behold thy Eyes, th'amazing Beauties
Might make him rage again with Love, as I do.
To touch thee's Heav'n, but to enjoy thee, oh!
Thou Nature's whole Perfection in one piece!
Sure framing thee Heav'n took unuſual Care,
As its own Beauty it deſign'd thee Fair;
And form'd thee by the beſt-lov'd Angel there. [*Ex.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Polydore, *and Page.*

Pol. WERE they ſo kind? Expreſs it to me all
In words, 'twill make me think I ſaw it too.
Page. At firſt I thought they had been mortal Foes;
Monimia rag'd, *Caſtalio* grew diſturb'd,
Each thought the other wrong'd, yet both ſo haughty,
They ſcorn'd ſubmiſſion, though Love all the while
The Rebel play'd, and ſcarce could be contain'd.
Pol. But what ſucceeded?
Page. Oh 'twas wondrous pretty!
For of a ſudden all the Storm was paſt,
A gentle calm of Love ſucceeded it;
Monimia ſigh'd and bluſht, *Caſtalio* ſwore;
As you, my Lord, I well remember, did
To my young Siſter in the Orange Grove,
When I was firſt preferr'd to be your Page.
Pol. Happy *Caſtalio!* Now, by my great Soul,
M'ambitious Soul, that languiſhes to Glory,
I'll have her yet, by my beſt hopes I will.
She ſhall be mine in ſpight of all her Arts.
But for *Caſtalio* why was I refus'd?

Has

Has he ſupplanted me by ſome foul play,
Traduc'd my Honour? Death! he durſt not do't.
It muſt be ſo: We parted, and he met her,
Half to compliance brought by me, ſurpriz'd
Her ſinking Virtue till ſhe yielded quite:
So Poachers baſely pick up tir'd Game,
Whilſt the fair Hunter's cheated of his Prey.
Boy!

Page. My Lord!

Pol. Go to your Chamber and prepare your Lute;
Find out ſome Song to pleaſe me, that deſcribes
Womens Hypocriſies, their ſubtile Wiles,
Betraying Smiles, feign'd Tears, Inconſtancies,
Their painted Outſides, and corrupted Minds,
The ſum of all their Follies, and their Falſhoods.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Oh the unhappieſt Tydings Tongue e'er told!

Pol. The Matter!

Serv. Oh! your Father, my good Maſter,
As with his Gueſts he ſet in Mirth rais'd high,
And chas'd the Gobling round the joyful Board,
A ſudden trembling ſeiz'd on all his Limbs;
His Eyes diſtorted grew; his Viſage pale!
His Speech forſook him; Life it ſelf ſeem'd fled,
And all his Friends are waiting now about him.

Enter Acaſto *leaning on two.*

Acaſt. Support me, give Air, I'll yet recover;
'Twas but a Slip decaying Nature made,
For ſhe grows weary near her Journeys end.
Where are my Sons? come near, my *Polydore*;
Your Brother! where's *Caſtalio?*

Serv. My Lord,
I've ſearch'd, as you commanded, all the Houſe,
He and *Monimia* are not to be found. ('tis well,

Acaſt. Not to be found! then where are all my Friends?
I hope they'll pardon an unhappy Fault
M'unmannerly Infirmity has made!
Death could not come in a more welcome Hour,
For I'm prepar'd to meet him, and methinks
Would live and die with all my Friends about me.

Enter

Enter Caſtalio.

Caſt. Angels preſerve my deareſt Father's Life,
Bleſs it with long and uninterrupted days!
Oh! may he live 'till Time it ſelf decay,
'Till good Men wiſh him dead, or I offend him!

Acaſt. Thank you, *Caſtalio*; give me both your Hands,
And bear me up, I'd walk: So, now methinks
I appear as great as *Hercules* himſelf,
Supported by the Pillars he had rais'd.

Caſt. My Lord, your Chaplain.

Acaſt. Let the good Man enter.

Enter Chaplain.

Chap. Heav'n guard your Lordſhip, and reſtore your Health.

Acaſt. I have provided for thee if I die.
No fawning! 'tis a Scandal to thy Office.
My Sons, as thus united, ever live,
And for the Eſtate, you'll find when I am dead
I have divided it betwixt you both
Equally parted, as you ſhar'd my Love;
Only to ſweet *Monimia* I've bequeath'd
Ten thouſand Crowns, a little Portion for her,
To wed her honourably as ſhe's born.
Be not leſs Friends becauſe you're Brothers; ſhun
The Man that's ſingular, his Mind's unſound,
His Spleen o'er-weighs his Brains; but above all
Avoid the Politick, the factious Fool,
The buſie, buzzing, talking, harden'd Knave;
The quaint ſmooth Rogue, that ſins againſt his Reaſon;
Calls ſawcy loud Suſpicion, publick Zeal,
And Mutiny the Dictates of his Spirit:
Be very careful how ye make new Friends.
Men read not Morals now, 'twas a Cuſtom,
But all are to their Fathers Vices born:
And in their Mothers Ignorance are bred.
Let Marriage be the laſt mad thing ye do,
For all the Sins and Follies of the paſt.
If you have Children, never give them Knowledge,
'Twill ſpoil their Fortune, Fools are all the faſhion.
If you've Religion, keep it to your ſelves,
Atheiſts will elſe make uſe of Toleration,
And laugh ye out on't; never ſhew Religion,

Except

Except ye mean to paſs for Knaves of Conſcience,
And cheat believing Fools that think ye honeſt.

Enter Serina.

Ser. My Father!

Acaſt. My Heart's Darling!

Ser. Let my Knees
Fix to the Earth. Ne'er let my Eyes have reſt,
But wake and weep 'till Heav'n reſtore my Father!

Acaſt. Riſe to my Arms, and thy kind Prayers are an-
For thou'rt a wond'rous extract of all Goodneſs, [ſwer'd,
Born for my Joy, and no Pains felt when near thee.
Chamont!

Enter Chamont.

Cham. My Lord, may't prove not an unlucky Omen:
Many I ſee are waiting round about you,
And I am come to ask a Bleſſing too.

Acaſt. May'ſt thou be happy!

Cham. Where?

Acaſt. In all thy Wiſhes!

Cham. Confirm me ſo, and make this Fair One mine.
I am unpractis'd in the Trade of Courtſhip,
And know not how to deal Love out with Art;
Onſets in Love ſeem beſt like thoſe in War,
Fierce, reſolute, and done with all the force;
So I would open my whole Heart at once,
And pour out the abundance of my Soul.

Acaſt. What ſays *Serina*? canſt thou love a Soldier?
One born to Honour and to Honour bred;
One that has learn'd to treat ev'n Foes with Kindneſs;
To wrong no good Man's Fame, nor praiſe himſelf.

Ser. Oh! name not Love, for that's ally'd to Joy,
And Joy muſt be a Stranger to my Heart,
When you're in danger. May *Chamont's* good Fortune
Render him lovely to ſome happier Maid!
Whilſt I at friendly diſtance ſee him bleſt,
Praiſe the kind Gods, and wonder at his Virtues.

Acaſt. Chamont, purſue her, conquer and poſſeſs her,
And, as my Son, a third of all my Fortune
Shall be thy Lot.
But keep thy Eyes from wandring, Man of Frailty,
Beware the dangerous Beauty of the Wanton,

Shun

Shun their Enticements; Ruin like a Vulture
Waits on their Conqueſts: Falſehood too's their Buſineſs,
They put falſe Beauty off to all the World;
Uſe falſe Endearments to the Fools that love 'em,
And when they marry, to their ſilly Husbands
They bring falſe Virtue, broken Fame, and Fortune.

Mon. Hear ye that, my Lord?

Pol. Yes, my fair Monitor, old Men always talk thus.

Acaſt. Chamont, you told me of ſome Doubts that preſt
Are you yet ſatisfied that I am your Friend? [you.

Cham. My Lord, I would not loſe that Satisfaction
For any Bleſſing I could wiſh for.
As to my Fears already I have loſt 'em;
They ne'er ſhall vex me more, nor trouble you.

Acaſt. I thank you. Daughter you muſt do ſo too.
My Friends 'tis late,
For my Diſorder ſeems all paſt and over,
And I methinks begin to feel new health.

Caſt. Would you but reſt, it might reſtore you quite.

Acaſt. Yes, I'll to Bed; old Men muſt humour Weakneſs.
Let me have Muſick then to lull and chaſe
This melancholy Thought of Death away.
Good-night! my Friends, Heav'n guard ye all! Good-night!
To Morrow early we'll ſalute the Day,
Find out new Pleaſures, and redeem loſt Time.
[*Ex. all but* Chamont *and* Chaplain.

Cham. Hiſt, hiſt, Sir *Gravity*, a word with you.

Chap. With me, Sir?

Cham. If you're at leiſure, Sir? we'll waſte an Hour,
'Tis yet too ſoon to ſleep, and 'twill be Charity
To lend your Converſation to a Stranger.

Chap. Sir, you are a Soldier?

Cham. Yes.

Chap. I love a Soldier,
And had been one my ſelf, but my Parents
Would make me what you ſee of me; yet I am honeſt
For all I wear black.

Cham. And that's a wonder.
Have you had long dependence on this Family?

Chap. I have not thought it ſo, becauſe my Time's
Spent pleaſantly. My Lord's not haughty nor imperious

Nor

Nor I gravely whimſical; he has good Nature,
And I have Manners:
His Sons too are civil to me, becauſe
I do not pretend to be wiſer than they are;
I meddle with no Man's Buſineſs but my own;
I riſe in a Morning early, ſtudy moderately,
Eat and drink chearfully, live ſoberly,
Take my innocent Pleaſures freely,
So meet with Reſpect, and am not the Jeſt of the Family.

Cham. I'm glad you are ſo happy.
A pleaſant Fellow this, and may be uſeful.
Knew you my Father, the old *Chamont*?

Chap. I did, and was moſt ſorry when we loſt him.

Cham. Why? didſt thou love him? [Friend.

Chap. Every body lov'd him; beſides, he was my Maſter's

Cham. I could embrace thee for that very Notion.
If thou didſt love my Father, I could think
Thou wouldſt not be an Enemy to me.

Chap. I can be no Man's Foe.

Cham. Then prithee tell me;
Think'ſt thou the Lord *Caſtalio* loves my Siſter?
Nay, never ſtart. Come, come, I know thy Office
Opens thee all the Secrets of the Family.
Then if thou art honeſt, uſe this Freedom kindly.

Chap. Love your Siſter!

Cham. Ay, Love her.

Chap. Sir, I never ask'd him,
And wonder you ſhould ask it me.

Cham. Nay, but th'art an Hypocrite; is there not one
Of all thy Tribe that's honeſt in your Schools?
The pride of your Superiors makes ye Slaves:
Ye all live loathſom ſneaking ſervile Lives;
Not free enough to practiſe generous Truth,
Though ye pretend to teach it to the World.

Chap. I would deſerve a better thought from you.

Cham. If thou would'ſt have me not contemn thy Office
And Character, think all thy Brethren Knaves,
Thy Trade a Cheat, and thou its worſt Profeſſor;
Inform me; for I tell thee, Prieſt, I'll know.

Chap. Either he loves her, or he much has wrong'd her.

Cham.

Cham. How wrong'd her? have a care: For this may lay
A Scene of Miſchief to undo us all.
But tell me, wrong'd her, ſaid'ſt thou?

Chap. Ay, Sir, wrong'd her.

Cham. This is a Secret worth a Monarch's Fortune:
What ſhall I give thee for't! thou dear Phyſician
Of ſickly Souls, unfold this Riddle to me,
And comfort mine ——

Chap. I would hide nothing from you willingly.

Cham. Nay, then again thou'rt honeſt. Would'ſt thou tell me?

Chap. Yes, if I durſt.

Cham. Why what affrights thee?

Chap. You do,
Who are not to be truſted with the Secret.

Cham. Why, I am no Fool.

Chap. So indeed you ſay.

Cham. Prithee, be ſerious then.

Chap. You ſee I am ſo,
And hardly ſhall be mad enough to Night,
To truſt you with my Ruin.

Cham. Art thou then
So far concern'd in't? What has been thy Office?
Curſe on that formal ſteady Villain's Face!
Juſt ſo do all Bawds look; nay, Bawds, they ſay,
Can pray upon occaſion, talk of Heav'n,
Turn up their gogling Eye-balls, rail at Vice,
Diſſemble, lye, and preach like any Prieſt.
Art thou a Bawd?

Chap. Sir, I'm not often us'd thus.

Cham. Be juſt then.

Chap. So I be to the truſt
That's laid upon me.

Cham. By the reverenc'd Soul
Of that great honeſt Man that gave me Being,
Tell me but what thou know'ſt concerns my Honour,
And if I e'er reveal it to thy wrong,
May this good Sword ne'er do me right in Battel!
May I ne'er know that bleſſed peace of Mind,
That dwells in good and pious Men, like thee!

Chap.

Chap. I see your Temper's mov'd, and I will trust you.
Cham. Wilt thou?
Chap. I will; but if it ever 'scape you——
Cham. It never shall.
Chap. Swear then.
Cham. I do by all
That's dear to me, by th'Honour of my Name,
And that Power I serve, it never shall.
Chap. Then this good Day, when all the House was busie,
When Mirth and kind rejoicing fill'd each Room,
As I was walking in the Grove I met them.
Cham. What, met them in the Grove together? tell me.
How, walking, standing, sitting, lying? hah!
Chap. I by her own Appointment met them there,
Receiv'd their Marriage Vows, and join'd their Hands.
Cham. How! marry'd!
Chap. Yes, Sir.
Cham. Then my Soul's at Peace:
But why would you delay so long to give it?
Cham. Not knowing what Reception it may find
With old *Acasto*; may be I was too cautious
To trust the Secret from me.
Cham. What's the Cause
I cannot guess, tho' 'tis my Sister's Honour.
I do not like this Marriage
Huddl'd i'the dark, and done at too much a Venture:
The business looks with an unlucky Face.
Keep still the Secret; for it ne'er shall 'scape me,
Not ev'n to them, the new match'd Pair. Farewel.
Believe my Truth, and know me for thy Friend. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Castalio, *and* Monimia.

Cast. Young *Chamont*, and the Chaplain! sure 'tis they!
No matter what's contriv'd or who consulted,
Since my *Monimia*'s mine; tho' this sad Look
Seems no good boading Omen to her Bliss,
Else, prithee, tell me why that Look cast down?
Why that sad Sigh as if thy Heart were breaking?
Mon. Castalio, I am thinking what we've done.
The Heav'nly Powers were sure displeas'd to day!

For

For at the Ceremony as we ſtood,
And as your Hand was kindly join'd with mine,
As the good Prieſt pronounc'd the Sacred Words,
Paſſion grew big and I could not forbear,
Tears drown'd my Eyes, and trembling ſeiz'd my Soul.
What ſhould that mean?

Caſt. Oh thou art tender all!
Gentle and kind as ſympathizing Nature!
When a ſad Story has been told, I've ſeen
Thy little Breaſts with ſoft Compaſſion ſwell'd,
Shove up and down, and heave like dying Birds;
But now let Fear be baniſh'd, think no more
Of danger, for there's ſafety in my Arms;
Let them receive thee: Heav'n grow jealous now;
Sure ſhe's too good for any Mortal Creature!
I could grow wild, and praiſe thee ev'n to madneſs.
But wherefore do I dally with my Bliſs?
The Night's far ſpent, and Day draws on apace;
To Bed my Love, and wake 'till I come thither.

Pol. So hot, my Brother? [Polydore *at the Door.*

Mon. 'Twill be impoſſible:
You know your Father's Chamber's next to mine,
And the leaſt Noiſe will certainly alarm him.

Caſt. Impoſſible? impoſſible? alas!
Is't poſſible to live one Hour without thee?
Let me behold thoſe Eyes; they'll tell me truth;
Haſt thou no longing? Art thou ſtill the ſame
Cold, icy Virgin? No; th'art alter'd quite.
Haſte, haſte to Bed, and let looſe all thy Wiſhes.

Mon. 'Tis but one Night, my Lord; I pray be rul'd.

Caſt. Try if th'aſt Power to ſtop a flowing Tide,
Or in a Tempeſt make the Seas be calm;
And when that's done I'll conquer my Deſires.
No more, my Bleſſing. What ſhall be the Sign?
When ſhall I come? For to my Joys I'll ſteal
As if I ne'er had paid my Freedom for them.

Mon. Juſt three ſoft ſtroaks upon the Chamber-door
And at that Signal you ſhall gain Admittance:
But ſpeak not the leaſt word; for if you ſhould,
'Tis ſurely heard, and all will be betray'd.

Caſt. Oh! doubt it not *Monimia*, our Joys
Shall be as ſilent as the Extatick Bliſs
Of Souls, that by Intelligence converſe:
Immortal Pleaſures ſhall our Senſes drown,
Thought ſhall be loſt, and ev'ry Pow'r diſſolv'd:
Away, my Love; firſt take this kiſs. Now haſte.
I long for that to come, yet grudge each Minute paſt.
[*Ex.* Mon.
My Brother wandring too ſo late this way!
Pol. Caſtalio!
Caſt. My *Polydore*, how doſt thou?
How does our Father? is he well recover'd?
Pol. I left him happily repos'd to Reſt;
He's ſtill as gay as if his Life were young.
But how does fair *Monimia?*
Caſt. Doubtleſs well.
A cruel Beauty with her Conqueſt pleas'd
Is always joyful, and her Mind in health.
Pol. Is ſhe the ſame *Monimia* ſtill ſhe was?
May we not hope ſhe's made of mortal Mould?
Caſt. She's not Woman elſe:
Tho' I'm grown weary of this tedious hoping;
W'ave in a barren Deſart ſtray'd too long.
Pol. Yet may relief be unexpected found,
And Loves ſweet Manna cover all the Field.
Met ye to Day?
Caſt. No, ſhe has ſtill avoided me,
Her Brother too is jealous of her grown,
And has been hinting ſomething to my Father.
I wiſh I'd never medled with the matter,
And would enjoin thee *Polydore* ——
Pol. To what?
Caſt. To leave this peeviſh Beauty to her ſelf.
Pol. What, quit my Love? as ſoon I'd quit my Poſt
In fight, and like a Coward run away.
No, by my Stars, I'll chaſe her 'till ſhe yields
To me, or meets her Reſcue in another.
Caſt. Nay, ſhe has Beauty that might ſhake the Leagues
Of mighty Kings, and ſet the World at odds;

But I have wondrous Reaſons on my ſide,
That would perſwade thee, were they known.
Pol. Then ſpeak 'em.
What are they? Came ye to her Window here
To learn 'em now? *Caſtalio*, have a care;
Uſe honeſt dealing with your Friend and Brother.
Believe me, I'm not with my Love ſo blinded,
But can diſcern your purpoſe to abuſe me.
Quit your Pretences to her.
Caſt. Grant I do,
You love Capitulations, *Polydore*,
And but upon Conditions would oblige me.
Pol. You ſay, you've Reaſons. Why are they conceal'd?
Caſt. To Morrow I may tell you.
It is a matter of ſuch Circumſtance,
As I muſt well conſult e'er I reveal:
But, prithee, ceaſe to think I would abuſe thee,
'Till more be known.
Pol. When you, *Caſtalio*, ceaſe
To meet *Monimia* unkown to me,
And then deny it ſlaviſhly, I'll ceaſe
To think *Caſtalio* faithleſs to his Friend.
Did I not ſee you part this very moment?
Caſt. It ſeems you've watch'd me then?
Pol. I ſcorn the Office.
Caſt. Prithee, avoid a thing thou may'ſt repent.
Pol. That is, henceforward making Leagues with you.
Caſt. Nay, if y'are angry, *Polydore*, Good-Night. [*Exit.*
Pol. Good-Night, *Caſtalio*, if y'are in ſuch haſte.
He little thinks I've overheard th' Appointment:
But to his Chamber's gone to wait a while,
Then come and take Poſſeſſion of my Love.
This is the utmoſt Point of all my Hopes,
Or now ſhe muſt, or never can be mine.
Oh! for a means now how to Counterplot,
And diſappoint this happy elder Brother.
In every thing we do, or undertake,
He ſoars above me, mount what height I can,
And keeps the ſtart he got of me in Birth.
Cordelio!

Enter Page.

Page. My Lord!

Pol. Come hither, Boy.
Thou haſt a pretty forward lying Face,
And may'ſt in time expect Preferment; canſt thou
Pretend to ſecreſie, cajole and flatter
Thy Maſter's Follies, and aſſiſt his Pleaſures?

Page. My Lord I could do any thing for you,
And ever be a very faithful Boy.
Command, what e'er's your Pleaſure I'll obſerve.
Be it to run, or to watch; or to convey
A Letter to a beauteous Lady's Boſom;
At leaſt I am not dull, and ſoon ſhould learn.

Pol. 'Tis pity then thou ſhould'ſt not be employ'd.
Go to my Brother, he's in's Chamber now
Undreſſing, and preparing for his Reſt;
Find out ſome means to keep him up a while:
Tell him a pretty Story that may pleaſe
His Ear: Invent a Tale, no matter what:
If he ſhould ask of thee, tell him I'm gone
To Bed, and ſent you there to know his Pleaſure
Whether he'll Hunt to Morrow. Well ſaid *Polydore*;
Diſſemble with thy Brother: That's one Point.
But do not leave him 'till he's in his Bed;
Or if he chance to walk again this way,
Follow and do not quit him, but ſeem fond
To do him little Offices of Service.
Perhaps at laſt it may offend him; then
Retire, and wait 'till I come in. Away:
Succeed in this, and be employ'd again.

Page. Doubt not, my Lord: he has been always kind
To me; would often ſet me on his Knees;
Then give me Sweet-Meats, call me pretty Boy,
And ask'd me what the Maids talkt of at Nights

Pol. Run quickly then, and proſperous be thy Wiſhes.
[*Exit Page.*
Here I'm alone and fit for Miſchief; now
To cheat this Brother, will't be honeſt, that
I heard the Sign ſhe order'd him to give.
Oh for the Art of *Proteus*, but to change

The

The happy *Polydore* to bleſt *Caſtalio!*
She's not ſo well acquainted with him yet,
But I may fit her Arms as well as he.
Then when I'm happily poſſeſt of more
Than Senſe can think, all looſen'd into Joy,
To hear my diſappointed Brother come,
And give the unregarded Signal; Oh!
What a malicious Pleaſure will that be!
Juſt three ſoft ſtrokes againſt the Chamber-door:
But ſpeak not the leaſt word, for if you ſhould,
It is ſurely heard, and we are both betray'd.
How I adore a Miſtreſs that contrives
With care to lay the buſineſs of her Joys!
One that has Wit to charm the very Soul,
And give a double reliſh to Delight!
Bleſt Heav'n, aſſiſt me but in this dear Hour,
And my kind Stars be but propitious now,
Diſpoſe of me hereafter as you pleaſe.
Monimia! Monimia! [*Gives the Sign.*
[*Maid at the Window.*] Who's there?
Pol. 'Tis I.
Maid. My Lord *Caſtalio?*
Pol. The ſame.
How does my Love, my dear *Monimia?*
Maid. Oh!
She wonders much at your unkind delay;
You've ſtaid ſo long that at each little Noiſe
The Wind but makes, ſhe asks if you are coming.
Pol. Tell her I'm here, and let the Door be open'd.
[*Maid deſcends.*
Now boaſt, *Caſtalio*, triumph now and tell
Thy ſelf ſtrange Stories of a promis'd Bliſs.
[*The Door unbolts.*
It opens, hah! what means my trembling Fleſh!
Limbs, do your Office and ſupport me well.
Bear me to her, then fail me if you can. [*Exit.*

Enter Caſtalio, *and Page.*

Page. Indeed, my Lord, 'twill be a lovely Morning,
Pray let us hunt.
Caſt. Go, you're an idle Pratler,

I'll ſtay at Home to Morrow; if your Lord
Thinks fit, he may command my Hounds: Go leave me,
I muſt go to Bed.

Page. I'll wait upon your Lordſhip,
If you think fit, and ſing you to repoſe.

Caſt. No, my kind Boy, the Night is too far waſted,
My Senſes too are quite diſrob'd of Thought,
And ready all with me to go to reſt.
Good-night: commend me to my Brother.

Page. Oh!
You never heard the laſt new Song I learn'd;
It is the fineſt, prettieſt Song indeed, [caught
Of my Lord and my Lady you know who, that were
Together, you know where. My Lord, indeed it is.

Caſt. You muſt be whipt, Youngſter, if you get ſuch
Songs as thoſe are. What means
This Boy's Impertinence to Night?

Page. Why, what muſt I Sing, pray, my dear Lord?

Caſt. Pſalms, Child, Pſalms.

Page. Oh dear me! Boys that go to School learn Pſalms,
But Pages that are better bred ſing Lampoons.

Caſt. Well, leave me, I'm weary.

Page. Oh! but you promis'd me laſt time I told you what
Colour my Lady *Monimia*'s Stockings were of, and that
She garter'd them above Knee, that you would give me a little Horſe to go a hunting upon, ſo you did. I'll tell you no more Stories, except you keep your Word with me.

Caſt. Well, go, you Trifler, and to Morrow ask me.

Page. Indeed my Lord, I can't abide to leave you.

Caſt. Why, wert thou inſtructed to attend me?

Page. No, no, indeed, indeed, my Lord, I was not;
But I know what I know.

Caſt. What doſt thou know? Death! what can all this
Page. Oh! I know who loves ſome-body. (mean?

Caſt. What's that to me, Boy?

Page. Nay, and I know who loves you too.

Caſt. That's a wonder, prithee tell it me.

Page. 'Tis——'tis——I know who——but will
You give me the Horſe then?

Caſt. I will, my Child.

Page.

Page. It is my Lady *Monimia*, look you, but don't you Tell her I told you, She'll give me no more play-things then. I heard her ſay ſo as ſhe lay a-bed, Man.

Caſt. Talk'd ſhe of me when in her Bed, *Cordelio?*

Page. Yes, and I ſung her the Song you made too. And ſhe did ſo ſigh, and ſo look with her Eyes; And her Breaſts did ſo lift up and down; I could have found In my Heart to have beat 'em, for they made me aſham'd

Caſt. Hark, what's that Noiſe?
Take this, be gone, and leave me.
You Knave, you little Flatterer, get you gone. [*Ex. Page.*
Surely it was a Noiſe. Hiſt——only Fancy.
For all is huſh'd, as Nature were retir'd,
And the perpetual Motion ſtanding ſtill:
So much ſhe from her work appears to ceaſe,
And every warring Element's at peace;
All the wild Herds are in their Coverts couch'd;
The Fiſhes to their Banks or Ooze repair'd,
And to the murmurs of the Waters ſleep;
The feeling Air's at reſt and feels no noiſe,
Except of ſome ſoft Breaths among the Trees,
Rocking the harmleſs Birds that reſt upon 'em.
'Tis now that guided by my Love I go,
To take Poſſeſſion of *Monimia*'s Arms.
Sure *Polydore*'s by this time gone to Bed.
At Midnight thus the Uſ'rer ſteals untract,
To make a Viſit to his hoarded Gold,
And feaſt his Eyes upon the ſhining Mammon: [*Knocks.*
She hears me not, ſure ſhe already ſleeps.
Her wiſhes could not brook my ſo long Delay,
And her poor Heart has beat it ſelf to reſt. [*Knocks again.*
Monimia! my Angel——hah——not yet——
How long's the ſofteſt Moment of delay
To a Heart impatient of its Pangs like mine,
In ſight of eaſe and panting to the Goal? [*Knocks again.*
Once more——

Maid. Who's there,
That comes thus rudely to diſturb our Reſt?

Caſt. 'Tis I.

Maid. Who are you, what's your Name?

Caſt. Suppoſe
The Lord *Caſtalio.*
Maid. I know you not.
The Lord *Caſtalio* has no buſineſs here.
Caſt. Hah! have a care; what can this mean?
Who e'er thou art, I charge thee to *Monimia* fly;
Tell her I'm here, and wait upon my doom.
Maid. Who e'er ye are, you may repent this Outrage,
My Lady muſt not be diſturb'd. Good Night!
Caſt. She muſt, tell her ſhe ſhall; go, I'm in haſte,
And bring her tidings from the State of Love;
Th'are all in conſultation met together,
How to reward my Truth, and crown her Vows.
Maid. Sure the Man's mad.
Caſt. Or this will make me ſo:
Obey me, or by all the wrongs I ſuffer,
I'll ſcale the Window, and come in by force,
Let the ſad Conſequence be what it will;
This Creature's trifling folly makes me mad.
Maid. My Lady's anſwer is, you may depart,
She ſays ſhe knows you: You are *Polydore*,
Sent by *Caſtalio*, as you were to day,
T' affront and do her violence again.
Caſt. I'll not believe't.
Maid. You may, Sir.
Caſt. Curſes blaſt thee!
Maid. Well 'tis a fine cool Evening, and I hope
May cure the raging Feaver in your Blood.
Good night.
Caſt. And farewel all that's juſt in Woman!
This is contriv'd, a ſtudied Trick to abuſe
My eaſie Nature, and torment my Mind;
Sure now ſhe'as bound me faſt, and means to Lord it,
To rein me hard, and ride me at her will,
Till by degrees ſhe ſhape me into Fool
For all her future uſes. Death and Torment!
'Tis impudence to think my Soul will bear it.
Oh I could grow ev'n wild, and tear my hair:
'Tis well, *Monimia*, that thy Empire's ſhort;
Let but to-morrow, but to-morrow come,

And try if all thy Arts appeaſe my wrong;
Till when be this deteſted place my Bed, [*Lies down*
Where I will ruminate on Womans Ills,
Laugh at my ſelf, and curſe th' inconſtant Sex.
Faithleſs *Monimia!* Oh *Monimia!*

Enter Erneſto.

Ern. Either
My Senſe has been deluded, or this way
I heard the ſound of Sorrow; 'tis late Night,
And none, whoſe Mind's at Peace, would wander now.

Caſt. Who's there?

Ern. A Friend.

Caſt. If thou art ſo, retire,
And leave this place, for I would be alone.

Ern. Caſtalio! My Lord, why in this poſture,
Stretch'd on the ground? Your honeſt true old Servant,
Your poor *Erneſto* cannot ſee you thus;
Riſe I beſeech you.

Caſt. If thou art *Erneſto*,
As by thy honeſty thou ſeem'ſt to be,
Once leave me to my folly.

Ern. I can't leave you,
And not the reaſon know of your Diſorders.
Remember how when young I in my Arms
Have often born you, pleas'd you in your Pleaſures,
And ſought an early ſhare in your Affection.
Do not diſcard me now, but let me ſerve you.

Caſt. Thou canſt not ſerve me.

Ern. Why?

Caſt. Becauſe my thoughts
Are full of Woman; thou poor Wretch art paſt 'em.

Ern. I hate the Sex.

Caſt. Then I'm thy Friend, *Erneſto*. [*Riſes.*
I'd leave the World for him that hates a Woman,
Woman the fountain of all Human Frailty!
What mighty Ills have not been done by Woman?
Who was't betray'd the Capitol? A Woman.
Who loſt *Mark Antony* the World? A Woman.
Who was the Cauſe of a long ten years War,
And laid at laſt Old *Troy* in Aſhes? Woman.

Deſtructive, damnable, deceitful Woman.
Woman to Man firſt as a Bleſſing giv'n,
When Innocence and Love were in their Prime,
Happy a while in Paradiſe they lay,
But quickly Woman long'd to go aſtray;
Some fooliſh new Adventure needs muſt prove,
And the firſt Devil ſhe ſaw, ſhe chang'd her Love;
To his Temptations lewdly ſhe inclin'd
Her Soul, and for an Apple damn'd Mankind. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Acaſto *ſolus.*

Acaſt. BLeſt be the Morning that has brought me health,
A happy Reſt has ſoftned Pain away,
And I'll forget it, though my Mind's not well.
A heavy Melancholy clogs my Heart.
I droop and ſigh, I know not why: Dark Dreams,
Sick Fancy's Children, have been over-buſie,
And all the Night play'd Farces in my Brains;
Methought I heard the midnight-Raven cry,
Wak'd with th' imagin'd Noiſe, my Curtains ſeem'd
To ſtart, and at my Feet my Sons appear'd
Like Ghoſts, all pale and ſtiff: I ſtrove to ſpeak,
But could not: ſuddenly the Forms were loſt,
And ſeem'd to vaniſh in a bloody Cloud;
'Twas odd, and for the preſent ſhook my Thoughts,
But was th' effect of my diſtemper'd Blood;
And when the Health's diſturb'd, the Mind's unruly.

Enter Polydore.

Good Morning, *Polydore.*

Pol. Heav'n keep your Lordſhip.

Acaſt. Have you yet ſeen *Caſtalio* to day?

Pol. My Lord, 'tis early day, he's hardly riſen.

Acaſt. Go, call him up, and meet me in the Chappel.

[*Ex.* Pol.

I cannot think all has gone well to Night;
For as I waking lay (and ſure my Senſe
Was then my own) methought I heard my Son
Caſtalio's Voice; but it ſeem'd low and mournful,
Under my Window too I thought I heard it;
M'untoward Fancy could not be deceiv'd
In every thing; and I will ſearch the truth out.

Enter Monimia, *and her Maid.*

Already up *Monimia!* you roſe
Thus early ſurely to out-ſhine the Day!
Or was there any thing that croſt your Reſt?
They were naughty Thoughts that would not let you ſleep.

Mon. Whatever are my Thoughts, my Lord, I've learnt
By your Example to correct their Ills,
And Morn, and Evening, give up the Account.

Acaſt. Your Pardon, Sweet one, I upbraid you not;
Or if I would, you are ſo good I could not.
Though I'm deceiv'd, or you are more fair to Day;
For Beauty's heighten'd in your Cheeks, and all
Your Charms ſeem up, and ready in your Eyes.

Mon. The little ſhare I have's ſo very mean,
That it may eaſily admit Addition;
Though you, my Lord, ſhould moſt of all beware
To give it too much praiſe, and make me proud.

Acaſt. Proud of an old Man's Praiſes! No, *Monimia!*
But if my Prayers can work thee any good,
Thou ſhalt not want the largeſt ſhare of 'em:
Heard you no Noiſe to Night?

Mon. Noiſe! my good Lord!

Acaſt. Ay! about Midnight.

Mon. Indeed, my Lord, I don't remember any.

Acaſt. You muſt ſure! went you early to reſt?

Mon. About the wonted hour. Why this Enquiry? [*Aſide.*

Acaſt. And went your Maid to bed too?

Mon. My Lord, I gueſs ſo;
I've ſeldom known her diſobey my Orders.

Acaſt. Sure Goblins then, Fairies haunt the dwelling;
I'll have enquiry made through all the Houſe,
But I'll find out the Cauſe of theſe Diſorders.
Good Day to thee, *Monimia*——I'll to Chapel. [*Ex.* Acaſt.

Mon.

Mon. I'll but dispatch some Orders to my Woman,
And wait upon your Lordship there.
I fear the Priest has plaid us false; if so,
My poor *Castalio* loses all for me;
I wonder though he made such haste to leave me;
Was't not unkind, *Florella!* surely 'twas!
He scarce afforded one kind parting word,
But went away so cold: The Kiss he gave me
Seem'd the forc'd Compliment of sated Love.
Would I had never marry'd!

Maid. Why?

Mon. Methinks
The Scene's quite alter'd; I am not the same;
I've bound up for my self a weight of Cares,
And how the burden will be born, none knows.
A Husband may be jealous, rigid, false;
And should *Castalio* e'er prove so to me;
So tender is my Heart, so nice my Love,
Twould ruin, and distract my Rest for ever.

Maid. Madam, he's coming.

Mon. Where, *Florella?* where?
Is he returning? To my Chamber lead;
I'll meet him there; The Mysteries of our Love
Should be kept private as Religious Rites,
From the unhallow'd View of common Eyes.
[*Ex.* Mon. *and Maid.*

Enter Castalio.

Cast. Wish'd Morning's come! And now upon the Plains
And distant Mountains, where they feed their Flocks,
The happy Shepherds leave their homely Huts,
And with their Pipes proclaim the new-born day.
The lusty Swain comes with his well-fill'd Scrip
Of healthful Viands, which, when hunger calls,
With much content and appetite he eats,
To follow in the Fields his daily Toil,
And dress the grateful Glebe, that yields him Fruits.
The Beasts that under the warm Hedges slept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak Night, are up,
And looking towards the Neighb'ring Pastures, raise
The Voice, and bid their fellow Brutes Good-morrow;

The

The chearful Birds too, on the tops of Trees,
Assemble all in Quires, and with their Notes
Salute and welcome up the rising Sun.
There's no Condition sure so curs'd as mine;
I'm marry'd! 'Sdeath! I am sped. How like a Dog
Look'd *Hercules*, thus to a Distaff chain'd?
Monimia! oh *Monimia!*

Enter Monimia, *and Maid.*

Mon. I come,
I fly to my ador'd *Castalio*'s Arms,
My Wishes Lord. May every Morn begin
Like this; and with our Days our Loves renew.
Now I may hope y'are satisfy'd——
[*Looking languishingly on him.*

Cast. I am
Well satisfy'd, that thou art—— Oh——

Mon. What? speak:
Art thou not well, *Castalio?* Come lean
Upon my Breasts, and tell me where's thy Pain,

Cast. 'Tis here! 'tis in my Head; 'tis in my Heart,
'Tis every where; it rages like a Madness;
And I most wonder how my Reason holds;
Nay, wonder not, *Monimia*; the Slave
You thought you had secur'd within my Breast,
Is grown a Rebel, and has broke his Chain,
And now he walks there like a Lord at large.

Mon. Am I not then your Wife, your lov'd *Monimia?*
I once was so, or I've most strangely dream't.
What ails my Love;

Cast. What e'er thy Dreams have been,
Thy waking Thoughts ne'er meant *Castalio* well.
No more, *Monimia*, of your Sexes Arts,
They are useless all: I'm not that pliant Tool,
That necessary Utensil you'd make me,
I know my Charter better——I am Man,
Obstinate Man; and will not be enslav'd.

Mon. You shall not fear't: Indeed my Nature's easie;
I'll ever live your most obedient Wife,
Nor ever any Privilege pretend
Beyond your Will; for that shall be my Law;

Indeed

Indeed I will not.

Caſt. Nay, you ſhall not, Madam,
By yon bright Heav'n, you ſhall not; all the Day
I'll play the Tyrant, and at Night forſake thee;
'Till by Afflictions and continued Cares,
I've worn thee to a homely Houſhold Drudge:
Nay, if I've any too, thou ſhalt be made
Subſervient to all my looſer Pleaſures,
For thou haſt wrong'd *Caſtalio*.

Mon. No more:
Oh kill me here, or tell me my Offence,
I'll never quit you elſe; but on theſe Knees,
Thus follow you all Day, 'till th'are worn bare,
And hang upon you like a drowning Creature.
Caſtalio ——

Caſt. Away; laſt Night, laſt Night.

Mon. It was our Wedding-night.

Caſt. No more, forget it.

Mon. Why? Do you then repent?

Caſt. I do.

Mon. Oh Heav'n!
And will you leave me thus? help, help, *Florella*.
[*He drags her to the Door, and breaks from her.*
Help me to hold this yet lov'd cruel Man.
Oh my Heart breaks—— I'm dying, Oh——ſtand off;
I'll not indulge this Woman's weakneſs; ſtill
Chaft, and fomented, let my Heart ſwell on,
Till with its Injuries it burſt, and ſhake
With the dire Blow this Priſon to the Earth.

Maid. What ſad Miſtake has been the cauſe of this?

Mon. Caſtalio: Oh! how often has he ſwore,
Nature ſhould change, the Sun and Stars grow dark,
E'er he would falſifie his Vows to me.
Make haſte, Confuſion, then: Sun loſe thy light,
And Stars drop dead with Sorrow to the Earth;
For my *Caſtalio*'s falſe——

Maid. Unhappy Day!

Mon. Falſe as the Wind, the Water, or the Weather;
Cruel as Tigers o'er their trembling Prey.
I feel him in my Breaſt, he tears my Heart,

And

And at each Sigh he drinks the guſhing Blood;
Muſt I be long in pain?

Enter Chamont.

Cham. In Tears, *Monimia!*

Mon. Who e'er thou art,
Leave me alone to my belov'd Deſpair.

Cham. Lift up thy Eyes, and ſee who comes to cheer thee.
Tell me the Story of thy Wrongs, and then
See if my Soul has reſt till thou haſt juſtice.

Mon. My Brother!

Cham. Yes, *Monimia*, if thou think'ſt
That I deſerve the Name, I am thy Brother.

Mon. Oh *Caſtalio!*

Cham Hah!
Name me that Name again! My Soul's on fire
Till I know all: There's Meaning in that Name.
I know he is thy Husband: Therefore truſt me
With all the following truth——

Mon. Indeed *Chamont*,
There's nothing in it but the fault of Nature:
I'm often thus ſeiz'd ſuddenly with Grief,
I know not why.

Cham. You uſe me ill, *Monimia*;
And I might think with Juſtice moſt ſeverely
Of this unfaithful Dealing with your Brother.

Mon. Truly I am not to blame: Suppoſe I'm fond,
And grieve, for what as much may pleaſe another.
Should I upbraid the deareſt Friend on Earth
For the firſt Fault? you would not do ſo: Would you?

Cham. Not, if I'd cauſe to think it was a Friend.

Mon. Why do you then call this unfaithful Dealing?
I ne'er conceal'd my Soul from you before:
Bear with me now, and ſearch my Wounds no farther,
For every probing pains me to the Heart.

Cham. 'Tis ſign there's danger in't, and muſt be prevented.
Where's your new Husband? Still that thought diſturbs you.
What, only anſwer me with tears? *Caſtalio!*
Nay, now they ſtream,
Cruel unkind *Caſtalio!* is't not ſo?

Mon.

Mon. I cannot ſpeak, Grief flows ſo faſt upon me,
It choaks and will not let me tell the cauſe.
Oh!

Cham. My *Monimia*, to my Soul thou'rt dear,
As Honour to my Name: Dear as the Light
To Eyes but juſt reſtor'd, and heal'd of Blindneſs.
Why wilt thou not repoſe within my Breaſt
The Anguiſh that torments thee?

Mon. Oh! I dare not.

Cham. I have no Friend but thee: We muſt confide
In one another: Two unhappy Orphans,
Alas, we are; and when I ſee thee grieve,
Methinks it is a Part of me that ſuffers.

Mon. Oh ſhould'ſt thou know the Cauſe of my lamenting,
I am ſatisfy'd, *Chamont*, that thou would'ſt ſcorn me;
Thou would'ſt deſpiſe the abject loſt *Monimia*,
No more would'ſt praiſe this Beauty; but
When in ſome Cell diſtracted, as I ſhall be,
Thou ſeeſt me lye; theſe unregarded Locks
Matted like Furies Treſſes; my poor Limbs
Chain'd to the Ground, and ſtead of the Delights
Which happy Lovers taſte, my Keeper's ſtripes,
A Bed of Straw, and a courſe Wooden Diſh
Of wretched Suſtenance; when thus thou ſeeſt me,
Prithee have Charity and Pity for me.
Let me enjoy this Thought.

Cham. Why wilt rack
My Soul ſo long, *Monimia?* Eaſe me quickly;
Or thou wilt run me into Madneſs firſt.

Mon. Could you be ſecret?

Cham. Secret as the Grave.

Mon. But when I've told you, will you keep your Fury
Within its bounds? will you not do ſome raſh
And horrid Miſchief? for indeed, *Chamont*,
You would not think how hardly I've been us'd
From a near Friend; from one that has my Soul
A Slave, and therefore treats it like a Tyrant.

Cham. I will be calm; but has *Caſtalio* wrong'd thee?
Has he already waſted all his Love?
What has he done? quickly; for I'm all trembling

With

With expectation of a horrid Tale.
Mon. Oh! could you think it!
Cham. What?
Mon. I fear he'll kill me.
Cham. Hah!
Mon. Indeed I do; he's ſtrangely cruel to me,
Which if it laſts, I'm ſure muſt break my Heart.
Cham. What has he done?
Mon. Moſt barbarouſly us'd me:
Nothing ſo kind as he, when in my Arms;
In thouſand Kiſſes, tender Sighs and Joys,
Not to be thought again, the Night was waſted;
At dawn of Day he roſe, and left his Conqueſt.
But when we met, and I with open Arms
Ran to embrace the Lord of all my Wiſhes,
Oh then!——
Cham. Go on!
Mon. He threw me from his Breaſt,
Like a deteſted Sin.
Cham. How?
Mon. As I hung too
Upon his Knees, and begg'd to know the Cauſe,
He dragg'd me like a Slave upon the Earth,
And had no Pity on my Cries.
Cham. How! did he
Daſh thee diſdainfully away with ſcorn!
Mon. He did; and more I fear, will ne'er be Friends;
Though I ſtill love him with unbated Paſſion.
Cham. What, throw thee from him!
Mon. Yes, indeed he did.
Cham. So may this Arm
Throw him to the Earth, like a dead Dog deſpiſed;
Lameneſs and Leproſie, Blindneſs and Lunacy,
Poverty, Shame, Pride, and the Name of Villain
Light on me, if, *Caſtalio*, I forgive thee.
Mon. Nay, now, *Chamont*, art thou unkind as he is:
Didſt thou not promiſe me thou would'ſt be calm?
Keep my Diſgrace conceal'd? why ſhould'ſt thou kill him?
By all my Love this Arm ſhould do him Vengeance.
Alas, I love him ſtill, and though I ne'er

Claſp

Claſp him again within theſe longing Arms,
Yet bleſs him, bleſs him (Gods) where-e'er he goes.

Enter Acaſto.

Acaſt. Sure ſome ill Fate is towards me? in my Houſe
I only meet with odneſs and diſorder;
Each Vaſſal has a wild diſtracted Face;
And looks as full of Buſineſs as a Block-head
In times of danger: Juſt this very Moment
I met *Caſtalio* too——

Cham. Then you met a Villain.

Acaſt. Hah!

Cham. Yes, a Villain.

Acaſt. Have a Care, young Soldier,
How thou'rt too buſie with *Acaſto*'s Fame?
I have a Sword, my Arm's good old Acquaintance.
Villain to thee——

Cham. Curſe on thy ſcandalous Age
Which hinders me to ruſh upon thy Throat,
And tear the Root up of that curſed Bramble!

Acaſt. Ungrateful Ruffian! ſure my good old Friend
Was ne'er thy Father; nothing of him's in thee:
What have I done in my unhappy Age,
To be thus us'd? I ſcorn to upbraid thee, Boy,
But I could put thee in remembrance——

Cham. Do.

Acaſt. I ſcorn it——

Cham. No, I'll calmly hear the Story,
For I would fain know all, to ſee which Scale
Weighs moſt——Hah, is not that good old *Acaſto*?
What have I done? Can you forgive this Folly?

Acaſt. Why doſt thou ask it?

Cham. 'Twas the rude over-flowing
Of too much Paſſion; pray, my Lord, forgive me. [*Kneels.*

Acaſt. Mock me not, Youth, I can revenge a Wrong.

Cham. I know it well; but for this thought of mine,
Pity a mad Man's Frenzy, and forget it.

Acaſt. I will; but henceforth, prithee, be more kind.
[*Raiſes him.*
Whence came the Cauſe?

Cham. Indeed I've been to blame,

But

But I'll learn better; for you've been my Father:
You've been her Father too —— [*Takes* Mon. *by the Hand.*
Acaſt. Forbear the Prologue ——
And let me know the Subſtance of thy Tale.
Cham. You took her up a little tender Flower,
Juſt ſprouted on a Bank, which the next Froſt
Had nipt; and with a careful loving Hand,
Tranſplanted her into your own fair Garden,
Where the Sun always ſhines: There long ſhe flouriſh'd,
Grew ſweet to Senſe, and lovely to the Eye,
'Till at the laſt a cruel Spoiler came,
Cropt this fair Roſe, and rifled all its Sweetneſs,
Then caſt it like a loathſome Weed away.
Acaſt. You talk to me in Parables, *Chamont*,
You may have known that I'm no wordy Man;
Fine Speeches are the Inſtruments of Knaves
Or Fools, that uſe 'em, when they want good Senſe;
But Honeſty
Needs no Diſguiſe nor Ornament; be plain.
Cham. Your Son ——
Acaſt. I've two, and both I hope have Honour.
Cham. I hope ſo too —— but ——
Acaſt. Speak.
Cham. I muſt inform you,
Once more, *Caſtalio* ——
Acaſt. Still, *Caſtalio!*
Cham. Yes.
Your Son *Caſtalio* has wrong'd *Monimia.*
Acaſt. Hah! wrong'd her?
Cham. Marry'd her.
Acaſt. I'm ſorry for't.
Cham. Why ſorry?
By yon bleſt Heav'n there's not a Lord
But might be proud to take her to his Heart.
Acaſt. I'll not deny't.
Cham. You dare not by the Gods,
You dare not; all your Family combin'd
In one damn'd Falſhood to out-do *Caſtalio*,
Dare not deny't.
Acaſt. How has *Caſtalio* wrong'd her?

Cham

Cham. Ask that of him: I say, my Sister's wrong'd:
Monimia my Sister, born as high
And noble as *Castalio* —— Do her Justice,
Or by the Gods, I'll lay a Scene of Blood,
Shall make this Dwelling horrible to Nature.
I'll do't; hearken you, my Lord, your Son *Castalio*
Take him to your Closet, and there teach him Manners.
Acast. You shall have Justice.
Cham. Nay —— I will have Justice.
Who'll sleep in safety that has done me wrong?
My Lord, I'll not disturb you to repeat
The Cause of this; I beg you (to preserve
Your House's Honour) ask it of *Castalio*.
Acast. I will.
Cham. 'Till then farewel —— [*Exit.*
Acast. Farewel, proud Boy.
Monimia!
Mon. My Lord.
Acast. You are my Daughter.
Mon. I am, my Lord, if you'll vouchsafe to own me.
Acast. When you'll complain to me, I'll prove a Father.
[*Exit.*

Mon. Now I'm undone for ever: Who on Earth,
Is there so wretched as *Monimia?*
First by *Castalio* cruelly forsaken;
I've lost *Acasto:* His parting Frowns
May well instruct me, Rage is in his Heart;
I shall be next abandon'd to my Fortune,
Thrust out a naked Wanderer to the World,
And branded for the mischievous *Monimia*;
What will become of me? My cruel Brother
Is framing mischiefs too, for ought I know,
That may produce Bloodshed, and horrid Murder:
I would not be the Cause of one Man's Death,
To reign the Empress of the Earth; nay, more,
I'd rather lose for ever my *Castalio*,
My dear unkind *Castalio.*

Enter Polydore.

Pol. Monimia weeping!
So Morning Dews on new-blown Roses lodge,

By

By the Sun's amorous Heat to be exhal'd.
I come, my Love, to kiſs all Sorrow from thee.
What mean theſe Sighs: And why thus beats thy Heart?
Mon. Let me alone to ſorrow: 'Tis a Cauſe
None e'er ſhall know; but it ſhall with me die.
Pol. Happy, *Monimia*, he, to whom theſe Sighs,
Theſe Tears, and all theſe Languiſhings are paid!
I am no Stranger to your deareſt Secret;
I know your Heart was never meant for me,
That Jewel's for an elder Brother's price.
Mon. My Lord.
Pol. Nay, wonder not; laſt Night I heard
His Oaths, your Vows, and to my Torment ſaw
Your wild Embraces: Heard th'appointment made:
I did, *Monimia*, and I curſt the Sound.
Wilt thou be ſworn, my Love? wilt thou be ne'er
Unkind again?
Mon. Baniſh ſuch fruitleſs Hopes!
Have you ſworn Conſtancy to my Undoing?
Will you be ne'er my Friend again?
Pol. What means my Love?
Mon. Away; what meant my Lord
Laſt Night?
Pol. Is that a Queſtion now to be demanded?
I hope *Monimia* was not much diſpleaſed.
Mon. Was it well done to treat me like a Proſtitute,
T'aſſault my Lodging at the dead of Night,
And threaten me if I deny'd Admittance?——
You ſaid you were *Caſtalio*——
Pol. By thoſe Eyes
It was the ſame; I ſpent my time much better;
I tell thee ill-natur'd Fair One, I was poſted
To more advantage on a pleaſant Hill
Of ſpringing Joy, and everlaſting Sweetneſs.
Mon. Hah——have a care——
Pol. Where is the danger near me?
Mon. I fear you're on a Rock will wreck your Quiet,
And drown your Soul in wretchedneſs for ever;
A thouſand horrid Thoughts crowd on my Memory.
Will you be kind and anſwer me one Queſtion?

Pol. I'd truſt thee with my Life on thoſe ſoft Breaſts;
Breathe out the choiceſt Secrets of my Heart;
'Till I had nothing in it left but Love.
Mon. Nay, I'll conjure you by the Gods, and Angels,
By the Honour of your Name, that's moſt concern'd,
To tell me, *Polydore*, and tell me truly,
Where did you reſt laſt Night?
Pol. Within thy Arms
I triumpht: Reſt had been my Foe.
Mon. 'Tis done —— [*She faints.*
Pol. She faints! No help! who waits? a Curſe
Upon my Vanity, that could not keep
The Secret of my Happineſs in ſilence.
Confuſion! we ſhall be ſurpriz'd anon,
And conſequently all muſt be betray'd.
Monimia! ſhe breaths——*Monimia* ——
Mon. Well——
Let Miſchiefs multiply! Let every Hour
Of my loath'd Life yield me encreaſe of Horror!
Oh let the Sun to theſe unhappy Eyes
Ne'er ſhine again, but be eclips'd for ever!
May every thing I look on ſeem a Prodigy,
To fill my Soul with Terrors, 'till I quite
Forget I ever had Humanity,
And grow a Curſer of the Works of Nature!
Pol. What means all this?
Mon. Oh, *Polydore*, if all
The Friendſhip e'er you vow'd to good *Caſtalio*
Be not a Falſhood, if you ever lov'd
Your Brother, you've undone your ſelf and me.
Pol. Which way can Ruin reach the Man that's Rich,
As I am in Poſſeſſion of thy Sweetneſs?
Mon. Oh, I'm his Wife.
Pol. What ſays *Monimia!* hah!
Speak that again.
Mon. I am *Caſtalio*'s Wife.
Pol. His marry'd wedded Wife?
Mon. Yeſterday's Sun
Saw it perform'd.

Pol.

Pol. And then have I enjoy'd
My Brother's Wife?
Mon. As surely as we both
Must taste of Misery, that Guilt is thine.
Pol. Must we be miserable then?
Mon. Oh!
Pol. Oh! thou may'st yet be happy.
Mon. Couldst thou be
Happy with such a weight upon thy Soul?
Pol. It may be yet a Secret: I'll go try
To reconcile and bring *Castalio* to thee,
Whilst from the World I take my self away,
And waste my Life in penance for my Sin.
Mon. Then thou wouldst more undo me: Heap a load
Of added Sins upon my wretched Head:
Wouldst thou again have me betray thy Brother,
And bring pollution to his Arms? curst Thought!
Oh when shall I be mad indeed!
Pol. Nay, then
Let us embrace, and from this very Moment
Vow an eternal Misery together.
Mon. And wilt thou be a very faithful Wretch?
Never grow Fond of chearful Peace again?
Wilt with me study to be Unhappy,
And find out ways how to encrease Affliction?
Pol. We'll institute new Arts unknown before,
To vary Plagues and make 'em look like new ones.
First, if the Fruit of our detested Joy,
A Child be born, it shall be murder'd——
Mon. No,
Sure that may live.
Pol. Why?
Mon. To become a thing
More wretched than its Parents, to be branded
With all our Infamy, and curse its Birth.
Pol. That's well contriv'd; then thus let's go together,
Full of our Guilt, distracted where to roam,
Like the first wretched Pair expell'd their Paradise.
Let's find some place where Adders nest in Winter,
Loathsom and Venomous: Where Poisons hang

Like

Like Gums againſt the Walls; where Witches meet
By Night, and feed upon ſome pamper'd Imp,
Fat with the Blood of Babes: There we'll inhabit,
And live up to the height of Deſperation;
Deſire ſhall languiſh like a withering Flower,
And no Diſtinction of the Sex be thought of,
Horrors ſhall fright me from thoſe pleaſing harms,
And I'll no more be caught with Beauty's Charms,
But when I'm dying take me in thy Arms. [*Exe.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Caſtalio *lying on the Ground.*

SONG.

I.

COME, all ye Youths, whoſe Hearts e'er bled
By cruel Beauty's Pride,
Bring each a Garland on his Head,
Let none his Sorrows hide,
But Hand in Hand around me move,
Singing the ſaddeſt Tales of Love;
And ſee, when your Complaints ye join,
If all your Wrongs can equal mine.

II.

The Happieſt Mortal once was I,
My Heart no Sorrows knew.
Pity the Pain with which I die,
But ask not whence it grew.
Yet if a tempting Fair you find
That's very lovely, very kind,
Though bright as Heav'n, whoſe ſtamp ſhe bears,
Think of my Fate, and ſhun her Snares.

Caſt

Caſt. See where the Deer trot after one another,
Male, Female, Father, Daughter, Mother, Son,
Brother and Siſter mingled all together;
No diſcontent they know, but in delightful
Wildneſs and Freedom, pleaſant Springs, freſh Herbage,
Calm Harbours, luſty Health and Innocence,
Enjoy their portion; if they ſee a Man,
How will they turn together all, and gaze
Upon the Monſter ——
Once in a Seaſon too they taſte of Love:
Only the Beaſt of Reaſon is its Slave,
And in that Folly drudges all the Year.

Enter Acaſto.

Acaſt. Caſtalio! Caſtalio!

Caſt. Who's there
So wretched but to name *Caſtalio?*

Acaſt. I hope my Meſſage may ſucceed.

Caſt. My Father,
'Tis Joy to ſee you, though where Sorrow's nouriſht.

Acaſt. I'm come, in Beauty's Cauſe; you'll gueſs the reſt.

Caſt. A Woman! if you love my peace of Mind,
Name not a Woman to me; but to think
Of Woman were enough to taint my Brains,
Till they foment to madneſs! Oh! my Father.

Acaſt. What ayles my Boy?

Caſt. A Woman is the thing
I would forget, and blot from my Remembrance.

Acaſt. Forget *Monimia!*

Caſt. She to chuſe: *Monimia!*
The very ſound's ungrateful to my Senſe.

Acaſt. This might ſeem ſtrange; but you I've found will
Hide your Heart from me; you dare not truſt to your Father.

Caſt. No more *Menimia.*

Acaſt. Is ſhe not your Wife?

Caſt. So much the worſe: who loves to hear of Wife?
When you would give all worldly Plagues a Name
Worſe than they have already, call 'em Wife:
But a new married Wife's a ſeeming Miſchief,
Full of her ſelf: Why, what a deal of horror
Has that poor Wretch to come, that wedded yeſterday?

Acaſt. Caſtalio, you muſt go along with me,
And ſee *Monimia*.

Caſt. Sure my Lord but mocks me:
Go ſee *Monimia!* Pray my Lord, excuſe me;
And leave the Conduct of this part of Life
To my own Choice.

Acaſt. I ſay, no more diſpute.
Complaints are made to me, that you have wrong'd her.

Caſt. Who has complain'd?

Acaſt. Her Brother to my Face proclaimd her wrong'd,
And in ſuch terms they've warm'd me.

Caſt. What terms? her Brother! Heav'n!
Where learnt ſhe that?
What, does ſhe ſend her Hero with defiance?
He durſt not ſure affront you?

Acaſt. No not much,
But——

Caſt. Speak, what ſaid he?

Acaſt. That thou wert a Villain:
Methinks I would not have thee thought a Villain.

Caſt. Shame on the ill-manner'd Brute;
Your Age ſecur'd him, he durſt not elſe have ſaid ſo.

Acaſt. By my Sword,
I would not ſee thee wrong'd, and bear it vilely:
Though I have paſt my Word ſhe ſhall have Juſtice.

Caſt. Juſtice! to give her Juſtice wou'd undo her:
Think you this Solitude I now had choſen,
Left Joys juſt opening to my Senſe, ſought here
A place to curſe my Fate in, meaſur'd out
My Grave at length, wiſht to have grown one piece
With this cold Clay, and all without a Cauſe?

Enter Chamont.

Cham. Where is the Hero famous and renown'd
For wronging Innocence, and breaking Vows;
Whoſe mighty Spirit, and whoſe ſtubborn Heart,
No Woman can appeaſe, nor Man provoke?

Acaſt. I gueſs, *Chamont*, you come to ſeek *Caſtalio*.

Cham. I come to ſeek the Husband of *Monimia*.

Caſt.

Caſt. The Slave is here.

Cham. I thought e'er now to 'ave found you
Atoning for the Ills you've done *Chamont:*
For you have wrong'd the deareſt part of him.
Monimia, young Lord, weeps in this Heart;
And all the Tears thy Injuries have drawn
From her poor Eyes, are Drops of Blood from hence.

Caſt. Then you are *Chamont?*

Cham. Yes, and I hope no Stranger
To great *Caſtalio.*

Caſt. I've heard of ſuch a Man
That has been very buſie with my Honour:
I own I'm much indebted to you, Sir,
And here return the Villain back again
You ſent me by my Father.

Cham. Thus I'll thank you. [*Draws.*

Acaſt. By this good Sword, who firſt preſumes to Violence
Makes me his Foe —— [*Draws and interpoſes.*
Young Man, it once was thought [*To* Caſtalio.
I was fit Guardian of my Houſe's Honour,
And you might truſt your Share with me-----For you,
[*To* Cham.
Young Soldier, I muſt tell you, you have wrong'd me:
I promis'd you to do *Monimia* right;
And thought my Word a Pledge, I would not forfeit:
But you, I find, wou'd fright us to Performance.

Caſt. Sir, in my younger Years with Care you taught me,
That brave Revenge was due to injur'd Honour;
Oppoſe not then the Juſtice of my Sword,
Leſt you ſhould make me jealous of your Love.

Cham. Into thy Father's Arms thou fly'ſt for Safety,
Becauſe thou know'ſt the place is ſanctify'd,
With the Remembrance of an ancient Friendſhip.

Caſt. I am a Villain if I will not ſeek thee,
Till I may be reveng'd for all the wrongs
Done me by that ungrateful Fair thou plead'ſt for.

Cham. She wrong'd thee! by the Fury in my Heart,
Thy Father's Honour's not above *Monimia*'s;
Nor was thy Mother's Truth and Virtue fairer.

Acaſt. Boy, don't diſturb the Aſhes of the dead
With thy capricious Follies: The remembrance
Of the lov'd Creature, that once fill'd theſe Arms ——

Cham. Has not been wrong'd.

Caſt. It ſhall not.

Cham. No, nor ſhall
Monimia, though a helpleſs Orphan, deſtitute
Of Friends and Fortune, though the unhappy Siſter
Of poor *Chamont*, whoſe Sword is all his Portion,
Be oppreſt by thee, thou proud imperious Traitor.

Caſt. Hah! let me free.

Cham. Come both.

Enter Serina.

Ser. Alas! alas!
The cauſe of theſe Diſorders; my *Chamont?*
Who is't has wrong'd thee?

Caſt. Now where art thou fled
For ſhelter?

Cham. Come from thine, and ſee what Safeguard
Shall then betray my Fears.

Ser. Cruel *Caſtalio*,
Sheath up thy angry Sword, and don't affright me:
Chamont, let once *Serina* calm thy Breaſt,
If any of thy Friends have done thee Injuries,
I'll be reveng'd, and love thee better for't.

Caſt. Sir, if you'd have me think you did not take
This Opportunity to ſhew your Vanity,
Let's meet ſome other time, when by our ſelves
We fairly may diſpute our Wrongs together.

Cham. Till then, I am *Caſtalio*'s Friend.

Caſt. Serina
Farewel, I wiſh much Happineſs attend you.

Ser. Chamont's the deareſt thing I have on Earth;
Give me *Chamont*, and let the World forſake me.

Cham. Witneſs the Gods, how happy I am in thee!
No beauteous Bloſſom of the fragrant Spring,
Though the fair Child of Nature newly born,
Can be ſo lovely. Angry, unkind *Caſtalio*,
Suppoſe I ſhould a while lay by my Paſſions,

And

And be a Beggar in *Monimia*'s Cauſe,
Might I be heard?
Caſt. Sir, 'twas my laſt Requeſt
You wou'd; though you I find will not be ſatisfy'd
So in a word, *Monimia* is my Scorn;
She baſely ſent you here to try my Fears;
That was your buſineſs.
No artful Proſtitute, in Falſhoods practis'd,
To make advantage of her Coxcomb's Follies,
Could have done more —— Diſquiet vex her for't.
Cham. Farewel. [*Ex.* Cham. *and* Ser.
Caſt. Farewel —— My Father, you ſeem troubled.
Acaſt. Would I had been abſent when this boiſterous Brave
Came to diſturb thee thus: I'm griev'd I hinder'd
Thy juſt Reſentment —— But *Monimia* ——
Caſt. Damn her.
Acaſt. Don't curſe her.
Caſt. Did I?
Acaſt. Yes.
Caſt. I'm ſorry for't.
Acaſt. Methinks, as if I gueſs the Fault's but ſmall,
It might be pardon'd.
Caſt. No.
Acaſt. What has ſhe done?
Caſt. That ſhe's my Wife, may Heav'n and you forgive me.
Acaſt. Be reconcil'd then.
Caſt. No.
Acaſt. Go ſee her.
Caſt. No.
Acaſt. I'll ſend and bring her hither.
Caſt. No.
Acaſt. For my ſake,
Caſtalio, and the quiet of my Age.
Caſt. Why will you urge a thing my Nature ſtarts at?
Acaſt. Prithee forgive her.
Caſt. Lightnings firſt ſhall blaſt me.
I tell you, were ſhe proſtrate at my Feet,
Full of her Sexes beſt diſſembled Sorrows,
And all that wondrous Beauty of her own,
My Heart might break, but it ſhould never ſoften.

Enter Florella.

Flor. My Lord, where are you? Oh *Caſtalio!*

Acaſt. Hark.

Caſt. What's that?

Flor. Oh ſhew me quickly, where's *Caſtalio.*

Acaſt. Why, what's the Buſineſs?

Flor. Oh the poor *Monimia!*

Caſt. Hah!

Acaſt. What's the matter?

Flor. Hurry'd by Deſpair,
She flies with fury over all the Houſe,
Through every Room of each Apartment, crying,
Where's my *Caſtalio?* give me my *Caſtalio:*
Except ſhe ſees you, ſure ſhe'll grow diſtracted.

Caſt. Hah! will ſhe? does ſhe name *Caſtalio?*
And with ſuch Tenderneſs? Conduct me quickly
To the poor lovely Mourner. Oh my Father!

Acaſt. Then wilt thou go? Bleſſings attend thy purpoſe.

Caſt. I cannot hear *Monimia*'s Soul's in Sadneſs,
And be a Man; my Heart will not forget her,
But do not tell the World you ſaw this of me.

Acaſt. Delay not then, but haſte and chear thy Love.

Caſt. Oh I will throw m'impatient Arms about her,
In her ſoft Boſom ſigh my Soul to Peace,
Till through the panting Breaſt ſhe finds the way
To mould my Heart, and make it what ſhe will.
Monimia! Oh!

[*Ex.* Acaſt. Caſt.

Enter Monimia.

Mon. Stand off, and give me room;
I will not reſt till I have found *Caſtalio,*
My Wiſhes Lord, comely as riſing Day,
Amidſt ten thouſand eminently known.
Flowers ſpring where-e'er he treads, his Eyes
Fountains of Brightneſs, cheering all about him!
When will they ſhine on me?—— Oh ſtay my Soul!
I cannot die in Peace till I have ſeen him.

Caſta-

Caſtalio *Re-enters.*

Caſt. Who talks of dying with a Voice ſo ſweet,
That Life's in love with it?

Mon. Hark! 'tis he that anſwers;
So in a Camp, though at the dead of Night,
If but the Trumpet's chearful noiſe is heard,
All at the ſignal leap from downy Reſt,
And every Heart awakes, as mine does now.
Where art thou?

Caſt. Here, my Love.

Mon. No nearer, leſt I vaniſh.

Caſt. Have I been in a Dream then all this while!
And art thou but the Shadow of *Monimia!*
Why doſt thou fly me thus?

Mon. Oh! were it poſſible that we could drown
In dark Oblivion but a few paſt Hours,
We might be happy.

Caſt. Is't then ſo hard, *Monimia*, to forgive
A Fault, where humble Love, like mine, implores thee?
For I muſt love thee, though it prove my Ruin.
Which way ſhall I Court thee?
What ſhall I do to be enough thy Slave,
And ſatisfie the lovely Pride that's in thee?
I'll kneel to thee, and weep a Flood before thee.
Yet prithee, Tyrant, break not quite my Heart;
But when my Task of Penitence is done,
Heal it again, and comfort me with Love.

Mon. If I am dumb, *Caſtalio*, and want words,
To pay thee back this mighty Tenderneſs;
It is becauſe I look on thee with Horrour,
And cannot ſee the Man I ſo have wrong'd.

Caſt. Thou haſt not wrong'd me.

Mon. Ah! alas, thou talk'ſt
Juſt as thy poor Heart thinks; have not I wrong'd thee?

Caſt. No.

Mon. Still thou wander'ſt in the dark, *Caſtalio*;
But wilt e'er long ſtumble on horrid danger.

Caſt. What means my Love!

Mon. Couldſt thou but forgive me!

Caſt. What?

Mon. For my Fault laſt Night; alas, thou canſt not.

Caſt. I can, and do.

Mon. Thus crawling on the Earth
Would I that Pardon meet; the only thing
Can make me view the Face of Heav'n with Hope.

Caſt. Then let's draw near.

Mon. Ah me!

Caſt. So in the Fields,
When the Deſtroyer has been out for Prey,
The ſcatter'd Lovers of the feather'd Kind,
Seeking when Danger's paſt to meet again,
Make moan, and call, by ſuch degrees approach;
'Till joyning thus they bill, and ſpread their Wings,
Murmuring Love, and Joy, their Fears are over.

Mon. Yet have a care, be not too fond of Peace,
Leſt in purſuance of the goodly Quarry,
Thou meet a Diſappointment that diſtracts thee.

Caſt. My better Angel, then do thou inform me,
What Danger threatens me, and where it lies:
Why didſt thou (prithee ſmile and tell me why)
When I ſtood waiting underneath the Window,
Quaking with fierce and violent Deſires;
The dropping Dews fell cold upon my Head,
Darkneſs enclos'd, and the Winds whiſtled round me;
Which with my mournful Sighs made ſuch ſad Muſick
As might have mov'd the hardeſt Heart; why wert thou
Deaf to my Cries, and ſenſeleſs of my Pains?

Mon. Did I not beg thee to forbear Inquiry?
Read'ſt thou not ſomething in my Face that ſpeaks
Wonderful Change, and Horrour from within me?

Caſt. Then there is ſomething yet which I've not known;
What doſt thou mean by Horrour, and Forbearance
Of more Inquiry? Tell me, I beg thee, tell me;
And do not betray me to a ſecond Madneſs.

Mon. Muſt I?

Caſt. If labouring in the Pangs of Death
Thou would'ſt do any thing to give me eaſe;
Unfold this Riddle e'er my Thoughts grow wild,
And let in Fears of ugly form upon me.

Mon.

Mon. My Heart won't let me ſpeak it; but remember,
Monimia, poor *Monimia* tells you this,
We ne'er muſt meet again——
Caſt. What means my Deſtiny?
For all my good or evil Fate dwells in thee:
Ne'er meet again!
Mon. No, never.
Caſt. Where's the Pow'r
On Earth, that dares not look like thee, and ſay ſo?
Thou art my Heart's Inheritance, I ſerv'd
A long and painful, faithful Slavery for thee;
And who ſhall rob me of the dear-bought Bleſſing?
Mon. Time will clear all, but now let this content you:
Heav'n has decreed, and therefore I've reſolv'd,
(With torment I muſt tell it thee, *Caſtalio*)
Ever to be a Stranger to thy Love;
In ſome far diſtant Country waſte my Life,
And from this Day to ſee thy Face no more.
Caſt. Where am I? ſure I wander midſt Inchantment,
And never more ſhall find the way to Reſt;
But, oh *Monimia*, art thee indeed reſolv'd,
To puniſh me with everlaſting Abſence?
Why turn'ſt thou from me? I'm alone already;
Methinks I ſtand upon a naked Beach,
Sighing to Winds, and to the Seas complaining,
Whilſt afar off the Veſſel ſails away,
Where all the Treaſure of my Soul's embark'd;
Wilt thou not turn —— Oh could thoſe Eyes but ſpeak
I ſhould know all, for Love is pregnant in 'em;
They ſwell, they preſs their Beams upon me ſtill:
Wilt thou not ſpeak? if we muſt part for ever,
Give me but one kind Word to think upon,
And pleaſe my ſelf withal whilſt my Heart's breaking.
Mon. Ah poor *Caſtalio!* [*Ex.* Monimia.
Caſt. Pity, by the Gods,
She pities me; then thou wilt go eternally?
What means all this? why all this ſtir to plague
A ſingle Wretch? If but your Word can ſhake

This World to Atomes, why ſo much ado
With me? think me but dead, and lay me ſo.

Enter Polydore.

Pol. To live, and live a Torment to my ſelf,
What Dog would bear't, that knew but his Condition?
We have little Knowledge, and that makes us Cowards,
Becauſe it cannot tell us, what's to come.

Caſt. Who's there?

Pol. Why, what art thou?

Caſt. My Brother *Polydore?*

Pol. My Name is *Polydore.*

Caſt. Canſt thou inform me——

Pol. Of what?

Caſt. Of my *Monimia.*

Pol. No. Good-day.

Caſt. In haſte?
Methinks my *Polydore* appears in Sadneſs.

Pol. Indeed and ſo to me does my *Caſtalio.*

Caſt. Do I?

Pol. Thou doſt.

Caſt. Alas! I've wondrous Reaſon;
I'm ſtrangely alter'd, Brother, ſince I ſaw thee.

Pol. Why?

Caſt. Oh, to tell thee would but put thy Heart
To pain; let me embrace thee but a little,
And weep upon thy Neck; I would repoſe
Within thy friendly Boſom all my Follies,
For thou wilt pardon 'em, becauſe th'are mine.

Pol. Be not too credulous, conſider firſt,
Friends may be falſe. Is there no Friendſhip falſe?

Caſt. Why doſt thou ask me that? does this appear
Like a falſe Friendſhip, when with open Arms
And ſtreaming Eyes, I run upon thy Breaſt?
Oh 'tis in thee alone I muſt have Comfort.

Pol. I fear, *Caſtalio,* I have none to give thee.

Caſt. Doſt thou not love me then?

Pol. Oh, more than Life:
I never had a thought of my *Caſtalio*
Might wrong the Friendſhip we had vow'd together.

Haſt

Haſt thou dealt ſo by me?

Caſt. I hope I have.

Pol. Then tell me why this Mourning, this Diſorder?

Caſt. Oh, *Polydore*, I know not how to tell thee;
Shame riſes in my Face, and interrupts
The Story of my Tongue.

Pol. I grieve, my Friend
Knows any thing which he's aſham'd to tell me;
Or did'ſt thou e'er conceal thy Thoughts from *Polydore?*

Caſt. Oh, much too oft;
But let me here conjure thee,
By all the kind Affection of a Brother,
(For I am aſham'd to call my ſelf thy Friend)
Forgive me.

Pol. Well, go on.

Caſt. Our Deſtiny contriv'd
To plague us both with one unhappy Love!
Thou like a Friend, a conſtant generous Friend,
In its firſt Pangs didſt truſt me with thy Paſſion,
Whilſt I ſtill ſmooth'd my Pain with Smiles before thee,
And made a Contract I ne'er meant to keep.

Pol. How!

Caſt. Still new ways I ſtudy'd to abuſe thee,
And kept thee as a Stranger to my Paſſion,
'Till Yeſterday I wedded with *Monimia.*

Pol. Ah, *Caſtalio*, was that well done?

Caſt. No, to conceal it from thee, was much a Fault.

Pol. A Fault! When thou haſt heard
The Tale I'll tell, what wilt thou call it then?

Caſt. How my Heart throbs!

Pol. Firſt, for thy Friendſhip, Traitor,
I cancel't thus; after this Day I'll ne'er
Hold truſt, or converſe, with the falſe *Caſtalio:*
This, witneſs Heav'n.

Caſt. What will my Fate do with me?
I've loſt all Happineſs, and know not why:
What means this, Brother?

Pol. Perjur'd, treacherous Wretch,
Farewel.

Caſt.

Caſt. I'll be thy Slave, and thou ſhalt uſe me
Juſt as thou wilt, do but forgive me.
Pol. Never.
Caſt. Oh! think a little what thy Heart is doing;
How from our Infancy we Hand in Hand
Have trod the Path of Life, in Love together;
One Bed has held us, and the ſame Deſires,
The ſame Averſions ſtill employ'd our Thoughts:
When e'er had I a Friend, that was not *Polydore*'s;
Or *Polydore* a Foe, that was not mine?
Ev'n in the Womb we embrac'd, and wilt thou now,
For the firſt Fault, abandon and forſake me,
Leave me amidſt Afflictions to my ſelf,
Plung'd in the Gulph of Grief, and none to help me?
Pol. Go to *Monimia*, in her Arms thou'lt find
Repoſe; ſhe has the Art of healing Sorrows.
Caſt. What Arts?
Pol. Blind Wretch, thou Husband! there's a Queſtion;
Go to her fulſome Bed, and wallow there,
'Till ſome hot Ruffian, full of Luſt and Wine,
Come ſtorm thee out, and ſhew thee what's thy Bargain.
Caſt. Hold there, I charge thee.
Pol. Is ſhe not a——
Caſt. Whore?
Pol. Ay, Whore; I think that Word needs no explaining.
Caſt. Alas, I can forgive ev'n this to thee;
But let me tell thee, *Polydore*, I'm griev'd
To find thee guilty of ſuch low Revenge,
To wrong that Virtue which thou couldſt not ruin.
Pol. I ſeems I lye then.
Caſt. Should the braveſt Man
That e'er wore conquering Sword, but dare to whiſper
What thou proclaim'ſt, he were the worſt of Liars:
My Friend may be miſtaken.
Pol. Damn the Evaſion;
Thou mean'ſt the worſt, and he's a baſe-born Villain
That ſaid I ly'd.
Caſt. Do, draw thy Sword, and thruſt it thro' my Heart;
There's no Joy in Life, if thou art loſt.
A baſe-born Villain!

Pol.

Pol. Yes, thou never cam'ſt
From old *Acaſto*'s Loyns; the Midwife put
A Cheat upon my Mother, and inſtead
Of a true Brother, in the Cradle by me
Plac'd ſome courſe Peaſant's Cub, and thou art he.
Caſt. Thou art my Brother ſtill.
Pol. Thou ly'ſt.
Caſt. Nay, then: [*He draws.*
Yet I am Calm.
Pol. A Coward's always ſo.
Caſt. Ah—— ah — that ſtings home: Coward!
Pol. Ay, baſe-born Coward, Villain.
Caſt. This to thy Heart then, tho' my Mother bore thee.
[*Fight*; Polydore *drops his Sword, and runs on* Caſtalio.
Pol. Now my *Caſtalio* is again my Friend.
Caſt. What have I done! My Sword is in thy Breaſt.
Pol. So I would have it be, thou beſt of Men,
Thou kindeſt Brother, and thou trueſt Friend.
Caſt. Ye Gods, we're taught, that all your Works are Ju-
Y'are painted merciful, and Friends to Innocence: (ſtice:
If ſo, then why theſe Plagues upon my Head?
Pol. Blame not the Heav'ns; here lies thy Fate, *Caſtalio*;
Th'are not the Gods, 'tis *Polydore* has wrong'd thee;
I've ſtain'd thy Bed, thy ſporleſs Marriage Joys
Have been polluted by thy Brother's Luſt.
Caſt. By thee!
Pol. By me; laſt Night the horrid Deed
Was done; when all things ſlept, but Rage and Inceſt.
Caſt. Now, where's *Monimia*? Oh!
Enter Monimia.
Mon. I'm here, who calls me?
Methought I heard a Voice
Sweet as the Shepherd's Pipe upon the Mountains,
When all his little Flock's at feed before him.
But what means this? here's Blood.
Caſt. Ay, Brother's Blood;
Art thou prepar'd for everlaſting Pains?
Pol. O let me charge thee by th' eternal Juſtice,
Hurt not her tender Life!

Caſt.

Caſt. Not kill her? Rack me,
Ye Powers above, with all your choiceſt Torments,
Horror of Mind, and Pains yet uninvented,
If I not practiſe Cruelty upon her,
And treat Revenge ſome way yet never known.

Mon. That task my ſelf have finiſh'd, I ſhall die
Before we part; I've drunk a healing Draught
For all my Cares, and never more ſhall wrong thee.

Pol. Oh, ſhe's Innocent.

Caſt. Tell me that Story,
And thou wilt make a Wretch of me indeed.

Pol. Hadſt thou, *Caſtalio*, us'd me like a Friend,
This ne'er had happen'd; hadſt thou let me know
Thy Marriage, we had all now met in Joy:
But ignorant of that,
Hearing th' appointment made, enrag'd to think
Thou hadſt out-done me in ſucceſsful Love,
I in the dark went and ſupply'd thy place;
Whilſt all the Night, 'midſt our triumphant Joys,
The trembling, tender, kind, deceiv'd *Monimia*,
Embrac'd, careſs'd, and call'd me her *Caſtalio*.

Caſt. And all this is the Work of my own Fortune;
None but my ſelf could e'er have been ſo curſt.
My fatal Love, alas! has ruin'd thee,
Thou faireſt, goodlieſt Frame the Gods e'er made,
Or ever human Eyes, and Hearts ador'd!
I've murder'd too my Brother.
Why wouldſt thou ſtudy ways to damn me further,
And force the Sin of Parricide upon me?

Pol. 'Twas my own Fault, and thou art innocent;
Forgive the barbarous Treſpaſs of my Tongue,
'Twas a hard Violence; I cou'd have dy'd
With Love of thee, ev'n when I us'd thee worſt;
Nay, at each Word that my Diſtraction utter'd,
My Heart recoil'd, and 'twas half Death to ſpeak 'em.

Mon. Now, my *Caſtalio*, the moſt dear of Men,
Wilt thou receive Pollution to thy Boſom,
And cloſe the Eyes of one that has betray'd thee?

Caſt.

Caſt. Oh I'm the unhappy Wretch, whoſe curſed Fate
Has weigh'd thee down into Deſtruction with him;
Why then thus kind to me?
Mon. When I'm laid low in the Grave, and quite forgotten,
May'ſt thou be happy in a fairer Bride;
But none can ever love thee like *Monimia*.
When I am dead, as preſently I ſhall be,
(For the grim Tyrant graſps my Heart already)
Speak well of me; and if thou find ill Tongues
Too buſie with my Fame, don't hear me wrong'd;
'Twill be a noble Juſtice to the Memory
Of a poor Wretch, once honour'd with thy Love.
How my Head ſwims! 'Tis very dark. Good-night. [*Dies.*
Caſt. If I ſurvive thee! what a Thought was that!
Thank Heav'n I go prepar'd againſt that Curſe.
Enter Chamont *diſarm'd, and ſeiz'd by* Acaſto *and Servants.*
Cham. Gape Hell, and ſwallow me to quick Damnation,
If I forgive your Houſe, if I not live
An everlaſting plague to thee, *Acaſto*,
And all thy Race. Y'have o'er-power'd me now;
But hear me, Heav'n! Ah here's the Scene of Death,
My Siſter, my *Monimia*! Breathleſs! now,
Ye Powers above, if y'have Juſtice, ſtrike,
Strike Bolts thro' me, and thro' the curſt *Caſtalio*.
Acaſt. My *Polydore*.
Pol. Who calls?
Acaſt. How cam'ſt thou wounded?
Caſt. Stand off thou hot-brain'd boiſtrous noiſie Ruffian,
And leave me to my Sorrows.
Cham. By the love
I bore her living, I will ne'er forſake,
But here remain 'till my Heart burſt with ſobbing.
Caſt. Vaniſh I charge thee, or —— [*Draws a Dagger.*
Cham. Thou canſt not kill me,
That would be Kindneſs, and againſt thy Nature.
Acaſt. What means *Caſtalio?* Sure thou wilt not pull
More Sorrows on thy aged Father's Head.
Tell me, I beg you, tell me the ſad Cauſe
Of all this Ruin.

Pol.

Pol. That must be my Task;
But 'tis too long for one in Pains to tell;
You'll in my Closet find the Story written
Of all our Woes. *Castalio*'s Innocent,
And so's *Monimia*, only I'm to blame:
Inquire no farther.

Cast. Thou, unkind *Chamont*,
Unjustly hast pursu'd me with thy Hate,
And sought the Life of him that never wrong'd thee:
Now if thou wilt embrace a noble Vengeance,
Come join with me and curse.

Cham. What?

Cast. First thy self,
As I do, and the Hour that gave thee Birth:
Confusion and Disorder seize the World,
To spoil all trust and converse amongst Men;
'Twixt Families engender endless Fewds,
In Countries needless Fears, in Cities Factions,
In States Rebellion, and in Churches Schism:
'Till all things move against the Course of Nature;
'Till Form's dissolv'd, the Chain of Causes broken,
And the Originals of Being lost.

Acast. Have Patience.

Cast. Patience! preach it to the Winds,
To roaring Seas, or raging Fires; the Knaves
That teach it laugh at ye, when ye believe 'em.
Strip me of all the common needs of Life,
Scald me with Leprosie, let Friends forsake me,
I'll bear it all; but curst to the Degree
That I am now, 'tis this must give me Patience:
Thus I find Rest, and shall complain no more.
[*Stabs himself.*

Pol. Castalio! Oh!

Cast. I come.
Chamont, to thee my Birth-right I bequeath:
Comfort my Mourning Father, heal his Griefs;
[Acasto *faints into the Arms of a Servant.*
For I perceive they fall with weight upon him.

And

And for *Monimia*'s ſake, whom thou wilt find
I never wrong'd, be kind to poor *Serina*.
Now all I beg, is, lay me in one Grave
Thus with my Love. Farewel, I now am——nothing.
[*Dies.*

Cham. Take care of good *Acaſto*, whilſt I go
To ſearch the Means by which the Fates have plagu'd us.
'Tis thus that Heav'n its Empire does maintain;
It may Afflict, but Man muſt not complain.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

YOU've seen one Orphan *ruin'd here, and I*
May be the next, if old Acasto *die:*
Should it prove so, I'd fain amongst you find,
Who 'tis would to the Fatherless be kind.
To whose Protection might I safely go?
Is there amongst you no good Nature? No.
What should I do? should I the Godly seek,
And go a Conventickling twice a Week?
Quit the lewd Stage, and its prophane Pollution,
Affect each Form and Saint-like Institution,
So draw the Brethren all to Contribution?
Or shall I (as I guess the Poet may
Within these three Days) fairly run away?
No, to some City-Lodgings I'll retire,
Seem very Grave, and Privacy desire:
'Till I am thought some Heiress rich in Lands,
Fled to escape a cruel Guardian's Hands;
Which may produce a Story worth the telling
Of the next Sparks that go a Fortune-stealing.

THE HISTORY and FALL OF *Caius Marius.* A TRAGEDY.

Qui color Albus erat nunc eſt contrarius Albo.

Printed in the YEAR 1712.

TO THE

Lord Viſcount FALKLAND.

My Lord,

HEN firſt it entred into my Thoughts to make this Preſent to Your Lordſhip, I received not only Encouragement, but Pleaſure; ſince upon due Examination of my Self, I found it was not a bare Preſumption, but my Duty to the Remembrance of many Extraordinary Favours which I have received at Your Hands.

For heretofore having had the Honour to be near You, and bred under the ſame Diſcipline with You, I cannot but own, that in a great Meaſure I owe the ſmall Share

Share of Letters I have to Your Lordſhip. For Your Lordſhip's Example taught me to be aſham'd of Idleneſs; and I firſt grew in love with Books, and learn'd to value them, by the wonderful Progreſs which even in Your tender Years You made in them; ſo that Learning and Improvement grew daily more and more lovely in my Eyes, as they ſhone in You.

Your Lordſhip has an extraordinary Reaſon to be a Patron of Poetry, for Your great Father loved it. May Your Lordſhip's Fame and Employments grow as great, or greater than his were; and may Your Virtues find a Poet to record them, equal (if poſſible) to that great * Genius which ſung of him.

My ſlender humble Talent muſt not hope for it; for You have a Judgment which I muſt always ſubmit to, a general Goodneſs which I never (to its worth) can value: And who can praiſe that well which he knows not how to comprehend?

* Mr. *Waller*.

Already

Already the Eyes and Expectations of Men of the beſt Judgment are fix'd upon You: For whereſoever You come, You have their Attention when preſent, and their Praiſe when You are gone: And I am ſure (if I obtain but Your Lordſhip's Pardon) I ſhall have the Congratulation of all my Friends, for having taken this Opportunity to expreſs my ſelf

Your Lordſhip's

moſt Humble Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Betterton.*

IN Ages paſt, (when will thoſe times renew?)
When Empires flouriſh'd, ſo did Poets too.
When Great Auguſtus *the World's Empire held,*
Horace *and* Ovid's *happy Verſe excell'd.*
Ovid's *ſoft Genius, and his tender Arts*
Of moving Nature, melted hardeſt Hearts.
It did th' Imperial Beauty, Julia, *move*
To liſten to the Language of his Love.
Her Father honour'd him: And on her Breaſt,
With raviſh'd Senſe in her Embraces preſt,
He lay tranſported, fancy-full and bleſt.
Horace's *lofty Genius boldlier rear'd*
His manly Head, and through all Nature ſteer'd;
Her richeſt Pleaſures in his Verſe refin'd,
And wrought 'em to the Reliſh of the Mind.
He laſh'd, with a true Poet's fearleſs Rage,
The Villanies and Follies of the Age.
Therefore Mecœnas, *that great Fav'rite, rais'd*
Him high, and by him was he highly prais'd.
Our Shakeſpear *wrote too in an Age as bleſt,*
The happieſt Poet of his Time, and beſt;
A gracious Prince's Favour chear'd his Muſe,
A conſtant Favour he ne'er fear'd to loſe.
Therefore he wrote with Fancy unconfin'd,
And Thoughts that were Immortal as his Mind.

And

And from the Crop of his luxuriant Pen
E'er since succeeding Poets humbly glean.
Though much the most unworthy of the Throng,
Our this Day's Poet fears h'has done him wrong.
Like greedy Beggars that steal Sheaves away,
You'll find h'has rift'd him of half a Play.
Amidst this baser Dross you'll see it shine
Most beautiful, amazing, and divine.
To such low Shifts of late are Poets worn,
Whilst we both Wit's and Cæsar's *Absence mourn.*
Oh! when will He and Poetry return?
When shall we there again behold him sit
'Midst shining Boxes and a Courtly Pit,
The Lord of Hearts, and President of Wit?
When that blest Day (quick may it come) appears,
His Cares once banish'd, and his Nation's Fears,
The joyful Muses on their Hills shall sing
Triumphant Songs of Britain's *happy King.*
Plenty and Peace shall flourish in our Isle,
And all things like the English *Beauty smile.*
You, Criticks, shall forget your Natural Spite,
And Poets with unbounded Fancy write.
Ev'n this Day's Poet shall be alter'd quite:
His Thoughts more loftily and freely flow;
And he himself, whilst you his Verse allow,
As much transported as he's humble now.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Caius Marius.	Mr. *Betterton.*
Sylla.	Mr. *Williams.*
Marius Junior.	Mr. *Smith.*
Granius.	Mr. *Percivale.*
Metellus.	Mr. *Gillow.*
Quintus Pompeius.	Mr. *Williams.*
Cinna.	Mr. *Jevon.*
Sulpitius.	Mr. *Underhil.*

Ancharius, a Senator.
Priest.
Apothecary.
Q. Pompeius's Son.
Guards, Lictors.
Ruffians, *&c.*

WOMEN.

Lavinia.	Mrs. *Barry.*
Nurse.	Mrs. *Noakes.*

THE

THE HISTORY and FALL OF *Caius Marius.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Within.] Liberty! Liberty! *Marius* and *Sulpitius*! Liberty! Liberty! Liberty! *&c.*

Enter Metellus, Antonius, Cinna, *and Senators.*

METELLUS.

WHEN will the Tut'lar Gods of *Rome* awake,
To fix the Order of our wayward State,
That we may once more know each other; know
Th' extent of Laws, Prerogatives and Dues;
The Bounds of Rules and Magistracy; who
Ought first to govern, and who must obey?

It was not thus when Godlike *Scipio* held
The Scale of Power; he who with temp'rate Poiſe
Knew how to guide the People's Liberty
In its full Bounds, nor did the Nobles wrong,
For he himſelf was one——

Cin. He was indeed
A Noble born; and ſtill in *Rome* there are
Moſt worthy Patrons of her ancient Honour,
Such as are fit to fill the Seat of Pow'r,
And awe this riotous unruly Rabble,
That bear down all Authority before 'em,
Were we not ſold to Ruin.

Met. Cinna, there
Thou'ſt hit my Mark: We are to Ruin ſold;
In all things ſold; Voices are ſold in *Rome*:
And yet we boaſt of Liberty. Juſt Gods!
That Guardians of an Empire ſhould be choſen
By the lewd Noiſe of a licentious Rout!
The ſturdieſt Drinker makes the ableſt Stateſman.

Ant. Would it not anger any true-born *Roman*,
To ſee the giddy Multitude together,
Never conſulting who 'tis beſt deſerves,
But who feaſts higheſt to obtain their Suffrage?
As 'tis not many Years ſince two great Men
In *Rome* ſtood equal Candidates together,
For high Command: In every Houſe was Riot.
To Day the drunken Rabble reel to one;
To Morrow they were mad again for t'other;
Changing their Voices with their Entertainment:
And none could gueſs on whom the Choice would ſettle;
'Till at the laſt a Stratagem was thought of.
A mighty Veſſel of *Falernian* Wine
Was brought into the *Forum* crown'd with Wreaths
Of Ivy, ſacred to the Jolly God.
The Monſter-people roar'd aloud for Joy:
When ſtreight the Candidate himſelf appears
In pomp, to grace the Preſent he had made 'em.
The Fools all gap'd. Then when a while he had
With a ſmooth Tale tickled their Aſſes Ears,
H'at both ends tapp'd his Butt, and got the Conſulſhip.

Cin.

Cin. This Curſe we owe to *Marius*'s Pride,
That made him firſt moſt baſely bribe the People
For Conſul in the War againſt *Jugurtha:*
Where he went out, *Metellus,* your Lieutenant.
And how the Kindneſs was return'd, all know.
I never lov'd his rough untoward Nature,
And wonder ſuch a Weed got growth in *Rome.*

Met. What ſays my *Cinna?*

Cin. That I like not *Marius,*
Nor love him——

Met. There *Rome*'s better Genius ſpoke.
Let us conſult and weigh this Subject well.
O *Romans,* he's the Thorn that galls us all.
Our haraſs'd State is crippled with the weight
Of his Ambition: We're not ſafe in *Marius.*
Do I not know his Riſe, his low beginning,
From what a wretched deſpicable Root
His Greatneſs grew? Gods! that a Peaſant's Brat,
Born in the outmoſt Cottages of *Arpos,*
And foſter'd in a Corner, ſhould by Bribes,
By Covetouſneſs, and all the hateful Means
Of working Pride, advance his little Fate
So high, to vaunt it o'er the Lords of *Rome!*

Ant. Ambition, raging like a *Dæmon* in him,
Diſtorts him to all ugly Forms, ſhe'as need to uſe.
In his firſt ſtart of Fortune, O how vile
Were his Endeavours and Submiſſions then!
When ſuing to be choſen firſt *Edilis,*
He was by general Vote repuls'd, yet bore it;
And in the ſame Day ſhamefully return'd,
T'obtain the ſecond Office of that Name.
Equal was his Succeſs, deny'd in both:
Yet could he condeſcend at laſt to ask
The Prætorſhip, and but with Bribes got that.
Yet this is he that has diſturb'd the World,
Rome's Idol, and the Darling of her Wiſhes.

Met. I muſt confeſs it burthens much my Age,
To ſee the Man I hate thus ride my Country:
For, *Romans,* I have mighty Cauſe to hate him.
I was the firſt (and I am well rewarded)

That lent my Hand to raiſe his feeble State.
When firſt I made him Tribune by my Voice,
I thought there might be ſomething in his Nature
That promis'd well. His Parents were moſt honeſt,
And ſerv'd my Father juſtly in their Truſt.
Then as his Fortunes grew, when I was Conſul,
And went againſt *Jugurtha* into *Africk*,
I took him with me one of my Lieutenants.
'Twas there his Pride firſt ſhew'd it ſelf in Actions,
Oppreſs'd my Friends, and robb'd me of my Honour.

Cin. The Story's famous. Baſe Ingratitude,
Diſſimulation, Cruelty, and Pride,
Ill Manners, Ignorance, and all the Ills
Of one baſe born, in *Marius* are join'd.

Met. Even Age can't heal the Rage of his Ambition.
Six times the Conſul's Office has he born:
How well, our preſent Diſcords beſt declare.
Yet now again, when Time has worn him low,
Conſum'd with Age, and by Diſeaſes preſs'd,
He courts the People to be once more choſen,
To lead the War againſt King *Mithridates*.

Ant. For this each Day he riſes with the Sun,
And in the Field of *Mars* appears in Arms,
Excelling all our Youth in warlike Exerciſe:
He rides and tilts, and when the Prize h'has won,
He brings it back with Triumph into *Rome*,
And there preſents it to the ſordid Rabble;
Who ſhout to Heav'n, and cry, Let *Marius* live.

Met. He ſhall not have it, by the Gods he ſhall not.
There is a *Roman*, noble, juſt and valiant,
Sylla's his Name, ſprung from the ancient Stock
Of the *Cornelii*, bred from's Youth in War,
Fluſh'd with Succeſs, and of a Spirit bold,
And, more than all, hates *Marius*, ſtill has croſt
His Pride, and clouded ev'n his brighteſt Triumphs:
He's Conſul now. Then let us all reſolve,
And fix on him, to check this Havocker,
That with his Kennel of the Rabble hunts
Our Senate into Holes, and frights our Laws.

Cin. Agreed for *Sylla*.

All.

All. All for *Sylla*.

Met. Nay,
This Monſter *Marius*, who has us'd me thus,
Ev'n now would wed his Family with mine,
And asks my Daughters for his hated Off-ſpring.
But, for my Wrongs, *Lavinia* ſhall be *Sylla*'s
My eldeſt born; her, and the beſt of all
My Fortune I'll confirm on him, to cruſh the Pride
Of this baſe-born, hot-brain'd, Plebeian Tyrant.

Ant. Now *Rome*'s laſt Stake of Liberty is ſet,
And muſt be puſh'd for to the Teeth of Fortune.

Cin. Then *Caius Marius* ſhall not have the Conſulſhip.

Met. No, I would rather be *Sulpitius*' Slave,
That furious headlong Libertine *Sulpitius*,
That mad wild Bull, whom *Marius* lets looſe
On each occaſion when he'd make *Rome* feel him,
To toſs our Laws and Liberties i'th' Air.

Ant. That lawleſs Tribune then muſt be reduc'd,
Unhing'd from off the Power that holds him up,
His Band of full ſix hundred *Roman* Knights,
All in their Youth, and pamper'd high with Riot,
Which he his Guard againſt the Senate calls;
Tall wild young Men, and fit for glorious Miſchiefs.

Met. Fear nothing; let but *Sylla* once have Pow'r,
And then ſee how like Day he'll break upon 'em,
And ſcatter all thoſe Goblins of the Night,
Confuſion's Night; where in the dark Diſorders
Of a divided State, Men know not where
Or how to walk, for fear they loſe their way,
And ſtumble upon Ruin. Mark the Race
Of *Sylla*'s Life; obſerve but what has paſt,
How ſtill he's born a Face againſt this *Marius*,
And kept an equal ſtretch with him for Glory.

Cin. He's in the Capitol an Image ſet
Of Gold, in honour of his own Atchievement;
Wherein's deſcrib'd how the *Numidian* King
Gave up *Jugurtha* Priſoner to *Sylla*,
And all in ſpite of *Marius*. Oh now,
If you are truly *Roman* Nobles, wake,
Reſume your Rights, and keep your *Sylla* Conſul.

Courage, Nobility, and innate Honour,
Juſtice unbyaſs'd, the true *Roman* Spirit,
Preſence of Mind, and reſolute Performance
Meet all in *Sylla*.

Met. Let's agree for *Sylla*.

All. All for *Sylla*. [*Exeunt*.

Enter Marius *Senior*, Marius *Junior*, *and* Granius.

Mar. Sen. There *Rome's* Dæmons go.
Like Witches in ill Weather, in this Storm
And Tempeſt of the State they meet in Corners,
And urge Deſtruction higher: For this end
They've rais'd their Imp, their dear Familiar *Sylla*,
To croſs my Way and ſtop my Tide of Glory.
If I am *Caius Marius*, if I'm he
That brought *Jugurtha* chain'd in Triumph hither;
If I am he that led *Rome's* Armies out,
Spent all my Years in Toil and cruel War,
Chill'd my warm Youth in cold and Winter-Camps,
Till I brought ſettled Peace and Plenty home,
Made her the Court and Envy of the World;
Why does ſhe uſe me thus?

Mar. Jun. Becauſe ſhe's rul'd
By lazy Drones that feed on others Labours,
And fatten with the Fruits they never toil'd for;
Old gouty Senators of crude Minds and Brains,
That always are fermenting Miſchief up,
And ſtyle their private Malice publick Safety——

Gran. One diſcontented Villain leads a State
To Madneſs. There's that Bell-wether of Mutiny
And damn'd Sedition, *Cinna*, of a Life
And Manners ſordid; one whoſe Gain's his God;
And to that curſed end he'd ſacrifice
His Country's Honour, Liberty, or Peace:
Nay, had he any, ev'n his very Gods.

Mar. Sen. H'as taken *Rome* even in the niceſt Minute,
And eaſily debauch'd her to his ends,
When ſhe was over-cloy'd with Happineſs,
Wantonly full, and longing after Change.
For *Sylla* too, a Boy, a Woman's Play-thing,
She has relinquiſh'd me, and flouts my Age.
Conſtant ill Fortune wait upon her for't,

And

And wreck her Fate as low as firſt I found it,
When it lay trembling like a hunted Prey,
And hungry Ruin had it in the Wind;
When barbarous Nations, of a Race unknown,
From undiſcover'd Northern Regions came,
To lay her waſte, and ſweep her from the Earth;
Till I, I *Marius* roſe, the Soul of all
The hope ſh'had left, and with unwearied Toil,
Dangers each Hour, and never-ſleeping Care,
(A burthen for a God) oppos'd my ſelf
'Twixt her and Deſolation, gorg'd the Maw
Of Death with ſlaughter'd numbers of her Foes,
Reſtor'd her Peace, and made her Name renown'd.

Mar. Jun. The Glory of that War muſt be remember'd,
When *Rome*, like her old Mother *Troy*, ſhall lie
In Aſhes——Full three hundred thouſand Men,
All Sons of Fortune, born and bred in Fields,
Whoſe Trade was War, and Camps their Habitation,
Hung like a Swarm of Miſchiefs on the Hills
Of *Italy*, and threatned Fate to *Europe*.

Gran. They came in Tribes, as if to take Poſſeſſion,
And ſeem'd a People whom the Hand of Fate
Had ſcourg'd by Famine from a barren Land;
Of Viſage foul and ugly, pinch'd and chapp'd
By bitter Froſts and Winter-Winds; yet fierce
As hungry Lyons of the Deſart.
Their Wives with Loads of Children at their Backs,
Bold manly Hags, whom Shame had long forſook,
And vagrant living had inur'd to Ill,
Follow'd in Troops like Furies.

Mar. Jun. And all was done too when that Dolt *Metellus*
Shrank like a Worm, and *Sylla* ſcarce was heard of.

Mar. Sen That curſt *Metellus* ſtill has been my Plague,
And ever done me moſt deliberate Wrong;
Becauſe, like a tame Hawk, I ſcorn'd to fly
Juſt at his Quarries, and attend his Lure.
Becauſe I grew too great for him in Wars,
And ſerv'd his Country well, he hates me. Twice
Have I already offer'd him Alliance,
And ask'd *Lavinia*, *Marius*, for thy Bed,

Beggary catch me when again I court him.
Why ſigh'ſt thou, Boy? ſtill at th' unlucky Name
Of that *Lavinia*, I have obſerv'd thee thus
With thy Looks fix'd, as if thy Fate had ſeiz'd thee.
Mar. Jun. Why did you name *Lavinia*? would ſhe'ad ne'er
Been born, or that *Metellus* had not got her.
Mar. Sen. Forget her, *Marius*; ſhe's a dainty Bit,
A delicate for none but *Sylla*'s taſte,
The Fav'rite *Sylla*, th' Idol that's ſet up
To blaſt thy Hopes and cloud thy Father's Glories.
Conſider that, my *Marius*, and forget her.
Mar. Jun. Forget her? Oh! ſhe'as Beauty might enſnare
A Conqueror's Soul, and make him leave his Crowns
At random to be ſcuffled for by Slaves.
Forget her? Oh! teach me (great Parent) teach me;
Read me each Day a Lecture of the Wrongs
Done you by that inglorious Patrician,
Till my Heart know no Longings but Revenge,
And quite forget *Lavinia* e'er dwelt there.
Methinks 'twould not be hard, e'en midſt the Senate,
To ſtrike this through him in his Conſul's Chair,
Tumble him thence, and mount it in his ſtead.
Mar. Sen. Oh! name not him and Conſulſhip together:
Sylla and Conſul? ſet 'em far apart
As Eaſt from Weſt, for as they now are met,
It bodes Confuſion, *Rome*, to thee and thine.
Gran. I'd rather ſee *Rome* but one Funeral Pile,
And all her People quitting her like Bees,
Driven by Sulphur from their Hives;
Much rather ſee her Senators in Chains
Dragg'd through the Streets to Death, and Slaves made Lords,
Than ſee that vain preſumptuous Upſtart's Pride
Succeed to lead the Armies you have bred.
Mar. Sen. 'Tis ſuch a Wrong as even tortures Thought,
That we who've been her Champion forty Years,
Fought all her Battels with renown'd Succeſs,
And never loſt her yet a Man in vain,
Should, now her nobleſt Fortune is at Stake,
And *Mithridates* Sword is drawn, be thrown
Aſide, like ſome old broken batter'd Shield:

To

To see my Laurels wither as I rust:
And all this manag'd by the cursed Craft,
Petulant Envy, and malignant Spight
Of that old barking Senate's Dog *Metellus*.
Stake me, just Gods, with Thunder to the Earth,
Lay my gray Hairs low in the Cave of Death,
Rather than live in mem'ry of such Shame.

Gran. Perish *Metellus* first, and all his Race.

Mar. Sen. There spoke the Soul of *Marius*. By the head
Of *Jove*,
I hate him worse than Famine or Diseases.
Perish his Family, let inveterate Hate
Commence between our Houses from this moment;
And meeting never let 'em Bloodless part.
Go, *Granius*, bid *Sulpitius* straight be ready
To meet me with his Guards upon the *Forum*.
By all the Gods, I'll chace the Dæmon out,
That rages thus in *Rome*; or let her Blood
To that degree, 'till she grow tame enough
To tremble at the Rod of my Revenge.
Why didst not thou applaud me for the Thought,
Take m'in thy Arms, and cherish my old Heart?
'T had been a lucky Omen. Art thou dumb?

Mar. Jun. As dumb as solemn Sorrow ought to be.
Could my Griefs speak, the Tale would have no end.
Must I resolve to hate *Metellus* Race,
Yet know *Lavinia* took her Being thence?
Lavinia! Oh! there's Musick in the Name
That softning me to infant Tenderness,
Makes my Heart spring like the first leaps of Life.

Mar. Sen. Then thou art lost: If thou art Man and *Roman*,
If thou hast Virtue in thee, or canst prize
Thy Father's Honour, scorn her like a Slave.
Hell! Love her? Damn her: There's *Metellus* in her.
In every Line of her bewitching Face,
There's a Resemblance tells whose Brood she came of.
I'd rather see thee in a Brothel trapt,
And basely wedded to a Ruffian's Whore,
Than thou shouldst think to taint my Generous Blood
With the base Puddle of that o'er-fed Gown-man.
Lavinia? ——

Mar.

Mar. Jun. Yes, *Lavinia:* Is ſhe not
As harmleſs as the Turtle of the Woods?
Fair as the Summer-Beauty of the Fields?
As opening Flow'rs untainted yet with Winds,
The Pride of Nature, and the Joy of Senſe?
Why firſt did you bewitch me elſe to weakneſs?
When from the Sacrifice we came together,
And as by her's our Chariot drove along,
Theſe were your Words: That, *Marius,* that is ſhe
That muſt give Happineſs to thee and *Rome,*
Confirming in thy Arms my wiſh'd-for Peace
With old *Metellus,* and break *Sylla*'s Heart.

Mar. Sen. Then ſhe was charming.

Mar. Jun. Oh! I found her ſo.
I lookt and gaz'd, and never miſs'd my Heart,
It fled ſo pleaſingly away. But now
My Soul is all *Lavinia*'s, now ſhe's fixt
Firm in my Heart by ſecret Vows made there,
Th' indelible Records of Faithful Love.
You'd have me hate her. Can my Nature change?
Create me o'er again —— and I may be
That haughty Maſter of my ſelf you'd have me:
But as I am, the Slave of ſtrong Deſires,
That keep me ſtruggling under; though I ſee
The hopeleſs ſtate of my unhappy Love;
With Torment, like a ſtubborn Slave that lies
Chain'd to the Floor, ſtretch'd helpleſs on his Back,
I look to Liberty, and break my Heart.

Mar. Sen. Has ſhe yet heard your Love, or granted her's?

Mar. Jun. If Eyes may ſpeak the Language of the Heart,
If tend'reſt Glances, Sighs and ſudden Bluſhes
May be interpreted for Love in one
So Young, ſo Fair, and Innocent as ſhe,
Our Souls can ne'er be Strangers. ——

Mar. Sen. No more: I'll have *Lavinia* nam'd no more.
When next thou nam'ſt, her ſhet it be with Infamy.
Tell me, ſh'as whor'd or fled her Father's Houſe
With ſome courſe Slave t'a ſecret Cell of Luſt,
And then I'll bleſs thee.

Mar.

Mar. Jun. I ſhall obey. Gods, from your Skies look down,
And find like me one wretched if you can.
No, Sir, I'll ſpeak that hateful Name no more,
But be as Curſt as you can wiſh your Son.

Enter Sulpitius.

Mar. Sen. Oh *Sulpitius!*
Thou darling of m' Ambition, art thou come?
What News?

Sulp. I've left a Preſent at your Houſe,
The Head of a *Metellus*, a gay, tall,
Young thing, that was in time t'have been a Lord,
But he's but Worm's meat now.

Mar. Sen. My beſt *Sulpitius*,
Thou always comfort'ſt me. See here a Man,
A Stranger to my Blood as well as Fortune;
But meerly of his choice my Honour's Friend:
What mighty things would he not do for me?
Could'ſt thou, when Honour call'd thee, whine for Love?——

Sulp. How? my young Son of War in Love? with whom?

Mar. Jun. A Woman, Sir.—I muſt not ſpeak her Name.

Sulp. If it be hopeleſs Love, uſe generous Means,
And lay a kinder Beauty to the Wound.
Take in a new Infection to the Heart,
And the rank Poyſon of the old will die.——

Mar. Jun. A Plantane-Leaf is excellent for that.

Sulp. For what?

Mar. Jun. For broken Shins.

Sulp. Why? art thou mad?

Mar. Jun. Not Mad, but bound more than a Mad-man is,
Confin'd to Limits, kept without my Food.
Whipt and tormented.—— Prithee do not wake me;
Let me dream on ——

Sulp. Oh! the ſmall Queen of Fairies
Is buſie in his Brains; the *Mab* that comes
Drawn by a little Team of ſmalleſt Atoms
Over Men's Noſes as they lie aſleep,
In a Chariot of an empty Hazel-nut
Made by a Joyner-Squirrel: in which State
She gallops Night by Night through Lovers Brains;
And then how wickedly they dream, all know.

Some-

Sometimes she courses o'er a Courtier's Nose,
And then he dreams of begging an Estate.
Sometimes she hurries o'er a Soldier's Neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign Throats;
Of Breaches, Ambuscado's, temper'd Blades,
Of good rich Winter-quarters, and false Musters.
Sometimes she tweaks a Poet by the Ear,
And then dreams he
Of Panegyricks flatt'ring Dedications,
And mighty Presents from the Lord knows who,
But wakes as empty as he laid him down.
She has been with *Sylla* too, and he dreams now
Of nothing but a Consulship.

Mar. Sen. A Rattle!
Give the fantastick giddy Boy a Rattle;
The Puling Fondling should not want a Play-thing.
A Consulship?

Sulp. By all the Gods, he'll shake it.
H'as drawn a Force from *Capua* here to *Rome*,
As if he meant Destruction or Success:
The Rabble too are drunk with him already.——

Mar. Sen. Alarm all our Citizens to Arms
That are my Friends. Draw you your Guards together,
And take Possession of the *Forum*. Thou,
Inglorious Boy, behold my Face no more,
Till thou'st done something worthy of my Name.

Mar. Jun. First perish *Rome*, and all I hold most dear,
Rather than let me feel my Father's Hate ——

Mar. Sen. Why, that's well said ——

Sulp. My Troops are all together,
All ready on the *Forum:* But the Heav'ns
Play Tricks with us. Our Ensigns, as they stood
Display'd before our Troops, took Fire untouch'd,
And burnt to Tinder.
Three Ravens brought their young ones in the Streets,
Devouring 'em before the People's Eyes,
Then bore the Garbage back into their Nests.
A noise of Trumpets rattling in the Air
Was heard, and dreadful Cries of dying Men.

Mar.

Mar. Sen. It was the *Roman* Genius, that thus warns
Me, her old Friend, not to let ſlip my Fate.
Ambition! Oh, Ambition! If I've done
For thee things great and well——ſhall Fortune now
Forſake me?
Hark thee, *Sulpitius*, if it come to Blows,
Let not a Hair of that *Metellus* 'ſcape thee,
Who'd ſtrip my Age of its moſt dear-bought Honours.
Elſe why have I thus buſtled in the World,
Through various and uncertain Fortunes hurl'd,
But to be Great, unequall'd and alone?
Which only he can be who ſtill ſpurs on
As ſwift at laſt as when he firſt begun—— [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Metellus *and Nurſe.*

Met. I Cannot reſt to Night: Ill-boding Thoughts
Have chas'd ſoft Sleep from my unſettled Brains.
This ſeems *Lavinia's* Chamber, and ſhe up.
Reſt too to Night has been a Stranger here.
Lavinia! My Daughter, hoa? Where art thou?
Nurſe. Now by my Maiden-head (at twelve Years old
I had one,)
Come, what Lamb? What, Lady-bird? Gods forbid.
Where's this Girl *Lavinia?*

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. How now? Who calls?
Nurſe. Your Father, Child.
Lav. I'm here. Your Lordſhip's Pleaſure.
Met. Why up at this unlucky time of Night,
When nought but loathſom Vermine are abroad,
Or Witches gathering pois'nous Herbs for Spells
By the pale Light of the cold waning Moon?
Lav. Alas! I could not ſleep: In a ſad Dream
Methought I ſaw one ſtanding by my Bed,
To warn me I ſhould have a care of Sleep,
For 'twould be baneful——

Met.

Met. Dreams give Children Fears.

Lav. At which I roſe from my uneaſie Pillows,
And to my Cloſet went, to pray the Gods
T'avert th'unlucky Omen.

Met. 'Twas well done.
Nurſe, give us leave a while: I muſt impart
Something to my *Lavinia*. Yet ſtay,
And hear it too. Thou know'ſt *Lavinia*'s Age.

Nurſe. Faith, I know her Age to an Hour.

Met. She's bare ſixteen.

Nurſe. I'll lay ſixteen of my Teeth of it; and yet no Diſparagement, I have but ſix, ſhe's not ſixteen. How long is't now ſince *Marius* triumph'd laſt!

Met. No matter, Woman; what's that to thee?

Nurſe. Even or odd, of all Days in the Year, ſince *Marius* enter'd *Rome* in Triumph, 'tis now even thirteen Years. Young *Marius* then too was but a Boy. My *Lais* and ſhe were both of an Age, Well, *Lais* is in Happineſs, ſhe was too good for me. But as I was ſaying, a Month hence ſhe'll be ſixteen. 'Tis ſince *Marius* triumph'd now full thirteen Years, and then ſhe was weaned. Sure I ſhall never forget it of all Days.—— Upon that Day (for I had then laid Wormſeed to my Breaſt, ſitting in the Sun under the Dove-houſe-wall) my Lady and you were at the Show. Nay, I do bear a Brain! But, as I ſaid before, when it did taſte the Wormſeed on my Nipple, and felt it bitter, pretty Fool! to ſee it teachy and fall out with the Nipple. Shout, quo' the People in the Streets. 'Twas no need, I trow, to bid me trudge. And ſince that time it is thirteen Years; and then ſhe could ſtand alone, nay, ſhe could run and waddle all about: For juſt the Day before ſhe broke her Forehead, and then my Husband (Peace be with him, he was a merry Man) took up the Baggage. Ay, quo' he, doſt thou fall upon thy Face? Thou wilt fall backward when thou haſt more Wit; wilt thou not, *Vinny?* and by my Fackins, the pretty Chit left Crying, and ſaid, Ay.—— I warrant and I ſhould live a thouſand Years, I never ſhould forget it. Wilt thou not, *Vinny*, quo' he; and pretty Fool, it ſtopt, and ſaid, Ay.

Met.

Met. Enough of this; ſtop thy impertinent Chat.

Nurſe. Yes, my Lord: Yet I cannot chuſe but laugh, to think it ſhould leave crying, and ſay, Ay.—— And yet in Sadneſs it had a Bump on its Brow as big as a Cockril's Stone, a parlous Knock, and it cry'd bitterly. Ay, quo' my Husband, fall'ſt upon thy Face? thou wilt fall backward when thou com'ſt to Age, wilt thou not *Vinny?* Look you now, it ſtinted, and ſaid, Ay——

Met. Intolerable trifling Goſſip, Peace.

Nurſe. Well; thou waſt the pretty'ſt Babe that e'er I Nurſt. Might I but live to ſee thee marry'd once, I ſhould be happy. It ſtinted, and ſaid, Ay——

Met. What think you then of Marriage, my *Lavinia?* It was the Subject that I came to treat of.

Lav. It is a thing I have not dreamt of yet.

Nurſe. Thing? the thing of Marriage? were I not thy Nurſe, I would ſwear thou hadſt ſuck'd thy Wiſdom from thy Teat. The thing?

Met Think of it now then, for I come to make
Propoſals may be worthy of your Wiſhes.
They are for *Sylla*, the young, the gay, the handſome,
Noble in Birth and Mind, the valiant *Sylla*.

Nurſe. A Man, young Lady, Lady, ſuch a Man as all the World——why, he's a Man of Wax.

Met. Conſider, Child, my Hopes are all in thee,
And now old Age gains Ground ſo faſt upon me,
'Mongſt all its ſad Infirmities, my Fears
For thee are not the ſmalleſt.
Therefore I've made Alliance with this *Sylla*,
A high-born Lord, and of the nobleſt Hopes
That *Rome* can boaſt, to give thee to his Arms;
So in the Winter of my Age to find
Reſt from all worldly Cares, and kind rejoycing
In the warm Sunſhine of thy Happineſs.

Lav. If Happineſs be ſeated in Content,
Or that my being bleſs'd can make you ſo,
Let me implore it on my Knees. I am
Your only Child, and ſtill, through all the Courſe
Of my paſt Life have been obedient too:
And as you've ever been a loving Parent,

And bred me up with watchful tender'ſt Care,
Which never coſt me hitherto a Tear;
Name not that *Sylla* any more, indeed
I cannot love him.

Met. Why?

Lav. Indeed I cannot.

Met. Oh early Diſobedience! by the Gods,
Debauch'd already to her Sex's Folly,
Perverſeneſs, and untoward head-ſtrong Will!

Lav. Think me not ſo; I gladly ſhall ſubmit
To any thing; nay muſt ſubmit to all:
Yet think a little, or you ſell my Peace.
The Rites of Marriage are of mighty moment:
And ſhould you violate a thing ſo ſacred
Into a lawful Rape, and load my Soul
With hateful Bonds, which never can grow eaſie,
How miſerable am I like to be?

Met. Has then ſome other taken up your Heart?
And baniſh'd Duty as an Exile thence?
What ſenſual lewd Companion of the Night
Have you been holding Converſation with,
From open Windows at a Midnight Hour,
When your looſe Wiſhes would not let you ſleep?

Lav. If I ſhould love, is that a Fault in one
So young as I? I cannot gueſs the Cauſe,
But when you firſt nam'd *Sylla* for my Love,
My Heart ſhrunk back as if you'd done it wrong;
If I did love, I'd tell you——if I durſt.
Oh *Marius!*

Met. Hah!

Lav. 'Twas *Marius*, Sir, I nam'd,
That Enemy to you and all your Houſe.
'Twas an unlucky Omen that he firſt
Demanded me in Marriage for his Son.
Yet, Sir, believe me, I as ſoon could wed
That *Marius*, whom I've cauſe to hate, as *Sylla*.

Met. No more; by all the Gods, 'twill make me mad,
That daily, nightly, hourly, every way
My care has been to make thy Fortune high;
And having now provided thee a Lord

Of

Of nobleſt Parentage, of fair Demeſns,
Early in Fame, youthful, and well ally'd,
In every thing as Thought could wiſh a Man,
To have at laſt a wretched puling Fool,
A whining Suckling, ignorant of her Good,
To anſwer, *I'll not wed, I cannot love.*
If thou art mine reſolve upon Compliance,
Or think no more to reſt beneath my Roofs.
Go, try thy risk in Fortune's barren Field,
Graze where thou wilt, but think no more of me,
'Till thy Obedience welcome thy Return.

Lav. Will you then quite caſt off your poor *Lavinia?*
And turn me like a Vagrant out of Doors,
To wander up and down the Streets of *Rome*,
And beg my Bread with Sorrow? Can I bear
The proud and hard Revilings of a Slave,
Fat with his Maſter's Plenty, when I ask
A little Pity for my pinching Wants?
Shall I endure the Cold, wet, windy Night,
To ſeek a Shelter under dropping Eves,
A Porch my Bed, a Threſhold for my Pillow,
Shiv'ring and ſtarv'd for want of Warmth and Food,
Swell'd with my Sighs, and almoſt choak'd with Tears?
Muſt I at the uncharitable Gates
Of proud great Men implore Relief in vain?
Muſt I, your poor *Lavinia*, bear all this,
Becauſe I am not Miſtreſs of my Heart,
Or cannot love according to your liking?

Met. Art thou not Miſtreſs of thy Heart then?

Lav. No;
'Tis given away.

Met. To whom?

Lav. I dare not tell.
But I'll endeavour ſtrangely to forget him,
If you'll forget but *Sylla*.

Met. Thou doſt well.
Conceal his Name if thou'dſt preſerve his Life.
For if there be a Death in *Rome* that might
Be bought, it ſhould not miſs him. From this Hour
Curſt be thy Purpoſes, moſt curſt thy Love.

And

And if thou marry'ſt, in thy Wedding-Night
May all the Curſes of an injur'd Parent
Fall thick, and blaſt the Bleſſings of thy Bed.

Lav. What have you done? alas! Sir, as you ſpoke,
Methought the Fury of your Words took place,
And ſtruck my Heart, like Lightning, dead within me.
Gone too? [*Exit* Metellus.
Is there no Pity ſitting in the Clouds
That ſees into the Bottom of my Grief?
Alas! that ever Heav'n ſhould practiſe Stratagems
Upon ſo ſoft a Subject as my ſelf!
What ſay'ſt thou? haſt thou not a word of Joy?
Some Comfort, Nurſe, in this Extremity.

Nurſe. Marry, and there's but need on't: 'Ods my Life, this Dad of ours was an arrant Wag in his young Days for all this. Well, and what then? *Marius* is a Man, and ſo's *Sylla*. Oh! but *Marius*'s Lip! and then *Sylla*'s Noſe and Forehead! but then *Marius*'s Eye again! how 'twill ſparkle, and twinkle, and rowl, and ſleer? But to ſee *Sylla* a Horſe-back! but to ſee *Marius* walk or dance! ſuch a Leg, ſuch a Foot, ſuch a Shape, ſuch a Motion. Ah a---- Well, *Marius* is the Man, muſt be the Man, and ſhall be the Man.

Lav. He's by his Father's Nature rough and fierce,
And knows not yet the Follies of my Love:
And when he does, perhaps may ſcorn and hate me.

Nurſe. Yes, yes, he's a rude, unmannerly, ill-bred Fellow. He is not the Flow'r of Courteſie; but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a Lamb. Go thy ways, Child, ſerve God. What? a Father's an old Man, and old Men they ſay will take care. But a young Man! Girl, ah! a young Man! there's a great deal in a young Man, and thou ſhalt have a young Man. What? I have been thy Nurſe theſe ſixteen Years, and I ſhould know what's good for thee ſurely. Oh! Ay —— a young Man!

Lav. Now prithee leave me to my ſelf a while.
[*Exit Nurſe.*
'Tis hardly yet within two Hours of Day.
Sad Nights ſeem long —— I'll down into the Garden.
The Queen of Night

Shines

Shines fair with all her Virgin-ſtars about her.
Not one amongſt 'em all a Friend to me:
Yet by their Light a while I'll guide my Steps,
And think what courſe my wretched State muſt take.
Oh, *Marius!* [*Exit* Lavinia.

SCENE II. *A walled Garden belonging to* Metellus's *Houſe.*

Enter Marius *Junior.*

Mar. Jun. How vainly have I ſpent this idle Night!
Even Wine can't heal the ragings of my Love.
This ſure ſhould be the Manſion of *Lavinia*;
For in ſuch Groves the Deities firſt dwelt.
Can I go forward when my Heart is here?
Turn back, dull Earth, and find thy Centre out.
[*Enters the Garden.*

Enter Granius *and* Sulpitius.

Gra. This way—— he went—— Why, *Marius!* Brother *Marius!*

Sulp. Perhaps he's wife, and gravely gone to Bed.
There's not ſo weak a Drunkard as a Lover;
One Bottle to his Lady's Health quite addles him.

Gra. He ran this way, and leap'd this Orchard-wall.
Call, good *Sulpitius.*

Sulp. Nay, I'll conjure too.
Why, *Marius!* Humours! Paſſion! mad-man, Lover!
Appear thou in the likeneſs of a Sigh.
Speak but one Word, and I am ſatisfy'd.
He hears not, neither ſtirs he yet. Nay then
I conjure thee by bright *Lavinia*'s Eyes,
By her high Forehead, and her Scarlet Lip,
By her fine Foot, ſtrait Leg, and quivering Thigh,
And the Demeſns that there adjacent lye,
That in thy likeneſs thou appear to us.

Gra. Hold, good *Sulpitius*, this will anger him——

Sulp. This cannot anger him. 'Twould anger him
To raiſe a Spirit in his Lady's Arms,
'Till ſhe had laid and charm'd it down again.

Gra.

Gran. Let's go; he has hid himſelf among theſe Trees,
To die his melancholick Mind in Night:
Blind in his Love, and beſt befits the Dark.
Sulp. Pox o'this Love, this little ſcarecrow Love,
That frights Fools with his painted Bow of Lath
Out of their feeble Senſe.
Gran. Stop there —— let's leave the Subject and its Slave;
Or burn *Metellus'* Houſe about his Ears.
Sulp. This Morning *Sylla* means to enter *Rome*:
Your Father too demands the Conſulſhip.
Yet now when he ſhou'd think of cutting Throats,
Your Brother's loſt; loſt in a maze of Love,
The idle Truantry of callow Boys.
I'd rather truſt my Fortunes with a Daw,
That hops at every Butterflye he ſees,
Than have to do in Honour with a Man
That ſells his Virtue for a Woman's Smiles —— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Marius Junior *in the Garden.*

Mar. Jun. He laughs at Wounds that never felt their ſmart.
What Light is that which breaks thro' yonder Shade?
[Lavinia *in the Balcony.*
Oh! 'tis my Love.
She ſeems to hang upon the Cheek of Night,
Fairer than Snow upon the Raven's Back;
Or a rich Jewel in an *Æthiop's* Ear.
Were ſhe in yonder Sphere, ſhe'd ſhine ſo bright,
That Birds would ſing, and think the Day were breaking.
Lav. Ah me!
Mar. Jun. She ſpeaks.
Oh! ſpeak again, bright Angel; for thou art
As Glorious to this Night, as Sun at Noon
To the admiring Eyes of gazing Mortals,
When he beſtrides the lazy puffing Clouds,
And ſails upon the Boſom of the Air.
Lav. O *Marius, Marius!* wherefore art thou *Marius?*
Deny thy Family, renounce thy Name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but ſworn my Love,
And I'll no longer call *Metellus* Parent.
Mar. Jun. Shall I hear this, and yet keep ſilence?

Lav.

Lav. No.
'Tis but thy Name that is my Enemy.
Thou wouldſt be ſtill thy ſelf, tho' not a *Marius*,
Belov'd of me, and charming as thou art.
What's in a Name? that which we call a Roſe,
By any other Name wou'd ſmell as ſweet.
So *Marius*, were he not *Marius* call'd,
Be ſtill as dear to my deſiring Eyes,
Without that Title. *Marius*, loſe thy Name,
And for that Name, which is no part of thee,
Take all *Lavinia*.

Mar. Jun. At thy word I take thee.
Call me but Thine, and Joys will ſo tranſport me,
I ſhall forget my ſelf, and quite be chang'd.

Lav. Who art thou, that thus hid and veil'd in Night,
Haſt overhead my Follies?

Mar. Jun. By a Name
I know not how to tell thee who I am.
My Name, dear Creature's hateful to my ſelf:
Becauſe it is an Enemy to thee.

Lav. Marius? how cam'ſt thou hither? tell, and why?
The Orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place Death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of our Family here find thee.
By whoſe Directions didſt thou find this place?

Mar. Jun. By Love, that firſt did prompt me to enquire.
He lent me Counſel, and I lent him Eyes.
I am no Pilot; yet wert thou as far
As the vaſt Shoar waſh'd by the fartheſt Sea,
I'd hazard Ruin for a Prize ſo dear——

Lav. Oh *Marius!* vain are all ſuch Hopes and Wiſhes.
The Hand of Heav'n has thrown a Bar between us,
Our Houſes Hatred and the Fate of *Rome*,
Where none but *Sylla* muſt be happy now.
All bring him Sacrifices of ſome ſort,
And I muſt be a Victim to his Bed.
To Night my Father broke the dreadful News;
And when I urg'd him for the Right of Love,
He threaten'd me to banish me his Houſe,

Naked

Naked and ſhiftleſs to the World. Wouldſt thou,
Marius, receive a Beggar to thy Boſom?

Mar. Jun. Oh! were my Joys but fixt upon that Point,
I'd then ſhake Hands with Fortune, and be Friends;
Thus graſp my Happineſs, embrace it thus,
And bleſs th'ill turn that gave thee to my Arms.

Lav. Thou know'ſt the Mark of Night is on my Face,
Elſe ſhould I bluſh for what thou'ſt heard me ſpeak.
Fain would I dwell on Form; fain, fain deny
The things I've ſaid: but farewel all ſuch Follies.
Doſt thou then love? I know thou'lt ſay thou doſt;
And I muſt take thy word, tho' thou prove falſe.

Mar. Jun. By yon bright *Cynthia*'s Beams that ſhines above.

Lav. Oh! ſwear not by the Moon, th' inconſtant Moon,
That changes monthly, and ſhines but by Seaſons,
Leſt that thy Love prove variable too.

Mar. Jun. What ſhall I ſwear by?

Lav. Do not ſwear at all.
Or, if thou wilt, ſwear by thy gracious ſelf,
Who art the God of my Idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Mar. Jun. Witneſs all ye Pow'rs.

Lav. Nay, do not ſwear: Although my Joy be great,
I'm hardly ſatisfy'd with this Night's Contract:
It ſeems too raſh, too unadvis'd and ſudden,
Too like the Lightning, which does ceaſe to be
E're one can ſay it is. Therefore this time
Good-night, my *Marius:* May a happier Hour
Bring us to crown our Wiſhes.

Mar. Jun. Why wilt thou leave me ſo unſatisfy'd?

Lav. What wouldſt thou have?

Mar. Jun. Th' Exchange of Love for mine.

Lav. I gave thee mine before thou didſt requeſt it;
And yet I wiſh I could retrieve it back.

Mar. Jun. Why?

Lav. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
My Bounty is as boundleſs as the Sea,
My Love as deep: the more I give to thee,
The more I have: for both are infinite.

I hear a Noiſe within. Farewel, my *Marius*;
Or ſtay a little, and I'll come again.
Mar. Jun. Stay! ſure for ever.
Lav. Three Words, and, *Marius*, then Good-night indeed.
If that thy Love be honourably meant,
Thy purpoſe Marriage, ſend me Word to-Morrow,
And all my Fortunes at thy Feet I'll lay.
Nurſe within.] Madam!
Lav. I come anon. But if thou mean'ſt not well,
I do beſeech thee——
Nurſe within.] Madam! Madam!——
Lav. By and by, I come.
To ceaſe thy Suit, and leave me to my Griefs.
To-Morrow I will ſend.—— [*Exit.*
Mar. Jun. So thrive my Soul. Is not all this a Dream,
Too lovely, ſweet and flatt'ring to be true?
Re-enter Lavinia.
Lav. Hiſt, *Marius*, hiſt. Oh for a Falkner's Voice,
To lure this Taſſel-gentle back again.
Reſtraint has Fears, and may not ſpeak aloud:
Elſe would I tear the Cave where Echo lies,
With repetition of my *Marius*.——
Mar. Jun. It is my Love that calls me back again.
How ſweetly Lovers Voices ſound by Night!
Like ſofteſt Muſick to attending Ears.
Lav. Marius.
Mar. Jun. My Dear.
Lav. What a Clock to-Morrow?
Mar. Jun. At the Hour of nine.
Lav. I will not fail: 'Tis twenty Years 'till then.
Why did I call thee back?
Mar. Jun. Let me here ſtay 'till thou remember'ſt why.
Lav. The Morning's breaking; I would have thee gone;
And yet no farther than a Wanton's Bird,
That lets it hop a little from his Hand,
To pull it by his Fetters back again.
Mar. Jun. Would I were thine.
Lav. Indeed and ſo would I:
Yet I ſhould kill thee ſure with too much cheriſhing.
No more.——Good-night.

Mar. Jun. There's ſuch ſweet Pain in parting,
That I could hang for ever on thy Arms,
And look away my Life into thy Eyes.
Lav. To-Morrow will come.
Mar. Jun. So it will. Good-night.
Heav'n be thy Guard; and all its Bleſſings wait thee —— [*Ex.* Lavinia.

To Morrow! 'tis no longer: But Deſires
Are ſwift, and longing Love wou'd laviſh time.
To-Morrow! oh to-Morrow! 'till that come,
The tedious Hours move heavily away,
And each long Minute ſeems a lazy Day.
Already Light is mounted in the Air,
Striking it ſelf thro' every Element.
Our Party will by this time be abroad,
To try the Fate of *Marius* and *Rome*.
Love and Renown ſure court me thus together.
Smile, ſmile, ye Gods, and give Succeſs to both. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Forum.*

Enter four Citizens.

3 *Cit.* Well, Neighbours, now we are here, what muſt we do?

1 *Cit.* Why, you muſt give your Vote for *Caius Marius* to be Conſul: And if any Body ſpeaks againſt you knock 'em down.

2 *Cit.* The truth on't is, there's nothing like a civil Government, where good Subjects may have leave to knock Brains out to maintain Privileges.

3 *Cit.* Look you —— but what's this *Sylla?* this *Sylla?* I've heard great talk of him. —— He's a damnable fighting Fellow they ſay; but hang him —— he's a Lord.

1 *Cit.* Ay, ſo he is, Neighbours: And I know not why any one ſhould be a Lord more than another. I care not for a Lord: What good do they do? nothing but run in our Debts, and lie with our Wives ——

4 *Cit.* Why, there's a Grievance now. I have three Boys at home, no more mine than *Rome*'s mine. They

are

are all fair curl'd-hair *Cupids*; and I am an honeſt, black, tauny, Kettle-fac'd Fellow.——I'll ha'no Lords.——

[*Drum and Trumpets.*

1 *Cit.* Hark! hark! Drums and Trumpets! Drums and Trumpets! they are coming. Be you ſure you roar out for a *Marius*: and do as much Miſchief as you can.——

Enter Marius Senior *and his Sons*; Marius *born upon the Shoulders of two* Roman *Slaves*; Sulpitius *at the head of the Guards.* [*Trumpets.*

Sulp. Hearken, ye Men of *Rome*: I, I, *Sulpitius*,
Your Tribune, and Protector of your Freedoms,
By Virtue of that Office here have call'd you
To chuſe a Conſul. *Mithridates* King of *Pontus* has begun a War upon us,
Invaded our Allies, our Edicts violated,
And threatens *Rome* it ſelf. Whom will you chuſe
To lead you forth in this moſt glorious War?
Marius, or *Sylla?*

All Cit. A *Marius!* a *Marius!* a *Marius!*

Mar. Sen. Country-men,
And Fellow-Citizens, my Brethren all,
Or, if it may be thought a dearer Name,
My Sons, my Children, Glory of my Age;
I come not hither arm'd to force your Suffrage,
As *Sylla* does to enter *Rome* with Pow'r,
As if he meant a Triumph o'er his Country.
I have not made a Party in the Senate,
To bring you into Slavery, or load
Your Necks with the hard Yoke of Lordly Pow'r.
I am no Noble, but a Free-born Man,
A Citizen of *Rome*, as all you are,
A Lover of your Liberties and Laws,
Your Rights and Privileges. Witneſs here
Theſe Wounds, which in your Service I have got,
And beſt plead for me.——

All Cit. Marius! Marius! Marius! No *Sylla!* no *Sylla!* no *Sylla!*

Sulp. No more remains,
Moſt honourable Conſul, but that ſtreight you mount
The Seat-Tribunal——Lictors, bring your Rods,

Axes and Faſces, and preſent 'em here.
Hail *Caius Marius*, Conſul of the War.
Trumpets. *Enter* Metellus, Cinna, Antonius, Quintus Pompeius, *his Son*, &c. *Guards.*
Met. See, *Romans*, there the Ruin of your Freedom,
The blazing Meteor that bodes Ill to *Rome*.
Oppreſſion, Tyranny, Avarice and Pride,
All centre in that melancholick Brow.
If you are mad for Slavery, long to try
The weight of abs'lute Chains, once more proclaim him,
And ſhout ſo loud 'till *Mithridates* hear,
And laugh to think your Throats fit for his Sword.
Take me, take all your Senators, and drag
Us headlong to the *Tyber*,——plunge us in,
And bid adieu to Liberty for ever——
Then turn and fall before your new-made God;
Bring your Eſtates, your Children and your Wives,
And lay 'em at the Feet of his Ambition.
This you muſt do, and well it will become
Such Slaves, who ſell their Charters for a Holy-day.
Cit. No *Marius*! no *Marius!*
Met. *Quintus Pompeius*, in the Senate's Name,
As Conſul, we command thee to demand
Juſtice of *Marius*, and proclaim him Traitor.
Q. Pomp. Deſcend then, *Marius*, Traitor to the State
And Liberty of *Rome*, and hear thy Sentence.
Mar. Sen. Now, by the Gods, this Cauſe is worthy of me,
Worthy my Fate.
Is this the Right and Liberty of *Rome*,
To pull its lawful Conſul from his Seat
Unjudg'd, and brand him with the Mark of Traitour?
Draw all your Swords, all you that are my Friends.
Sulpitius, damn the Rabble, let 'em fall
Like common Droſs, with that well-ſpoken Fool,
That popular Clack; or let us ſell our Fates
So dear, that *Rome* may ſicken with our Fall.
All Cit. No *Marius!* no *Marius!* Down with him, down with him ——
Sulp. Ha! What art thou?
Y. Pomp. The Conſul's Son.

Sulp.

Sulp. A Worm;
A thin Skin full of Dirt; and thus I tread thee
Into thy Mother Earth.—— [*Kills him.*

Mar. Sen. Drag hence that Traitor,
And bring me straight his Head upon thy Dart.
The Fate of *Rome*'s begun.

Q. Pomp. Our Children murder'd,
Thus massacred before our Eyes? Come all
That love *Pompeius*, and revenge his Loss.

Sulp. Fall on.

All Cit. No *Marius!* no *Marius!* Liberty! Liberty! *&c.*
[*They fight*, Marius *Conquers.*

Mar. Sen. Thanks for this good Beginning, Gods. These Slaves,
These wide-mouth'd Brutes that bellow thus for Freedom,
Oh! how they ran before the Hand of Pow'r,
Flying for shelter into every Brake!
Like cow'rdly fearful Sheep they break their Herd,
When the Wolf's out and ranging for his Prey.
Sulpitius, thy Guards did noble Service.

Sulp. Oh! they are Fellows fit for you and I,
Fit for the work of Power: say the word,
Not one amongst 'em all but what shall run,
Take an old grumbling Senator by th' Beard,
And shake his Head off from his shrinking Shoulders.

Mar. Sen. Sylla, I hear, is at the Gates of *Rome*.
Proclaim straight Liberty to every Slave
That will but own the Cause of *Caius Marius*.
Horrour, Confusion, and inverted Order,
Vast Desolation, Slaughter, Death and Ruin
Must have their courses ere this Ferment settle,
'Thus the Great *Jove* above, who rules alone,
'When Men forget his God-like Pow'r to own,
'Uses no common Means, no common Ways,
'But sends forth Thunder, and the World obeys.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Sulpitius, Granius, *and all the Guards.*

Sulp. ROME never saw a Morning sure like this:
Now she begins to know the Rod of Pow'r;
Her wanton Blood can smart.
Were I the Consul, not a Head in *Rome*,
That had but Thoughts of *Sylla*, should stand safe.
Gran. Slaughter thou'd have continu'd with the Day.
Mercy but gives Sedition time to rally.
Every soft, pliant, talking, busie Rogue,
Gathering a Flock of hot-brain'd Fools together,
Can preach up new Rebellion. 'Till the Heads
Of all those heav'nly-inspir'd Knaves be crush'd,
No Power can be safe ——
Sulp. Much will this Day
Determine; *Sylla*'s now before the Walls,
And all his Forces ready for Command.
Four thousand Slaves have taken hold on Freedom,
And come on Proclamation to our side.
Gran. Where should my Brother be? He came not home to Night.
Sulp. Think of him as a Wretch that's dead,
Stabb'd with an Eye, run thro' the Brains with Love.
Gran. He talk'd of sending *Sylla* a Defiance.
Sulp. Writ with a Pen made of a *Cupid*'s Quill.
Gran. Why, what is *Sylla?*
Sulp. A most courageous Captain at a Congee;
He fights by Measure, as your Artists sing,
Keeps Distance, Time, Proportion, rests his Rests,
One, two, and the third in your Guts.
Oh! he's the very Butcher of a Button.
Gran. Would I could see my Brother. That damn'd Love
Of Women ruins noblest Purposes.
Sulp. That Sex was first in mockery of us made.
They are the false deceitful Glasses, where
We gaze and dress our selves to all the Shapes

Of

Of Folly. What is't Woman cannot do?
She'll make a Stateſman quite forget his Cunning,
And truſt his deareſt Secrets to her Breaſt,
Where Fops have daily entrance: Make a Prieſt,
Forgetting the Hypocriſie of's Office,
Dance and ſhow Tricks, to prove his ſtrength and brawn:
Make a Projector quibble, an old Judge
Put on falſe Hair, and paint: And after all,
Though ſhe be known the lewdeſt of her Sex,
She'll make ſome Fool or other think ſhe's honeſt.
Your Father promis'd me to meet me here.
I wonder he delays ſo long.

Gra. He comes;
And with him too my Brother.

Sulp. See your General,
Salute him all my Fellow-Soldiers. [*Shout.*

Enter Marius *Senior, and* Marius *Junior.*

Mar. Sen. This,
Sulpitius, looks like Power. *Granius,* here
Receive thy Brother to thy Arms, and bleſs him:
He'as done a thing moſt worthy of our Name,
Sent a Defiance into *Sylla*'s Camp,
Challenging forth the ſtouteſt Champion there,
In Vindication of his Father's Cauſe,
And not an Out-law there dare ſend his Anſwer.
Once more, *Sulpitius,* are the People ours,
Enrag'd with *Sylla*'s coming arm'd, to force
The City. At the *Celimontane* Gate
He's poſted now; let's ſend him ſtrait Commands
I'th'Name o'th' Senate and the *Roman* People,
T'advance no farther, 'till the State of *Rome*
Be heard in Publick, and my Choice confirm'd,
Or he continu'd Conſul. ——

Sulp. That would be
But to prolong Neceſſity; for *Rome*
Muſt bleed: And ſince the Rabble now is ours,
Keep the Fools hot, Preach Dangers in their Ears,
Spread falſe Reports o'th' Senate, working up
Their Madneſs to a Fury quick and deſp'rate,
'Till they run headlong into civil Diſcords,

And do our Buſineſs with their own Deſtruction.
Granius, go thou,
Send word to *Sylla* that he lay down Arms,
And render up himſelf to *Rome*.
Mar. Jun. There's ſtill
A dangerous Wheel at Work, a thoughtful Villain,
Cinna, who'as rais'd his Fortune by the Jars
And Diſcords of his Country: like a Fly
O'er Fleſh, he buzzes about itching Ears,
Till he has vented his Infection there,
To feſter into Rancor and Sedition.
Would he were ſafe.
Mar. Sen. And ſafe he ſhall be: let him be proſcrib'd;
The Fine upon his Head its weight in Gold.
Wou'd I cou'd buy *Metellus*'s as cheap.
I have a tender Fooliſhneſs within me
May ſometimes get the better of my Rage.
Sulpitius, therefore keep me warm; ſtill ply
My ebbing Fury with the thoughts of *Sylla*,
Th' ungrateful Senate, and *Metellus* Pride;
And let not any thing may make me dreadful
Be left undone. Now to our Troops let's haſten,
And wait for *Sylla*'s Anſwer at our Arms.
[*Ex* Mar. Sen. *and* Granius.
Sulp. Is not this better now than whining Love?
Now thou again art *Marius*, Son of Arms,
Thy Father's Honour, and thy Friends Delight.
Enter Nurſe and Clodius.
Mar. Jun. Sulpitius, what comes here; A Sail, *Sulpitius*.
Sulp. A tatter'd one, and weather-beaten much.
Many a boiſtrous Storm has ſhe been toſs'd in,
And many a Pilot kept her to the Wind.
Nurſe. Clodius.
Clod. Madam.
Sulp. Madam!
Nurſe. My Fan, *Clodius.*
Sulp. Ay, good *Clodius*, to hide her Face.
Nurſe. Good-morrow, Gentlemen.
Sulp. Good-even, fair Gentlewoman.
Nurſe. Fair Gentlewoman! Really 'tis very hot.

Sulp.

Sulp. It ſhould be ſo by your Ladyſhip's pa ch'd Face.

Nurſe. Marry come up, my Goſſip: Whoſe Man are you?

Sulp. A Woman's Man, my *Sybil*, would'ſt thou try
My Strength in Feats of amorous Engagement.
Lead me amongſt the Beauteous, where they run
Wild in their Youth, and wanton to their wildneſs,
Where I may chuſe the foremoſt of the Herd,
And bear her trembling to ſome Bank bedeck'd
With ſweeteſt Flowers, ſuch as Joy would chuſe
To dwell in; throw my inſpir'd Arms about her,
And preſs her till ſhe thought her ſelf more bleſs'd
Than *Io* panting with the Joys of *Jove*.

Nurſe. Panting? Joys? and *Jove?* Now by my troth 'tis very pretty. But, Gentlemen, can any of you tell where I may find young *Marius?*

Mar. Jun. Yes, I can tell you, Madam. I am he.

Sulp. Hah! by this Light a Bawd. So ho!
Come let's away. I hate a Morning Bawd,
That ſtinks of laſt Night's Office—— [*Exit* Sulp.

Nurſe. Pray, Sir, what ſawcy Fellow's he that's gone?

Mar. Jun. A Gentleman, Nurſe, that loves to hear himſelf talk; and will ſpeak more in a Minute than he'll ſtand to in a Month.

Nurſe. And he ſpeak any thing againſt me, I'll take him down, and he were luſtier than he is, and twenty ſuch *Jacks*, or I'll find thoſe that ſhall. But now, Sir, I wiſh you much Joy——I hear you are——

Mar. Jun. Marry'd; this Day the bleſſed deed was done.
When the unhappy Diſcords firſt took flame
Betwixt my Father and the Senate; then
A holy Prieſt of *Hymen*, whom with Gold
I brib'd to yield us privately his Office,
Joyn'd our kind Hands, and now ſhe's ever mine.

Nurſe. Well: 'fore God, I am ſo vex'd, that every part about me quivers. But pray, Sir, a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bade me find you out. What ſhe bade me ſay, I'll keep to my ſelf. But firſt let me tell you, if you have led her into a Fool's Paradiſe, as they ſay; for the Gentlewoman is young, and therefore if you ſhould deal doubly with her, though you don't

look like a Gentleman that wou'd uſe double dealing with a Lady.——

Mar. Jun. Commend me to thy Lady, I proteſt——

Nurſe. Good Heart, and i'faith, I will tell as much. Lord! Lord! ſhe will be a joyful Woman.

Mar. Jun. Bid her deviſe this Evening to receive Me at her Window: Here is for thy pains——

[*Gives Mony.*

Nurſe. No truly, Sir; not a *Drachma.*

Mar. Jun. Away; I ſay you ſhall.

Nurſe. This Evening, ſay you? well, ſhe ſhall be there.

Mar. Jun. And ſtay, kind Nurſe, behind the Garden-wall. Within this Hour my Man ſhall meet thee there, And bring thee Cords made like a Tackling-Ladder, Which to the bleſſed Manſion of my Joy Muſt be my Conduct in the Secret Night. Farewel——be true, and I'll reward thy pains.

Nurſe. Now Heav'ns bleſs thee.——Hark you, Sir.

Mar. Jun. What ſay'ſt thou, Nurſe?

Nurſe. Nothing, but that my Miſtreſs is the ſweeteſt Lady. Lord! Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing—— Oh!——there's a Spark, one *Sylla*, that would fain have a finger in the Pye,——but ſhe, good Soul, had as lieve hear of a Toad, a very Toad, as hear of him. I anger her ſometimes, and tell her *Sylla* is the properer Man.—— But I'll warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe looks as pale as any Clout in the verſal World. Well, you'll be ſure to come.——

Mar. Jun. As ſure as Truth.

Nurſe. Well, when it was a little thing, and us'd to lie with me, it wou'd ſo kick, ſo ſprawl, and ſo play—— and then I would tickle it, and then it would laugh, and then it would play again. When it had tickling and playing enough, it would go to ſleep as gentle as a Lamb. I ſhall never forget it——Then you'll be ſure to come——

Mar. Jun. Can I forget to live?

Nurſe. Nay, but ſwear though.

Mar. Jun. By this Kiſs, which thou ſhalt carry to *Lavinia.*

Nurſe. Oh! dear Sir, by no means. Indeed you ſhall not. I have been drinking *Aqua vita.* Oh! thoſe Eyes of yours!

Mar.

Mar. Jun. Till Night farewel.——

Nurſe. Till Night; I'll ſay no more, but da, da. Come *Clodius*, Ah! thoſe Eyes! [*Ex.* Nurſe *and* Clodius.

Mar. Jun. What pains ſhe takes with her officious Folly?
How happy is the Evening-tide of Life,
When Phlegm has quench'd our Paſſions, trifling out
The feeble Remnant of our ſilly Days
In Follies, ſuch as Dotage beſt is pleas'd with,
Free from the wounding and tormenting Cares
That toſs the thoughtful, active, buſie Mind?
Though this day be the deareſt of my Life;
There's ſomething hangs moſt heavy on my Heart,
And my Brain's ſick with Dulneſs..

Enter Marius Senior.

Mar. Sen. Where's this Loyterer,
This moſt inglorious Son of *Caius Marius?*
With folded Arms and down-caſt Eyes he ſtands,
The Marks and Emblem of a Woman's Fool.

Mar. Jun. My Father.

Mar. Sen. Call me by ſome other Name;
Diſgrace me not: I'm *Marius*;
And ſurely *Marius* has ſmall right in thee.
Would *Sylla*'s Soul were thine, and thine were his,
That he, as thou haſt done, now Glory calls,
Might run for ſhelter to a Woman's Arms,
And hide him in her Boſom like a Babe.

Mar. Jun. Then I'm a Coward.

Mar. Sen. Art thou not?

Mar. Jun. I am,
That thus can bear Reproaches, and yet live.
Durſt any Man but you have call'd me ſo?
Oh let me fall, embrace and kiſs your Feet.
Y'ave rais'd a Spirit in me prompts my Heart
To ſuch a Work as Fame ne'er talk'd of yet.
How'll you diſpoſe *Lavinia?*

Mar. Sen. Let her fall,
As I would all her Family and Name,
Forgotten that they either ever gave
Thy Father's Head Diſhonour, or thee Pain,

Mar. Jun. 'Twas an unlucky Sentence. She's ſcarce more
Metellus' Daughter now than Your's: our Hands
Were by a Prieſt this Morning join'd. May Heav'n
Avert th'ill Omen, and preſerve my Father.
Mar. Sen. Marry'd? ſay ruin'd, loſt and curſt.
Mar. Jun. You've torn
The Secret from me, and I wait your Doom.——
Mar. Sen. Go where I never more may hear thee nam'd;
Go fartheſt from me, get thee to *Metellus*,
Fall on thy Knees, and henceforth call him Parent.
I've yet one Son, that ſurely won't forſake me:
Elſe in this Breaſt I ſtill have glorious Thoughts,
That will at leaſt give Luſtre to my Ruin.
Farewel—— my once beſt Hopes, now greateſt Shame.
Mar. Jun. Condemn me rather to the worſt of Deaths,
Or ſend me chain'd to *Sylla* like a Slave,
Than baniſh me the Bleſſing of your Preſence.
I've thought, and bounded all my Wiſhes ſo,
To die for you is Happineſs enough;
'Twould be too much t'enjoy *Lavinia* too.
Mar. Sen. Again *Lavinia?*
Mar. Jun. Yes, this Coward Slave,
This moſt inglorious Son of *Caius Marius*,
Though wedded to the brighteſt Beauty, rais'd
To th' higheſt expectation of Delight,
Ev'n in this Minute when Love prompts his Heart,
And tells what mighty Pleaſures are preparing,
Is Maſter of a Mind unfetter'd yet.
Mar. Sen. What can'ſt thou do?
Mar. Jun. This Night I ſhould have gone,
And ta'en poſſeſſion of *Lavinia's* Bed.
But by the Gods, theſe Eyes no more ſhall ſee her,
Till I've done ſomething that's above Reward,
And you your ſelf preſent her to my Arms.
Mar. Sen. Why doſt thou talk thus to me?
Mar. Jun. Hark! [*Trumpets.*
The Trumpets ſound, and buſineſs is at hand.
It ſeems as if our Guards upon the Walls
Were juſt engag'd, and *Sylla* come upon 'em.
The Gods have done me Juſtice.

Ma

Mar. Sen. Get thee gone,
And leave me to my Fate,
Thou maim'd and wounded, and unfit for War.
Mar. Jun. I'll follow you.——,
Mar. Sen. Thou ſhalt not.
Mar. Jun. By the Gods I will.
Mar. Sen. How? diſobey'd then?
Mar. Jun. Bid a Courſer ſpur'd
Stop in his full Career; bid Tides run back,
Or ſailing Ships ſtand ſtill before the Wind,
Or Winds themſelves not blow when *Jove* provokes 'em.
Mar. Sen. Away, and do not tempt my Fury farther.
Mar. Jun. Why? would you kill me?
Mar. Sen. No, no: I hope thou art reſerv'd yet for
A better Fate.
Mar. Jun. Thanks, Heav'n.
Theſe few kind Words ſhew I'm not quite unhappy.
Mar. Sen. Then do not contradict my Will in this;
But part, and when our Hands next meet again,
Be't in the Heart of *Sylla* or *Metellus*—— [*Exit.*
[*Trumpets again.*
Mar. Jun. Sound higher, ye ſhrill Inſtruments of War,
And urge its Horrours up, till they become,
If poſſible, as terrible as mine.
Oh my *Lavinia!* though this Night I fall,
At my return I ſhall be doubly happy.
Such Trials the great ancient Hero's paſt,
Who little preſent Happineſs could taſte,
Yet did great Actions, and were Gods at laſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Metellus's *Houſe.*

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed Steeds,
Tow'rds *Phœbus'* Lodging. Such a Charioteer
As *Phaeton* would laſh you to the Weſt,
And bring in cloudy Night immediately.
Spread thy cloſe Curtains Love-performing Night
To ſober-ſuited Matron all in Black;
That jealous Eyes may wink, and *Marius*

Leap

Leap to theſe Arms untalkt of and unſeen.
Oh! give me *Marius*; and when he ſhall die,
Take him and cut him out in little Stars;
And he will make the Face of Heaven ſo fine,
That all the World ſhall grow in love with Night,
And pay no worſhip to the Gaudy Sun.
Oh! I have bought the Manſion of a Love,
But not poſſeſt it —— Tedious is this Day,
As is the Night before ſome Feſtival
To an impatient Child that has new Robes,
Enter Nurſe and Clodius.
And may not wear 'em. Welcome, Nurſe: what News?
How fares the Lord of all my Joys, my *Marius?*

Nurſe. Oh! a Chair! a Chair! no Queſtions, but a Chair! So.

Lav. Nay, prithee Nurſe why doſt thou look ſo ſad?
Oh! do not ſpoil the Muſick of good Tidings
With ſuch a Melancholick wretched Face.

Nurſe. Oh! I am weary, very weary. *Clodius*, my Cordial-bottle. Fie! how my Bones ake! what a Jaunt have I had!

Lav. Do not delay me thus, but quickly tell me,
Will *Marius* come to Night? Speak, will he come?

Nurſe. Alas! alas! what haſte? oh! cannot you ſtay a little? oh! do you not ſee that I'm out of Breath? oh this Phthifick! *Clodius*, the Cordial.

Lav. Th' excuſe thou mak'ſt for this unkind delay
Is longer than the Tale thou haſt to tell.
Is thy News good or bad? anſwer to that.
Say either, and I'll ſtay the Circumſtance.

Nurſe. Well, you have made a ſimple Choice: you know not how to chuſe a Man. Yet his Leg excels all Mens. And for a Hand and a Foot and a Shape, though they are not to be talk'd of——yet they are paſt compare. What, have you Din'd within?

Lav. No, no: what fooliſh Queſtions doſt thou ask?
What ſays he of his coming? what of that?

Nurſe. Oh! how my Head akes! what a Head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My Back o't'other ſide! ah! my Back! my Back!

Beſhrew

Beſhrew your Heart for ſending me about
To catch my Death.——This Back of mine will break.
[*Drinks.*

Lav. Indeed I'm ſorry if thou art not well.
But prithee tell me, Nurſe, what ſays my Love?

Nurſe. Why, your Love ſays like an honeſt Gentleman, and a kind Gentleman, and a handſome——and I'll warrant a virtuous Gentleman. [*Drinks.*] Well——what? Where's your Father?

Lav. Where's my Father? why, he's at the Senate.
How odly thou reply'ſt?
Your Love ſays like an honeſt Gentleman,
Where's your Father?

Nurſe. Oh good Lady dear!
Are you ſo hot? marry come up, I trow.
Is this a Poultriſs for my aking Bones?
Henceforward do your Meſſiges your ſelf.

Lav. Nay, prithee be not angry Nurſe, I meant
No ill. Speak kindly, will my *Marius* come?

Nurſe. Will he? will a Duck ſwim?

Lav. Then he will come.

Nurſe. Come? why, he will come upon all four, but he'll come. Go, get you in, and ſay your Prayers: Go.

Lav. For Bleſſings on my *Marius* and thee.

Nurſe. Well, it would be a ſad Thing, though——

Lav. What?

Nurſe. If *Marius* ſhould not come now——for there's old Doings at the Gates, they are at it ding-dong. Tantarara go the Trumpets; Shout, cry the Soldiers; clatter, go the Swords. I'll warrant------I made no ſmall haſte------

Lav. And is my *Marius* there? alas my Fears!
[*Trumpets.*
The Noiſe comes this way. Guard my Love, ye Gods,
Or ſtrike me with your Thunder when he falls. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III. *The Forum.*

Enter Marius *Senior*, Marius *Junior*, Granius, Sulpitius, Catulus, *&c. Guards, Lictors, on one side:* Metellus, Sylla, Quintus Pompeius, *Guards, on the other.*

[*Trumpets sound a March.*

Met. Oh thou God,
Deliverer of *Rome*, moſt bleſt of Men!
See here the Fathers of thy bleeding Country
Proſtrate for Refuge at thy Feet: See there
The Terrour of our Freedom and thy Foe,
The Perſecutor of thy Friends, the Scourge
Of Truth and Juſtice, and the Plague of *Rome*.
Mar. Sen. What art thou that can'ſt lend thy ſlaviſh Ears
To flattering Hypocriſie?
Sylla. My Name thou haſt heard,
And fled from. I am the Friend of *Rome*,
The Terrour and the Bane of thee her Foe. (thus arm'd,
Mar. Sen. If thou'rt her Friend, why com'ſt thou here
Slaughtering her Citizens, and laying waſte her Walls?
Sylla. To free her from a Tyrant's Power.
Mar. Sen. Who is that Tyrant?
Sylla. Thou, who haſt oppreſt
Her Senate, made thy ſelf by force a Conſul,
Set free her Slaves, and arm'd 'em 'gainſt her Laws.
Mar. Sen. Hear this, ye *Romans*, and then judge my
Have I oppreſt you? have I forc'd your Laws? (Wrongs.
Am I a Tyrant? I, whom ye have rais'd
For my true Services, to what I am?
Remember th' *Ambrons*, *Cimbri*, and the *Teutons*;
Remember the Confederate War.
Sylla. Where thou,
Cold and delaying, wert by *Silo* brav'd,
Scorn'd by thy Soldiers, and at laſt compell'd
Inglorioufly to quit th'unwieldy Charge.
Remember too who baniſh'd good *Metellus*,
The Friend and Parent of thy obſcure Family,
That rais'd thee from a Peaſant to a Lord.

Mar.

Mar. Sen. Baſely thou wrong'ſt the Truth. My Actions rais'd me.
Hadſt thou been born a Peaſant, ſtill thou'dſt been ſo:
But I by Service to thy Country've made
My Name renown'd in Peace, and fear'd in War.
Sylla. In the *Jugurthine* War, whoſe King was taken
Pris'ner by me, and *Marius* triumph'd for't.
Mar. Sen. Thou ſtol'ſt him baſely, ſtol'ſt him at the price
Of his Wife's Luſt: Thou barter'dſt his Betraying,
And in the Capitol haſt Pageants ſet
In memory of thy Vanity and Shame.
Sylla. Thy Shame.
Mar. Sen. My Honour, proud preſumptuous Boy,
Who would'ſt be gaudy in an unfit Dreſs,
And wear my caſt-off Glories after me.
Sylla. I'd rather wear ſome Beggar's rotten Rags,
By him left dangling on a High-way Hedge,
Than ſoil my Laurels with a Leaf of thine,
Thou ſcorn'd Plebeian.
Mar. Sen. Worſt Perdition catch thee.
Sylla. Disband that Rout of Rebels at thy Heels,
And yield thy ſelf to Juſtice and the Senate.
Mar. Sen. Juſtice from thee demanded on my Head?
Firſt clear thy ſelf, quit thy uſurp'd Command:
Approach and kneel to me, whom thou haſt wrong'd.
Sylla. Upon thy Neck I would.
Mar. Sen. As ſoon thou'dſt take
A Lion by the Beard: Thou dar'ſt not think on't.
Sylla. I dare, and more.
Mar. Sen. Then Gods, I take your Word;
If there be truth in you, I ſhall not fall
This Day. My Friends and Fellow-Soldiers, now,
Fight as I've ſeen you: For the Life of *Sylla*,
Leave it to me; for much Revenge muſt go
Along with Death, when ſuch a Victim bleeds.
Sylla. My Lords withdraw.
Met. No, truſt the Gods; I'll ſee
My Country's Fate, and with her live or die.
Mar. Sen. Now, *Sylla.*

Sylla. Now, my Veterans, conſider
You fight for Laws, for Liberty, and Life.
Mar.Sen. Rebellion never wanted that Pretence.
Thou ſhadow of what I have been, thou Puppet
Of that great State and Honours I have born,
If thou'lt do ſomething worthy of thy Place,
Let's join our Battel with a force may glut
The Throat of Death, and choak him with himſelf;
As fiercely as deſtroying Whirlwinds riſe,
Or as Clouds daſh when Thunder ſhakes the Skies.
[*Trumpets ſound a Charge: They fight.*
Re-enter Marius *Senior, taken by* Sylla's *Party.*
Mar.Sen. Forſaken, and a Priſoner? Is this all
That's left of *Marius?* The old, naked Trunk
Of that tall Pine that was? Away, ye Shrubs,
Ye clinging Brambles; do not clog me thus,
But let me run into the Jaws of Death,
And finiſh my ill Fate. Or muſt I be
Preſerv'd a publick Spectacle, expos'd
To Scorn, and make a Holiday for Slaves?
Oh! that Thought's Hell. Sure I ſhould know thy Face.
Thou haſt born Office under me. If e'er
In my beſt Fortune I deſerv'd thy Friendſhip,
Give me a *Roman's* Death, and ſet me free,
That no Diſhonour in my Age o'ertake me.
Off. I've ſerv'd and lov'd you well: Nor would I ſee
Your Fall—My Orders were, to ſave your Life.
Mar.Sen. Thou'rt a Time-ſerver, that can'ſt flatter Miſery.
Enter Marius *Junior*, Granius *and* Sulpitius, *Priſoners.*
My Sons in Bonds too, and *Sulpitius?*
Sulp. Yes, the Rat-catchers have trapp'd me. Now muſt I
Be Food for Crows, and ſtink upon a Tree,
Whilſt Coxcombs ſtroul abroad on Holy-days
To take the Air, and ſee me rot. A pox
On Fortune, and a pox on that firſt Fool
That taught the World Ambition.
Enter Quintus Pompeius, *four Lictors before him.*
Q. Pomp. Draw near,
Ye Men of *Rome*, and hear the Law pronounc'd.
Thou *Marius*, whoſe Ambition and whoſe Pride

Has

Has coſt ſo many Lives, the firſt that e'er
Wag'd civil Wars in *Rome*, thee and thy Sons,
Thy Family and Kin, with that vile Slave
And Miniſter of all thy Outrages,
The curs'd *Sulpitius*, Baniſhment's thy Lot;
After to-morrow's Dawn if found i'th'City,
Death be thy Doom: So hath the Senate ſaid.
So flouriſh Peace and Liberty in *Rome*.
[*Exit* Q. Pompeius, *Lictors, crying Liberty.*

Mar. Sen. I thank ye, Gods, upon my Knees I thank ye,
For plaguing me above all other Men.
Come, ye young Heroes, kneel and praiſe the Heav'ns,
For crowning thus your youthful Hopes, Ha, ha, ha!
What pleaſant Game hath Fortune play'd to Day?
Oh! I could burſt with Laughter. Why, now *Rome*'s
At Peace. But may it be as ſhort and vain
As Joys but dreamt of, or as ſick Men's Slumbers.
Now let's take Hands, and bending to the Earth,
To all th'infernal Powers let us ſwear.

All. We ſwear.

Mar. Sen. That's well: By all the Deſtinies,
By all the Furies, and the Friends that wait
About the Throne of Hell, and by Hell's King,
We'll bring Deſtruction to this curſed City;
Let not one Stone of all her Towers ſtand ſafe.

Mar. Jun. Let not her Temples nor her Gods eſcape.

Gra. Let Husbands in their Wives Embraces periſh.

Mar. Sen. Her young Men maſſacred.

Sulp. Her Virgins raviſh'd.

Mar. Jun. And let her Lovers all my Torments feel,
Doating like me, and like me baniſhed.
Thus let 'em Curſe, thus raving Tear their Hair,
And fall upon the Ground as I do now.

Mar. Sen. Riſe then, and to *Lavinia* go. This Night's
Thy own.

Mar. Jun. And ever after Pain and Sorrow.
But go thou, find *Lavinia*'s Woman out —— [*To his Servant.*
Tell her I'll come, and bid her chear my Love,
For I'll not fail, but in this Night enjoy
Whole Life, and forgive Nature what's to come.

Mar.

Mar. Sen. Thus then let's part; each take his ſeveral way,
As to a Task of Darkneſs: When we meet
In hated Exile, we'll compute Accompts,
And ſee what Miſchief each has gathered then.
For, *Rome*, I ſhall be yet once more thy Lord,
If Oracles have truth, and Augurs lye not.
For yet a Child, and in my Father's Fields
Playing, I ſeven young Eagles chanc'd to find;
Which gathering up I to my Parents bore.
The Gods were ſought, who promis'd me from thence
As many times the Conſulate in *Rome*.
Six times already I've that Office bore,
And ſo far has the Propheey prov'd true.
But if I've manag'd ill the Time that's paſt,
And too remiſs ſix elder Fortunes loſt,
The youngeſt Darling-Fate is yet to come,
And thou ſhalt feel me then, ungrateful *Rome*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Garden.*

Enter Lavinia *and* Marius *Junior.*

Lav. WILT thou be gone? It is not yet near Day.
It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thy Ear.
Nightly on yon Pomegranate-tree ſhe ſings.
Believe me, Love, it was the Nightingale.

Mar. Jun. Oh! 'twas the Lark, the Herald of the Morn,
No Nightingale. Look, Love, what envious Streaks
Of Light embroider all the cloudy Eaſt.
Night's Candles are burnt out, and jocund Day
Upon the Mountain-tops ſits gaily dreſt,
Whilſt all the Birds bring Muſick to his Levy.
I muſt be gone and live, or ſtay and die——

Lav. Oh! oh! what wretched Fortune is my Lot!
Sure, giving thee, Heav'n grew too far in Debt

To

To pay, till Bankrupt-like it broke; whilſt I,
A poor compounding Creditor, am forc'd
To take a Mite for endleſs Sums of Joy.
Mar. Jun. Let me be taken, let me ſuffer Death,
I am content, ſo thou wilt have it ſo——
By Heav'n, yon gray is not the Morning's Eye,
But the Reflection of pale *Cynthia*'s Brightneſs;
Nor is't the Lark we hear, whoſe Notes do beat
So high and eccho in the Vault of Heav'n.
I'm all deſire to ſtay, no will to go.
How is't my Soul? let's talk: It is not Day.
Lav. Oh! it is, it is —— Fly hence away my *Marius*,
It is the Lark, and out of tune ſhe ſings,
With grating Diſcords and unpleaſing Strainings.
Some ſay the Lark and loathſome Toad change Eyes:
Now I could wiſh they had chang'd Voices too;
Or that a Lethargy had ſeiz'd the Morning,
And ſhe had ſlept and never wak'd again,
To part me from th' Embraces of my Love.
What ſhall become of me, when thou art gone?
Mar. Jun. The Gods that heard our Vows, and know our Loves,
Seeing my Faith, and thy unſpotted Truth,
Will ſure take care, and let no Wrongs annoy thee.
Upon my Knees I'll ask 'em every Day,
How my *Lavinia* does: And every Night,
In the ſevere Diſtreſſes of my Fate,
As I perhaps ſhall wander through the Deſart,
And want a Place to reſt my weary Head on,
I'll count the Stars, and bleſs 'em as they ſhine,
And court them all for my *Lavinia*'s ſafety.
Lav. Oh Baniſhment, eternal Baniſhment!
Ne'er to return! muſt we ne'er meet again?
My Heart will break, I cannot think that Thought
And live. Could I but ſee to th' End of Woe,
There were ſome Comfort—— but eternal Torment
Is even inſupportable to Thought.
It cannot be that we ſhall part for ever.
Mar. Jun. No, for my Baniſhment may be recall'd;
My Father once more hold a Pow'r in *Rome:*
Then ſhall I boldly claim *Lavinia* mine,

Whilſt

Whilſt happieſt Men ſhall envy at the Bleſſing,
And Poets write the Wonders of our Loves.

Lav. If by my Father's Cruelty I'm forc'd,
When left alone, to yield to *Sylla*'s Claim,
Defenceleſs as I am, and thou far from me,
If, as I muſt, I rather die than ſuffer't,
What a ſad Tale will that be when 'tis told thee?
I know not what to fear, or hope, or think,
Or ſay, or do. I cannot let thee go.

Mar. Jun. A thouſand things would, to this purpoſe ſaid,
But ſharpen and add weight to Sorrow.
Oh my *Lavinia!* if my Heart e'er ſtray, [*Kneels.*
Or any other Beauty ever charm me,
If I live not entirely only thine,
In that curſt Moment when my Soul forſakes thee,
May I be hither brought a Captive bound,
T'adorn the Triumph of my baſeſt Foe.

Lav. And if I live not faithful to the Lord
Of my firſt Vows, my deareſt only *Marius*,
May I be brought to Poverty and Scorn,
Hooted by Slaves forth from thy Gates, O *Rome*,
'Till flying to the Woods t'avoid my Shame,
Sharp Hunger, Cold, or ſome worſe Fate deſtroy me;
And not one Tree vouchſafe a Leaf to hide me.

Mar. Jun. What needs all this? ——

Lav. Oh! I could find out things
To talk to thee for ever.

Mar. Jun. Weep not; the time
We had to ſtay together has been employ'd
In richeſt Love ——

Lav. We ought to ſummon all
The Spirit of ſoft Paſſion up, to chear
Our Hearts thus lab'ring with the pangs of parting.
Oh my poor *Marius!*

Mar. Jun. Ah my kind *Lavinia!*

Lav. But doſt thou think we e'er ſhall meet again?

Mar. Jun. I doubt it not; and all theſe Woes ſhall ſerve
For ſweet Diſcourſes in our time to come.

Lav. Alas! I have an ill-divining Soul;
Methinks I ſee thee, now thou'rt from my Arms,

Like a ſtark Ghoſt, with Horrour in thy Viſage.
Either my Eye-ſight fails, or thou look'ſt pale.
Mar. Jun. And truſt me, Love, in my Eye ſo doſt Thou.
Dry Sorrow drinks our Blood —— Farewel.
Lav. Farewel then. [*Exit* Mar. Jun.
Nurſe Within.] Madam.
Lav. My Nurſe.
Nurſe Within.] Your Father's up, and Day-light broke a-(broad.
Be wary, look about you ——
Lav. Hah! is he gone? my Lord, my Husband, Friend,
I muſt hear from thee every Hour i'th' Day:
For abſent Minutes ſeem as many Days.
Oh! by this reck'ning I ſhall be moſt old,
E'er I again behold my *Marius*. Nay,
Gone too already! 'Twas unkindly done,
I had not yet imparted half my Soul,
Not a third part of its fond jealous Fears:
But I'll purſue him for't, and be reveng'd;
Hang ſuch a tender Tale about his Heart,
Shall make it tingle as his Life were ſtung:
Nay too —— I'll love him; never, never leave him;
Fond as a Child, and reſolute as Man. [*Exit* Lavinia.

Enter Metellus *muſing.*

Met. Sylla this Morning parts from hence to *Capua*,
To head that Army. *Cinna* muſt be Conſul ——
Ay, *Cinna* muſt be. He's a buſie Fellow,
Knows how to tell a Story to the Rabble,
Hates *Marius* too: that, that's the deareſt point.
I hope the Snares for *Marius* laid may take him.
A hundred Horſe are in purſuit to find him:
And if they catch him, his Head's ſafe, that's certain.
Octavius will be the other —— be it ſo,
An honeſt, ſimple, downright-dealing Lord:
A little too Religious, that's his Fault.

Enter a Servant.

What now?
Serv. A Letter left you by a Lictor,
Who told us that it came from the Lord *Sylla*.

Metellus

Metellus reads the Letter.

BLAME not, Sir, my parting
So ſuddenly: juſt now I've had advice
Of ſome Diſturbance in the Camp at Capua.
Commend my tender'ſt Faith to fair Lavinia.
You're Sylla's *Advocate with her and* Rome.

Enter Nurſe.

Well, Nurſe.

Nurſe. My Lord,

Met. How does my Daughter?

Nurſe. Truly very ill:
She has not ſlept a wink:
Nothing but toſs'd and tumbled all this Night;
I left her juſt now ſlumbring.
This Lord *Sylla* does ſo run in her Head.

Met. Oh! were he in her Heart, Nurſe!

Nurſe. Were he?
Why, ſhe thinks of nothing elſe, talks of nothing elſe, dreams of nothing elſe. She would needs have me lie with her t'other Night. But about Midnight (I'll ſwear it wak'd me out of a ſweet Nap) ſhe takes me faſt in her Arms, and cries, Oh my Lord *Sylla*; but are you, will you be true? Then ſigh'd, and ſo ſtretch'd——I ſwear I was half afraid.

Met. She's ſtrangely alter'd then.
This Morning two new Conſuls muſt be choſen.
If they are true, thoſe Tidings thou haſt brought me,
Wait while ſhe wakes, and tell her 'tis my Pleaſure,
At my return from th'*Forum* that I ſee her——

[*Exit* Metellus.

Nurſe. So, ſo;——here will be ſweet doings in time. How may hundred Lies a day muſt I tell, to keep this Family at Peace?

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. Oh Nurſe! Where art thou? Is my Father gone?

Nurſe. Gone? Yes; and I would I were gone too.

Lav. Why doſt thou ſigh? What cauſe haſt thou to wiſh
Wert thou diſtreſt, unfortunate as I am, (ſo?
Thou

Thou hadſt then cauſe.
What ſhall I do? Oh, how alone am I!
I walk methinks as half of me were loſt:
Yet, like a maim'd Bird, flutter, flutter on,
And fain wou'd find a Hole to hide my Head in.

Nurſe. 'Odds my Boddikins! but why thus dreſt, Madam? Why in this pickle, ſay you now?

Lav. Seem not to wonder, nor dare to oppoſe me,
For I am deſperate, and reſolv'd to Death.
In this unhappy, wayward, humble Dreſs,
After my Love a Pilgrimage I'll take,
Forſake deſerted *Rome*, and find my *Marius*.

Nurſe. And I muſt ſtay behind to be hang'd up, like an old Pole-Cat in a Warren, for a warning to all Vermine that ſhall come after me. Would I were fairly dead for a Week, 'till this were over.

Lav. This Morning's Opportunity is fair,
When all are buſie in electing Conſuls;
I ſhall eſcape unſeen without the Gates,
And this Night in a Litter reach *Salonium*.

Nurſe. I care not; I'll have nothing to do in't. You ſhan't ſtir. Nay I'll raiſe the Houſe firſt. Why *Clodius! Catulus! Sempronia! Thesbia!* Men and Maids, where are you? Oh! oh! oh!——

[Lav. *gets from her.* *Nurſe falls down.* *Exit* Lavinia.

Enter Clodius.

Clod. What's the matter, Miſtreſs?

Nurſe. Oh *Clody*, *Clody*, dear *Clody!* is't thee, my dear *Clody?* Help me, help me up. Run to my Lord to the *Forum* preſently; tell him his Treaſury is robb'd, his Houſe a fire, his Daughter dead, and I mad. Run, run. You'll not run. Oh! oh! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Country.*

Enter ſeveral Herdſmen belonging to Marius.

1 *Herdſ.* Good-morrow, Brother; you have heard the News.

2 *Herdſ.* News, quoth a? Trim News truly.

1 *Herdſ.* Why, they ſay our Lord and Maſter's ſtept a one ſide. Is there any thing in't trow?

2 *Herdſ.* Any thing in't? alas-a-day! alas-a-day! ſad times! ſad times, Brother! not a Penny of Mony ſtirring.

1 *Herdſ.* Nay, I thought there was no good Weather towards, when my bald-fac'd Heifer ſtuck up her Tail Eaſtward, and ran back into a new Quick-ſet, which I had juſt made to keep the Swine from the Beans.

2 *Herdſ.* And the t'other Night, as I was at Supper, in the Chimney-corner, a whole Family of Swallows, that had occupy'd the Tenement theſe ſeven Years, fell down, Neſt and all, into the Porridge-pot, and ſpoil'd the Broth. Sad times! ſad times, Brother!

3 *Herdſ.* Did you meet no Troopers this way?

2 *Herdſ.* Troopers? I ſaw a parcel of Raggooners, I think they call 'em, trotting along yon Wood ſide upon ragged Hidebound Jades. I warrant they came for no Goodneſs.——

1 *Herdſ.* 'Twas to ſeek for Lord *Marius*, as ſure as Eggs be Eggs. Theſe 'bitious Folk make more ſtir in the World than a thouſand Men. Would my Kine were all in their Stalls.

Enter ſeveral Soldiers in queſt of Marius.

1 *Sold.* This is the way. How now, you pack of Boobies? whoſe Fools are you?

2 *Herdſ.* Why, we are ſuch Fools as you are; any bodies Fools that will pay us our Wages.

2 *Sold.* Do you belong to the Traitor *Marius?*

1 *Herdſ.* We belong to *Caius Marius*, an't like your Worſhip.

1 *Sold.* Why, this is a civil Fellow. But you, Rogue, you are witty and be hang'd, are you?

2 *Herdſ.* I's poor enough to be witty, as you're poor enough to be valiant. Had I but Mony enough, I'd no more be a Wit than you'd be a Soldier.

2 *Sold.* Let the hungry Churl alone.

1 *Sold.* Hark you, you Dog; where's your Lord, the Traitor *Marius?*

2 *Herdſ.* In a whole Skin, if he be wiſe.——

2 *Sold.* Where is he, you Pultroon?

2 *Herdſ.*

2 *Herdſ.* Look you, I keep his Cows and his Oxen here at *Salonium*, but I keep none of him. If you muſt needs know where he is, then I muſt needs tell you I don't know.

1 *Sold.* Let's to his Houſe hard by, and ranſack that. Sirrah, if we miſs of him, you may repent this.

[*Ex. Soldiers.*

1 *Herdſ.* 'Tis all one to me, I muſt pay my Rent to ſomebody.

2 *Herdſ.* Why, this 'tis now to be a great Man. Heav'n keep me a Cow-keeper ſtill——I ſay——

Enter Marius Senior *and* Granius.

Mar. Sen. Where are we? are we yet not near *Salonium*? Lead me to yonder ſhady Poplar, where
The poor old *Marius* a while may ſit,
And joy in Reſt. Oh my diſtemper'd Head!
The Sun has beat his Beams ſo hard upon me,
That my Brain's hot as molten Gold. My Skull!
Oh my tormented Skull! Oh *Rome! Rome! Rome!*
Hah! what are thoſe?

Gran. They ſeem, Sir, Rural Swains,
Who tend the Herds that graze beneath theſe Woods.

Mar. Sen. Who are you? to what Lord do ye belong?

2 *Herdſ.* We did belong to *Caius Marius* once: but they ſay he's gone a Journey: and now we belong to one another.

Mar. Sen. Have ye forgot me then, ungrateful Slaves!
Are you ſo willing to diſown your Maſter?
Who would have thought t'have found ſuch Baſeneſs here,
Where Innocence ſeems ſeated by the Gods,
As in her Virgin-nakedneſs untainted?
Confuſion on ye, ye ſordid Earthlings. [*Ex. all but one*

1 *Herdſ.* Oh fly, my Lord, your Foes are thick abroad.
Juſt now a Troop of Murtherers paſt this way,
And ask'd with horrour for the Traitor *Marius*.
By this time at *Salonium*, at your Houſe,
They are in ſearch of you. Fly, fly, my Lord—— [*Exit.*

Mar. Sen. I ſhall be hounded up and down the World,
Now every Villain, that is Wretch enough
To take the price of Blood, dreams of my Throat.

Help and ſupport me till I reach the Wood,
Then go and find thy wretched Brother out.
Aſunder we may dodge our Fate, and loſe her.
In ſome old hollow Tree or o'ergrown Brake
I'd reſt my weary Limbs till danger paſs me.
[*Goes into the Wood.*

Enter Soldiers again.

1 *Sold.* A thouſand Crowns? 'tis a Reward might buy
As many Lives, for they are cheap in *Rome*;
And 'tis too much for one.

2 *Sold.* Let's ſet this Wood
A flaming, if you think he's here, and then
Quickly you'll ſee th'old Drone crawl humming out.

1 *Sold.* Thou always lov'ſt to ride full ſpeed to Miſchief. There's no conſideration in thee. Look you, when I cut a Throat, I love to do it with as much Deliberation and Decency as a Barber cuts a Beard. I hate a ſlovenly Murther done hand over head: a Man gets no credit by it.

3 *Sold.* The Man that ſpoke laſt, ſpoke well. Therefore let us to yon adjacent Village, and ſowce our ſelves in good *Falernium*—— [*Ex. Soldiers.*

Mar. Sen. O Villains! not a Slave of thoſe
But has ſerv'd under me, has eat my Bread,
And felt my Bounty—— Drought! parching Drought!
Was ever Lion thus by Dogs emboſs'd?
Oh! I could ſwallow Rivers: Earth yield me Water;
Or ſwallow *Marius* down where Springs firſt flow.

Enter Marius Junior, *and* Granius.

Mar. Jun. My Father!

Mar. Sen. Oh my Sons!

Mar. Jun. Why thus forlorn! ſtretch'd on the Earth?

Mar. Sen. Oh! get me ſome refreſhment, cooling Herbs,
And Water to allay my ravenous Thirſt.
I would not trouble you if I had ſtrength:
But I'm ſo faint that all my Limbs are uſeleſs.
Now have I not one *Drachma* to buy Food,
Muſt we then ſtarve? No, ſure the Birds will feed us.

Mar. Jun. There ſtands a Houſe on yonder ſide o' th' Wood,
It ſeems the Manſion of ſome Man of Note:
I'll go and turn a Beggar for my Father.

Mar.

Mar. Sen. O my Soul's comfort! do. Indeed I want it.
I, who had once the plenty of the Earth,
Now want a Root and Water. Go, my Boy,
And ſee who'll give a Morſel to poor *Marius*.
Nay, I'll not ſtarve: No, I will plunge in Riot,
Wallow in Plenty. Drink! I'll drink, I'll drink.
Give me that Goblet hither.——Here's a Health
To all the Knaves and Senators in *Rome*.
Mar. Jun. Repoſe your ſelf a while, till we return.
Mar. Sen. I will, but prithee let me rave a little.
Go, prithee go, and don't delay. I'll reſt,
As thou ſhalt, *Rome*, if e'er my Fortune raiſe me——
[*Exit* Mar. Jun.

Enter Lavinia.

Another Murth'rer? this brings ſmiling Fate:
A deadly Snake cloath'd in a dainty Skin.
Lav. I've wandred up and down theſe Woods and Meadows,
Till I have loſt my way.——
Againſt a tall, young, ſlender, well-grown Oak
Leaning, I found *Lavinia* in the Bark.
My *Marius* ſhould not be far hence.
Mar. Sen. What art thou,
That dar'ſt to name that wretched Creature *Marius*?
Lav. Do not be angry, Sir, whate'er thou art;
I am a poor unhappy Woman, driven
By Fortune to purſue my baniſh'd Lord.
Mar. Sen. By thy diſſembling Tone thou ſhould'ſt be Woman,
And *Roman* too.
Lav. Indeed I am.
Mar. Sen. A *Roman*?
If thou art ſo, be gone, leſt Rage with Strength
Aſſiſt my Vengeance, and I riſe and kill thee.
Lav. My Father, is it you?
Mar. Sen. Now thou art Woman;
For Lies are in thee. I? am I thy Father?
I ne'er was yet ſo curſt; none of thy Sex
E'er ſprung from me. My Off-ſpring all are Males,
The nobler ſort of Beaſts entit'led Men.

Lav. I am your Daughter, if your Son's my Lord.
Have you ne'er heard *Lavinia*'s Name in *Rome*,
That wedded with the Son of *Marius*?
Mar. Sen. Hah!
Art thou that fond, that kind and doating thing,
That left her Father for a baniſh'd Husband?
Come near——
And let me bleſs thee, though thy Name's my Foe.
Lav. Alas, my Father, you ſeem much oppreſt:
Your Lips are parcht, blood-ſhot your Eyes and ſunk.
Will you partake ſuch Fruits as I have gather'd?
Taſte, Sir, this Peach, and this Pomegranate; both are
Ripe and refreſhing.
Mar. Sen. What? all this from thee,
Thou Angel, whom the Gods have ſent to aid me?
I don't deſerve thy Bounty.
Lav. Here, Sir's more.
I found a Chryſtal Spring too in the Wood,
And took ſome Water: 'tis moſt ſoft and cool.
Mar. Sen. An Emperor's Feaſt! but I ſhall rob thee.
Lav. No, I've eat, and ſlak'd my Thirſt. But where's
my Lord,
My deareſt *Marius*?
Mar. Sen. To th' Neighbouring Village
He's gone, to beg his Father's Dinner, Daughter.
Lav. Will you then call me Daughter? will you own it?
I'm much o'er-paid for all the Wrongs of Fortune.
But ſurely *Marius* can't be brought to want.
I've Gold and Jewels too, and they'll buy Food.
Enter Marius Junior.
Mar. Sen. See here, my *Marius*, what the Gods have
ſent us.
See thy *Lavinia*.
Mar. Jun. Hah! [*They run and embrace.*
Mar. Sen. What? dumb at meeting?
Mar. Jun. Why weeps my Love?
Lav. I cannot ſpeak, Tears ſo obſtruct my Words,
And choak me with unutterable Joy.
Mar. Jun. Oh my Heart's Joy!
Lav. My Soul!

Mar.

Mar. Jun. But haſt thou left
Thy Father's Houſe, the Pomp and State of *Rome*,
To follow Deſart-Miſery!
Lav. I come
To bear a part in every thing that's thine,
Be't Happineſs or Sorrow. In theſe Woods,
Whilſt from purſuing Enemies you're ſafe,
I'll range about, and find the Fruits and Springs,
Gather cool Sedges, Daffadils and Lillies,
And ſofteſt Camomil to make us Beds,
Whereon my Love and I at night will ſleep,
And dream of better Fortune.
Enter Granius *and Servant with Wine and Meat.*
Mar. Sen. Yet more Plenty?
Sure *Comus*, the God of Feaſting, haunts theſe Woods,
And means to entertain us as his Gueſts.
Serv. I am ſent hither, *Marius*, from my Lord,
Sextilius the Prætor, to relieve thee.
And warn thee that thou ſtrait depart this place,
Elſe he the Senate's Edict muſt obey,
And treat thee as the Foe of *Rome*.
Mar. Sen. But did he,
Did he, *Sextilius*, bid thee ſay all this?
Was he too proud to come and ſee his Maſter,
That rais'd him out of nothing? Was he not
My menial Servant once, and wip'd theſe Shooes,
Ran by my Chariot-wheels, my Pleaſures watcht,
And fed upon the voidings of my Table?
Durſt he affront me with a ſordid Alms?
And ſend a ſaucy Meſſage by a Slave?
Hence with thy Scraps: back to thy Teeth I daſh 'em.
Be gone whilſt thou art ſafe. Hold, ſtay a little.
Serv. What Anſwer would you have me carry back?
Mar. Sen. Go to *Sextilius*, tell him thou haſt ſeen
Poor *Caius Marius* baniſh'd from his Country,
Sitting in Sorrow on the naked Earth,
Amidſt an ample Fortune once his own,
Where now he cannot claim a Turf to ſleep on. [*Exit Serv.*
How am I fallen! Muſick? Sure, the Gods [*Soft Muſick.*
Are Mad, or have deſign'd to make me ſo.

Enter Martha.

Well, what art Thou?

Marth. Am I a Stranger to thee?

Martha's my Name, the *Syrian* Propheteſs,
That us'd to wait upon thee with good Fortune;
Till baniſh'd out of *Rome* for ſerving Thee,
I've ever ſince inhabited theſe Woods,
And ſearch'd the deepeſt Arts of wiſe Foreknowledge.

Mar. Sen. I know thee now moſt well. When thou wert gone,
All my good Fortune left me. My lov'd Vultures,
That us'd to hover o'er my happy Head,
And promiſe Honour in the Day of Battel,
Have ſince been ſeen no more. Even Birds of Prey
Forſake unhappy *Marius:* Men of Prey
Purſue him ſtill. Haſt thou no Hopes in ſtore?

Marth. A hundred Spirits wait upon my will,
To bring me Tidings, from th' Earth's fartheſt Corners,
Of all that happens out in States and Councils:
I tell thee therefore, *Rome* is once more thine.
The Conſuls have had Blows, and *Cinna*'s beaten,
Who with his Army comes to find thee out,
To lead him back with Terrour to that City.

Mar. Sen. Speak on.

Marth. Nay, e'er thou think'ſt it he will be with thee.
But let thy Sons, and theſe fair Nymphs retire,
Whilſt I relieve thy wearied Eyes with Sleep,
And chear thee in a Dream with promis'd Fate.

Mar. Jun. Come, my *Lavinia, Granius*, we'll withdraw
To ſome cool Shade, and wonder at our Fortune. [*Ex.*

[Martha *waves her Wand* —— *A Dance.*

Mar. Sen. O Reſt, thou Stranger to my Senſes, welcome.

Enter Servant and a Ruffian.

Serv. Ten *Attick* Talents ſhall be thy Reward,
Sextilius gives 'em thee. Diſpatch him ſafely.

Ruff. Fear not, he never wakes again.

Mar. Sen. No more,
I'll hear no more. *Metellus* live? No, no:
He dies, he dies. So bear him to the *Tiber*,
And plunge him to the bottom. Hah, *Antonius!*
Where are my Guards? Diſpatch that talking Knave,

That when he ſhould be doing publick Service,
Conſumes his time in Speeches to the Rabble,
And ſowes Sedition in a City. Down,
Down with *Pompeius* too, that call'd me Traitor.
Hah! art thou there? Welcome once more, old *Marius*,
To *Rome*'s Tribunal.

Ruf. Now's the time.

Mar. Sen. Stand off,
Secure that *Gaul*---Dar'ſt thou kill *Caius Marius?* [*Wakes.*
Hah! ſpeak? What art thou?

Ruf. By *Sextilius* hired
I hither came to take your Life. Spare mine,
And I'll for ever ſerve you at your Feet.

Mar. Sen. What barb'rous Slaves are theſe, that envy me
The open Air; ſet Prices on my Head,
As they would do on Wolves that ſlay their Flock!
Enter Sulpitius. [*Trumpets.*
Trumpets! *Sulpitius*, where haſt thou been wand'ring
Since the late Storm that drove us from each other?

Sulp. Why, doing Miſchief up and down the City,
Picking up diſcontented Fools, belying
The Senators and Government, deſtroying
Faith amongſt honeſt Men, and praiſing Knaves.

Mar. Sen. Oh, but where's *Cinna?*

Sulp. Ready to ſalute you ——
Enter Cinna *attended with Lictors and Guards.*

Cin. Romans, once more behold your Conſul; ſee,
Is that a Fortune fit for *Caius Marius?*
Advance your Axes and your Rods before him,
And give him all the Cuſtoms of his Honour. (*Marius.*

Mar. Sen. Away: ſuch Pomp becomes not wretched
Here let me pay Obedience to my Conſul.
Lead me, great *Cinna*, where thy Foes have wrong'd thee,
And ſee how thy old Soldier will obey.

Cin. O *Marius*, be our Hearts united ever,
To carry Deſolation into *Rome*,
And waſte that Den of Monſters to the Earth.

Mar. Sen. Shall we?

Cin. We'll do't. That godly Soothſaying Fool,
That ſacrificing Dolt, that Sot *Octavius*,

When we were choſen Conſuls in the *Forum*,
Diſown'd me for his Collegue; ſaid, the Gods
Had told him I deſign'd Tyrannick Pow'r;
Provok'd the Citizens, who took up Arms,
And drove me forth the Gates.

Mar.Sen. Excellent Miſchief!
What's to be done?

Cin. No ſooner was I gone,
But a large Part of that great City follow'd me.
There's not an honeſt Spirit left in *Rome*,
That does not own my Cauſe, and wiſh for *Marius*.

Mar.Sen. Bring me my Horſe, my Armour, and the Laurel
With which when I'd o'ercome three barb'rous Nations,
I enter'd crown'd with Triumph into *Rome*.
I go to free her now from greater Miſchiefs.

Enter Marius *Junior and* Granius.

O my young Warriour!

Mar.Jun. Curſt be the Light,
And ever curſt be all theſe Regions round us.
Lavinia's loſt, born back with force to *Rome*,
By Ruffians headed by her Father's Kinſmen;
And like a Coward too I live, yet ſaw it. [*Exit.*

Mar.Sen. Oh *Marius! Marius!* let not plaints come from thee,
Nor cloud the Joy that's breaking on thy Father.
If ſhe be back in *Rome*, *Lavinia*'s thine.
To morrow's dawn reſtores her to thy Arms.
For that fair Miſtreſs, Fortune, which has coſt
So dear, for which ſuch Hardſhips I have paſt,
Is coy no more, but crowns my Hopes at laſt.
I long to imbrace her, nay, 'tis Death to ſtay.
I'm mad as promis'd Bridegrooms, born away
With thoughts of nothing but the joyful Day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Metellus's *Houſe*.

Enter Metellus, Lavinia, *and Prieſt of* Hymen.

Lav. Nay, you have catch'd me: You may kill me too:
But with my Cries I'll rend the echoing Heav'ns,
'Till all the Gods are witneſs how you uſe me.

Met. What? like a Vagrant fly thy Father's Houſe?
And follow fulſomely an exil'd Slave,

Diſdain'd

Diſdain'd by all the World? But abject thou,
Reſolve to go, or bound be ſent to *Sylla*,
With as much ſcorn as thou haſt done me Shame.
Lav. Do, bind me, kill me, rack theſe Limbs: I'll bear it
But, Sir, conſider ſtill I am your Daughter;
And one Hour's Converſe with this holy Man
May teach me to repent and ſhew Obedience.
Met. Think not t'evade me by protracting time:
For if thou doſt not, may the Gods forſake me,
As I will thee, if thou eſcape my Fury.—— [*Exit.*
Lav. Oh! bid me leap (rather than go to *Sylla*)
From off the Battlements of any Tow'r,
Or walk in Thieviſh ways, or bid me lurk
Where Serpents are: Chain me with roaring Bears;
Or hide me nightly in a Charnel-houſe
O'er-cover'd quite with dead Mens rattling Bones,
With reeky Shanks, and yellow chapleſs Skulls:
Or bid me go into a new-made Grave,
And hide me with a dead Man in his Shrowd:
Things that to hear but told have made me tremble:
And I'll go through it without fear or doubting,
To keep my Vows unſpotted to my Love——
Prieſt. Take here this Vial then, and in this moment
Drink it, when ſtreight through all thy Veins ſhall run
A cold and drowſie Humour more than Sleep:
And in Death's borrow'd likeneſs ſhalt thou lye
Two Summer Days, then wake as from a Slumber.
'Till *Marius* by my Letters know what's paſt,
And come by ſtealth to *Rome*. ——
Lav. Give me; Oh! give me: tell me not of Fears.
Prieſt. Farewel: Be bold and proſp'rous. [*Exit.*
Lav. Oh! farewel——
Heav'n knows if ever we ſhall meet again.
I have a faint cold Fear thrills through my Veins,
That almoſt freezes up the Heat of Life.
I'll call him back again to comfort me.
Stay, holy Man. But what ſhould he do here?
My diſmal Scene 'tis fit I act alone.
What if this Mixture do not work at all?
Shall I to-morrow then be ſent to *Sylla*?

No,

No, no,——this shall forbid it; lye thou there——
[*Lays down the Dagger.*
Or how, if, when I'm laid into the Tomb,
I wake before the time that *Marius* come
To my Relief? There, there's a fearful Point.
Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault,
Where for these many hundred Years the Bones
Of all my bury'd Ancestors are pack'd?
Where, as they say, Ghosts at some Hours resort,
With Mandrakes shreeks torn from the Earth's dark Womb,
That living Mortals hearing them run mad?
Or if I wake, shall I not be distracted,
Inviron'd round with all these hideous Fears,
And madly play with my Fore-fathers Joints;
Then in this Rage with some great Kinsman's Bones
As with a Club, dash out my desp'rate Brains!
What? *Sylla?* Get thee gone, thou meager Lover:
My Sense abhors thee. Don't disturb my Draught;
'Tis to my Lord. [*Drinks.*] Oh *Marius! Marius! Marius!*
[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE Cinna's *Camp before the Walls of* Rome.

[*Trumpets sound a General.*

Enter Cinna, Marius *Senior, and* Sulpitius, Granius, *two Ambassadors, Guards.*

Cin. AMbassadours from *Rome?* How many Slaves,
Traitors, and Tyrants, Villains, was I call'd
But Yesterday? yet now their Consul *Cinna.*
Oh! what an excellent Master is an Army,
To teach Rebellious Cities Manners! Say,
My Friend and Collegue *Marius,* shall we hear 'em?
Mar. Sen. Whom?
Cin. The Ambassadours.

Mar.

Mar. Sen. From whence?

Cin. From *Rome*.

Mar. Sen. My loving Country-men? they muſt be heard,
Or *Sylla* will be angry ——

Cin. In what ſtate
And Pageantry the ſolid Lumps move on?
And though they come to beg, will be attended
With their ill-order'd Pomp and awkard Pride.
Who are ye? And from whence?

1 *Amb.* From wretched *Rome*.
To thee, moſt mighty *Cinna*, and to thee,
Moſt dread Lord *Marius*, in her Name we bow.

Cin. What's your Demand?

1 *Amb.* Hear but our humble Prayers,
And all Demands be made by Godlike *Cinna*.
Whither, oh! whither will your Rage purſue us?
Muſt all the Fortunes and the Lives of *Rome*
Suffer for one Miſcarriage of her Maſters?
Your ſorrowful afflicted Mother *Rome*,
In whoſe kind Boſom you were nurs'd and bred,
Stretches her trembling Arms t'implore your Pity.
Fold up your dreadful Enſigns, and lay by
Your warlike Terrours, that affright her Matrons,
And come to her e'er Sorrows quite o'er-whelm her.
But come like Sons that bring their Parents Joy:
Enter her Gates with Dove-like Peace before ye,
And let no bloody Slaughter ſtain her Streets.

Cin. Thus 'tis you think to heal up ſmarting Honour,
By pouring flatt'ring Balm into the Wound,
Which for a time may make it whole and fair:
'Till the falſe Medicine be at laſt diſcover'd,
And then it rankles to a Sore again.
Take this my Anſwer: I will enter *Rome*;
But for my Force, I'll keep it ſtill my own,
Nor part with Pow'r to give it to my Foes.

Mar. Sen. Sulpitius, ſee, what abject Slaves are theſe?
Such baſe Deformities a long Robe hides.

Sulp. I cannot but laugh to think on't.

Mar. Sen. What?

Sulp.

Sulp. How theſe politick Noddles, that look ſo grave upon the Matter in the Senate-houſe, will laugh and grin at one another, when they are ſet a Sunning upon the Capitol.

2 *Amb.* May we return with Joy into our City,
Proclaiming Peace, agreed with Heav'n and you?

Cin. Go, tell 'em we expect due Homage paid,
Of every Senator expect Acknowledgment,
Mighty Rewards, and Offices of Honour.

1 *Amb.* But on that Brow there ſtill appears a Cloud,
That never roſe without a following Storm.

Mar.Sen. Alas! for me a ſimple baniſh'd Man,
Driv'n from my Country by the Right of Law,
And juſtly puniſh'd as my Ills deſerv'd,
Think not of me: Whate'er are his Reſolves,
I ſhall obey.

Both Amb. May all the Gods reward you.——

[*Ex. Ambaſſ. and Attendants.*

Cin. Now *Marius.*

Mar.Sen. Now, my *Cinna.*

Cin. Are not we
True born of *Rome,* true Sons of ſuch a Mother?
How I adore thy Temper?

Mar.Sen. Thoſe two Knaves,
Whoſe whining, fawning, humble, pliant Villains,
Would cut thy Throat or mine for half a *Drachma.*

Cin. Let's not delay a Moment.

Mar.Sen. Oh! let's fly,
Enter this curſed City; nay, with Smiles too,
But falſe as the adulterate Promiſes
Of Favourites in pow'r, when poor Men court 'em.

Cin. They always hated me, becauſe a Soldier.

Mar.Sen. Baſe Natures ever grudge at things above 'em,
And hate a Pow'r they are too much oblig'd to.
When Fears are on them, then their kindeſt Wiſhes
And beſt Rewards attend the gallant Warriour:
But Dangers vaniſh'd, infamous Neglect,
Ill-Uſage and Reproach are all his Portion;
Or at the beſt he's wedded to hard Wants,
Robb'd of that little Hire he toil'd and bled for.

Sulp.

Sulp. I'd rather turn a bold true-hearted Rogue,
Live upon Prey, and hang for't with my Fellows;
Than, when my Honour and my Country's Cauſe
Call'd me to Dangers, be ſo baſely branded.
Mar. Sen. E'er we this City enter then, let's ſwear
Not to deſtroy one honeſt *Roman* living.
Sulp. Nor one chaſte Matron.
Cin. Nor a faithful Friend,
Nor true-born Heir, nor Senator that's wiſe. (Brats,
Mar. Sen. But Knaves and Villains, Whores, and baſe-born
And th'endleſs ſwarms of Fools grown up in Years,
Be Slaughter's Game, 'till we diſ-people *Rome*.
Cin. Draw out our Guards, and let the Trumpets ſound.
Mar. Sen. 'Till all things tell 'em *Marius* is at Hand.
O *Sylla*, if at *Capua* thou ſhalt hear
How Fortune deals with me, fall on thy Knees,
And make the Gods thy Friends to keep thee from me.
Sulpitius, as along the Streets we move
With ſolemn Pace and meditating Miſchiefs,
Whome'er I ſmile on let thy Sword go through.
Oh! Can the Matrons and the Virgins Cries,
The Screams of dying Infants, and the Groans
Of murther'd Men be Muſick to appeaſe me?
Sure Death's not far from ſuch a deſperate Cure.
Be't with me rather (Gods) as Storms let looſe,
That rive the Trunks of talleſt Cedars down,
And tear from Tops the loaded pregnant Vine,
And kill the tender Flow'rs but yet half blown.
For having no more Fury left in ſtore,
Heav'n's Face grows clear, the Storm is heard no more,
And Nature ſmiles as gaily as before.—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Metellus's *Houſe*.

Enter Metellus.

Met. A Peace with *Marius*! O moſt baſe Submiſſion!
That over-ruling Fears ſhould weigh up Reaſon?
Was not the City ours, and *Sylla* too
At *Capua*, almoſt in a Trumpet's Call?
And to ſubmit! Could I but once have fought for't,

I might have met this *Marius* in Arms,
And been reveng'd for all the Miſchiefs done me.
Nurſe.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. Here, an't ſhall pleaſe you.

Met. Go wake *Lavinia*. Tell her, ſhe muſt hence
For *Capua* this Morning; for the Truce
Favours her Journey, and ſecures her Paſſage. [*Exit.*

[*Scene draws and diſcovers* Lavinia *on a Couch.*

Nurſe. Wake her? Poor Titmouſe! it will be as peeviſh,
I'll warrant you, and rub its Nye's, and ſo frown now.
Well: Miſtreſs! why, *Lavinia*! faſt I warrant her.
Why, Lamb! why, Lady! Fie, you Slug-a-Bed.
What, not a Word? You take your penny-worth now,
Sleep for a Week; for the next Night (my Word for't)
Sylla takes care that you ſhall reſt but little.
Gods forgive me ——
Marry and *Amen*. How ſound is ſhe aſleep?
I muſt needs wake her. Madam! Madam! Madam!
Now ſhould your Lover find you in this Poſture,
He'd fright you up i'faith? What? Wont it do?
Dreſt too? And in your Cloaths? And down again?
Nay, I muſt wake you, Lady! Lady! Lady!
Alas! alas! help, help, my Lady's dead.
Ah! well-a-day that ever I was born!
Some *Aquavitæ*. Hoa! my Lord —— my Lady——

Enter Metellus

Met. Lavinia dead?

Nurſe. Your only Daughter's dead:
As dead as a Herring, Stock-fiſh, or Door-nail.

Met. Stiff, cold and pale. Where are thy Beauties now?
Thy Bluſhes that have warm'd ſo many Hearts?
All Hearts that ever felt her conqu'ring Beauty,
Sigh till ye break; and all ye Eyes that languiſh'd
In my *Lavinia*'s Brightneſs, weep with me,
'Till Grief grow general, and the World's in Tears.

Nurſe. Oh Day! oh Day! oh Day! oh hateful Day!
Never was ſeen ſo black a Day as this.
Oh Day! oh woful Day! Oh Day like Night!

Met. No more: Thus in her Bridal Ornaments

Dreſt

Dreſt as ſhe is ſhe ſhall be born to burial,
I'th' Sepulchre where our Forefathers reſt.
Be't done, whilſt all things we ordain'd for Joy
Turn from their Office, and aſſiſt in Sadneſs. [*Exit.*

Nurſe. It ſhall be done and done and overdone, as we are undone. And I will ſigh, and cry 'till I am ſwell'd as big as a Pumkin. Nay, my poor Baby, I'll take care thou ſhalt not die for nothing; for I will waſh thee with my Tears, perfume thee with my Sighs, and ſtick a Flower in every part about thee—— [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the* Forum, *where is placed the Conſul's Tribunal.*

Enter two Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Whither, oh whither ſhall we fly for Safety?
Already reeking Murther's in our Streets,
Matrons with Infants in their Arms are butcher'd,
And *Rome* appears one noiſome Houſe of Slaughter.

2 *Cit.* Hear us, ye Gods, and pity our Calamities.
Stop, ſtop the Fury of this cruel Tyrant;
Or ſend your Thunder forth to ſtrike us dead,
E'er our own Slaves are Maſters of our Throats.

1 *Cit.* Ruin draws near us: Oh my Friend! let's fly
To the Altars of our Gods, and by the Hands
Of one another die, as *Romans* ought. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ancharius *the Senator, and his Grandſon.*

Child. Hide me, my Grandſire; the ugly Men are coming
That kill'd my Mother and my Siſter *Thesbie.*
Will they kill you and me too?

Anch. Oh my Child!
I cannot hide thee, nor know what to do.
Decrepit Age benumbs my weary Limbs:
I cannot reſiſt, nor fly.——

Child. Then here we'll ſit;
Perhaps they'll not come yet; or if they do,
I'll fall upon my Knees, and beg your Life.
I am a very little harmleſs Boy;
And when I cry, and talk, and hang about 'em,
They'll pity ſure my Tears, and grant me all.

Enter

Enter ſeveral old Men in Black with Cypreſs Wreaths, leading Virgins in white with Myrtle, who kneel before the Tribunal.

Then enters Marius *Senior as Conſul, Lictors,* Sulpitius, *and Guards.*

Mar.Sen. I thank ye, Gods, ye have reſtor'd me now.
[*Mounts the Tribunal.*
What Pageantry is this, *Sulpitius*, here?
Remove theſe Slaves, and bear 'em to their Fates.

1 *Old Man.* We come not for our ſelves, but in the Name
Of *Rome*, to offer up our Lives for all.
Pity a wretched State, thou raging God,
And let looſe all thy dreadful Fury here.

Mar.Sen. I know ye all, great Senators; ye are
The Heads and Patrons of Rebellious *Rome.*
Ye can be humble when Affliction galls ye:
And with that Cheat at any time ye think
To charm a generous Mind, though ye have wrong'd it.
Falſe are your Safeties when indulg'd by Pow'r:
For ſoon ye fatten and grow able Traitors.
Falſe are your Fears, and your Afflictions falſer:
For they cheat you, and make you hope for Mercy,
Which you ſhall never gain at *Marius'* Hands.
Who truſts your Penitence is more than Fool.
Rebellion will renew; ye can't be honeſt.
You're never pleaſed but with the Knaves that cheat you,
And work your Follies to their private Ends.
For your Religion, like your Cloaths you wear it,
To change and turn juſt as the Faſhion alters.
And think you by this ſolemn piece of Fooling
To huſh my Rage, and melt me into Pity?
Advance, *Sulpitius*; old *Ancharius* there,
Who was ſo violent for my Deſtruction,
That his Beard bruſtled at his Face diſtorted;
Away with him. Diſpatch theſe Triflers too.
But ſpare the Virgins, 'cauſe mine Eyes have ſeen 'em:
Or keep 'em for my Warriours to rejoice in.

Anch.

Anch. Thou who wert born to be the Plague of *Rome*,
What wouldſt thou do with me?
Mar.Sen. Diſpoſe thee hence
Amongſt the other Offal, for the Jaws
Of hungry Death, 'till *Rome* be purg'd of Villains.
Thou dy'ſt for wronging *Marius*.——
Child. Oh my Lord!
(For you muſt be a Lord, you are ſo angry)
For my ſake ſpare his Life. I have no Friend
But him to guard my tender Years from Wrongs.
When he is dead, what will become of me,
A poor and helpleſs Orphan, naked left
To all the Ills of the wide faithleſs World?
Mar.Sen. Take hence this Brat too; mount it on a Spear,
And let it ſprawl to make the Grandſire ſport.
Child. O cruel Man! I'll hang upon your Knees,
And with my little dying Hands implore you:
I may be fit to do you ſome ſmall Pleaſures.
I'll find a thouſand tender ways to pleaſe you;
Smile when you rage, and ſtroak you into mildneſs;
Play with your manly Neck, and call you Father:
For mine (alas!) the Gods have taken from me. (Breaſts
Mar.Sen. Young Crocodile! Thus from their Mother's
Are they inſtructed, bred and taught in *Rome*.
For that old Paralytick Slave, diſpatch him:
Let me not know he breaths another moment.
But ſpare this, 'cauſe't has learn'd its Leſſon well,
And I've a Softneſs in my Heart pleads for him.

Enter Meſſenger.

Well now.
Meſ. Metellus.
Mar.Sen. Hah! *Metellus?* What?
Meſ. Is found.
Mar.Sen. Speak, where?
Meſ. In an old Suburb-Cottage,
Upbraiding Heav'n, and curſing at your Fortune.
Mar.Sen. Haſte, let him be preſerv'd for my own Fury.
Clap, clap your Hands for Joy, ye Friends of *Marius*;
Ten thouſand Talents for the News I'll give thee,
The Core and Bottom of my Torment's found;

And

And in a Moment I ſhall be at eaſe.
Rome's Walls no more ſhall be beſmear'd with Blood,
But Peace and Gladneſs flouriſh in her Streets.
Let's go. *Metellus?* we have found *Metellus*.
Let every Tongue proclaim aloud *Metellus*;
Till I have daſh'd him on the Rock of Fate,
Then be his Name forgot, and heard no more. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE IV. *A Church-yard.*

Enter Marius Junior.

Mar. Jun. As I have wandred muſing to and fro,
Still am I brought to this unlucky place,
As I had buſineſs with the horrid Dead:
Though could I truſt the flatttery of Sleep,
My Dreams preſage ſome joyful News at hand.
My Boſom's Lord ſits lightly on his Throne,
And all this day an unaccumſtom'd Spirit
Lifts me above the Ground with chearful thoughts.
I dream'd *Lavinia* came and found me dead,
And breath'd ſuch Life with Kiſſes on my Lips,
That I reviv'd and was an Emperor.

Enter Catulus.

Cat. My Lord already here?
Mar. Jun. My truſty *Catulus*,
What News from my *Lavinia?* ſpeak and bleſs me.
Cat. She's very well.——
Mar. Jun. Then nothing can be ill.
Something thou ſeem'ſt to know that's terrible.
Out with it boldly, Man; what canſt thou ſay
Of my *Lavinia*?
Cat. But one ſad word, She's dead.
Here in her Kindred's Vault I've ſeen her laid,
And have been ſearching you to tell the News.
Mar. Jun. Dead? is it ſo? then I deny you, Stars.
Go, haſten quickly, get me Ink and Paper.
'Tis done: I'll hence to Night.
Haſt thou no Letters to me from the Prieſt?
Cat. No, my good Lord.

Mar.

Mar. Jun. No matter, get thee gone —— [*Exit* Catulus.
Lavinia! yet I'll lie with thee to Night;
But for the means. Oh Miſchief! thou art ſwift
To catch the ſtragling Thoughts of deſp'rate Men.
I do remember an Apothecary,
That dwelt about this Rendezvouze of Death:
Meagre and very rueful were his Looks;
Sharp Miſery had worn him to the Bones;
And in his needy Shop a Tortoiſe hung,
An Allegator ſtuff'd, and other Skins
Of ill-ſhap'd Fiſhes: and about his Shelves
A beggarly account of empty Boxes,
Green Earthen-pots, Bladders, and muſty Seeds,
Remnants of Pack-thread, and old Cakes of Roſes
Were thinly ſcatter'd to make up a Show.
Oh for a Poiſon now! his need will ſell it,
Though it be preſent Death by *Roman* Law.
As I remember this ſhould be the Houſe.
His Shop is ſhut: with Beggars all are Holydays.
Holla? Apothecary; hoa!

Enter Apothecary.

Apoth. Who's there?

Mar. Jun. Come hither, Man.
I ſee thou art very poor;
Thou may'ſt do any thing: here's fifty *Drachma's*
Get me a Draught of that will ſooneſt free
A Wretch from all his Cares: thou underſtand'ſt me.

Apoth. Such mortal Drugs I have, but *Roman* Law
Speaks Death to any he that utters 'em.

Mar. Jun. Art thou ſo baſe and full of Wretchedneſs,
Yet fear'ſt to die? Famine is in thy Cheeks,
Need and Oppreſſion ſtareth in thy Eyes,
Contempt and Beggary hang on thy Back;
The World is not thy Friend, nor the World's Law;
The World affords no Law to make thee rich:
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Apoth. My Poverty, but not my Will conſents——
[*Goes in, fetches a Vial of Poiſon.*
Take this and drink it off, the Work is done.

Mar.

Mar. Jun. There is thy Gold, worſe Poiſon to Mens Souls,
Doing more Murthers in this loathſome World
Than theſe poor Compounds thou art forbid to ſell.
I ſell thee Poiſon, thou haſt ſold me none.
Farewel——buy Food——and get thy ſelf in Fleſh.
Now for the Monument of the *Metelli*—— [*Exit.*

[*Scence draws off, and ſhews the Temple and Monument.*
Re-enters.

It ſhould be here: The Door is open too.
Th' inſatiate Mouth of Fate gapes wide for more.

Enter Prieſt, and Boy with a Mattock and Iron-Crow.

Prieſt. Give me the Mattock and the wrenching Iron:
Now take this Letter, with what haſte thou canſt
Find out young *Marius*, and deliver it. [*Exit Boy.*
Now muſt I to the Monument alone.
What Wretch is he that's entring into th' Tomb?
Some Villain come to rob and ſpoil the Dead.
Whoe'er thou art, ſtop thy unhallow'd Purpoſe.

Mar. Jun. Whoe'er thou art, I warn thee to be gone,
And do not interrupt my horrid Purpoſe.
For elſe by Heav'n I'll tear thee Joint by Joint,
And ſtrew this hungry Church-yard with thy Limbs.
My Mind, and its Intents are ſavage wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty Tygers or the roaring Sea.

Prieſt. Then as a ſacrilegious Slave I charge thee,
Obey and go with me, or thou muſt die.

Mar. Jun. I know I muſt, and therefore I came hither.
Good Reverence, do not tempt a deſp'rate Man.
By Heav'n, I love thee better than my ſelf:
For I againſt my ſelf come hither arm'd.
Stay not, be gone——Live, and hereafter ſay,
A mad-Man's Mercy gave thee honeſt Counſel.

Prieſt. I do defie thy Mercy and thy Counſel,
And here will ſeize thee as a Thief and Robber.

Mar. Jun. Wilt thou provoke me? Then here, take thy
Wages. [*Kills him.*

Prieſt. I'm kill'd. Oh *Marius!* now too late I know thee.
Thou'lt ſlain the only Man could do thee good.]
Lavinia——Oh!—— [*Dies.*

Mar.

Mar. Jun. Let me peruſe this Face.
It is the honeſt Prieſt that join'd our Hands,
In a Diſguiſe conceal'd. Give me thy Hand;
Since in ill Fate's black Role with me thou'rt writ,
I'll bury thee in a triumphant Grave.
Thou deteſtable Maw, thou Womb of Death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt Morſel of the Earth,
Thus will I force thy rotten Jaws to open,
And ſpite of thee yet cram thee with more Food.
[*Pulls down the ſide of the Tomb.*
Oh gorgeous Palace! oh my Love! my Wife!
Death has had yet no pow'r upon thy Beauty;
That is not conquer'd. Beauty's Enſign yet
Is Crimſon in thy Lips and in thy Cheeks;
And the pale Flag is not advanc'd yet there,
Why art thou ſtill ſo fair? Shall I believe
That the lean Monſter Death is amorous,
And keeps thee here in Darkneſs for his Paramour?
For fear of that, I'll ſtay with thee for ever.
Come bitter Conduct, thou unſavoury Guide:
Here's to my Love—— [*Drinks the Poiſon.*
And now Eyes look your laſt,
Arms take your laſt Embrace, whilſt on theſe Lips
I fix the Seal of an eternal Contract——
She breaths and ſtirs.—— [Lavinia *wakes.*

Lav. in the Tomb. Where am I? Bleſs me, Heav'n!
'Tis very cold; and yet here's ſomething warm——

Mar. Jun. She lives, and we ſhall both be made Immortal. Speak, my *Lavinia*, ſpeak ſome heavenly News,
And tell me how the Gods deſign to treat us.

Lav. O! I have ſlept a long ten thouſand Years,
What have they done with me? I'll not be uſed thus?
I'll not wed *Sylla*. *Marius* is my Husband,
Is he not, Sir? Methinks you're very like him.
Be good as he is, and protect me.

Mar. Jun. Hah!
Wilt thou not own me? am I then but like him?
Much, much indeed I'm chang'd from what I was;
And ne'er ſhall be my ſelf, if thou art loſt.

Lav.

Lav. The Gods have heard my Vows; it is my *Marius*.
Once more they have reſtor'd him to my Eyes.
Hadſt thou not come, ſure I had ſlept for ever.
But there's a Soveraign Charm in thy Embraces,
That might do Wonders, and revive the Dead.
Mar. Jun. Ill Fate no more, *Lavinia*, now ſhall part us,
Nor cruel Parents, nor oppreſſing Laws.
Did not Heav'n's Pow'rs all wonder at our Loves?
And when thou told'ſt the Tale of thy Diſaſters,
Was there not Sadneſs and a Gloom amongſt 'em?
I know there was; and they in pity ſent thee,
Thus to redeem me from this Vale of Torments,
And bear me with thee to thoſe Hills of Joys.
This World's groſs Air grows burthenſome already.
I'm all a God; ſuch heav'nly Joys tranſport me,
That mortal Senſe grows ſick and faints with laſting.
[*Dies.*

Lav. Oh! to recount my Happineſs to thee,
To open all the Treaſure of my Soul,
And ſhew thee how 'tis fill'd, would waſte more time
Than ſo impatient Love as mine can ſpare.
He's gone; he's dead; breathleſs: alas! my *Marius*.
A Vial too; here, here has been his Bane.
O Churl! drink all? not leave one friendly Drop
For poor *Lavinia*? Yet I'll drain thy Lips.
Perhaps ſome welcome Poiſon may hang there,
To help me to o'ertake thee on thy Journey.
Clammy and damp as Earth. Hah! ſtains of Blood?
And a Man murther'd? 'Tis th' unhappy *Flamen*.
Who fix their Joys on any thing that's Mortal,
Let 'em behold my Portion, and Deſpair.
What ſhall I do? how will the Gods diſpoſe of me?
Oh! I could rend theſe Walls with Lamentation,
Tear up the Dead from their corrupted Graves,
And dawb the face of Earth with her own Bowels.
Enter Marius Senior, *and Guards driving in* Metellus.
Mar. Sen. Purſue the Slave; let not his Gods protect him.
Lav. More Miſchiefs? hah! My Father.
Met. Oh! I am ſlain. [*Falls down and dies.*

Lav.

Lav. And murther'd too. When will my Woes have end?
Come, cruel Tyrant.

Mar. Sen. Sure I have known that Face.

Lav. And canſt thou think of any one good Turn
That I have done thee, and not kill me for't?

Mar. Sen. Art thou not call'd *Lavinia?*

Lav. Once I was:
But by my Woes may now be better known.

Mar. Sen. I cannot ſee thy Face.——

Lav. You muſt, and hear me.
By this, you muſt: nay, I will hold you faſt.
[*Seizes his Sword*

Mar. Sen. What wouldſt thou ſay? where's all my Rage gone now?

Lav. I am *Lavinia*, born of noble Race.
My blooming Beauty conquer'd many Hearts,
But prov'd the greateſt Torment of my own:
Tho' my Vows proſper'd, and my Love was anſwer'd
By *Marius*, the nobleſt, goodlieſt Youth
That Man e'er envy'd at, or Virgin ſigh'd for.
He was the Son of an unhappy Parent,
And baniſh'd with him when our Joys were young;
Scarce a Night old.

Mar. Sen. I do remember't well,
And thou art She, that Wonder of thy Kind,
That couldſt be true to exil'd Miſery,
And to and fro through barren Deſarts range,
To find th' unhappy Wretch thy Soul was fond of.

Lav. Do you remember't well?

Mar. Sen. In every Point.

Lav. You then were gentle, took me in your Arms,
Embrac'd me, bleſt me, us'd me like a Father.
And ſure I was not thankleſs for the Bounty.

Mar. Sen. No, thou wert, next the Gods, my only Comfort,
When I lay fainting on the dry parch'd Earth,
Beneath the ſcorching heat of burning Noon,
Hungry and dry, no Food nor Friend to chear me:
Then Thou, as by the Gods ſome Angel ſent,
Cam'ſt by, and in Compaſſion didſt relieve me.

Lav. Did I all this?

Mar. Sen. Thou didſt; thou ſav'dſt my Life,
Elſe I had ſunk beneath the weight of Want,
And been a Prey to my remorſeleſs Foes.

Lav. And ſee how well I am at laſt rewarded.
All could not balance for the ſhort-term'd Life
Of one old Man: You have my Father Butcher'd,
The only Comfort I had left on Earth.
The Gods have taken too my Husband from me;
See where he lies, your and my only Joy.
This Sword, yet reeking with my Father's Gore,
Plunge it into my Breaſt: plunge, plunge it thus.
And now let Rage, Diſtraction and Deſpair
Seize all Mankind, 'till they grow mad as I am.

[*Stabs her ſelf with his Sword.*

Mar. Sen. Nay, now thou haſt outdone me much in (Cruelty.
Be Nature's Light extinguiſh'd; let the Sun
Withdraw his Beams, and put the World in Darkneſs,
Whilſt here I howl away my Life in Sorrows.
Oh! let me bury Me and all my Sins
Here with this good old Man. Thus let me kiſs
Thy pale ſunk Cheeks, embalm thee with my Tears.
My Son, how cam'ſt thou by this wretched end?
We might have all been Friends, and in one Houſe
Enjoy'd the Bleſſings of eternal Peace.
But oh! my cruel Nature has undone me.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, I bring you moſt diſaſtrous News.
Sylla's return'd; his Army's on their march
From *Capua*, and to Morrow will reach *Rome*.
At which the Rabble are in new Rebellion,
And your *Sulpitius* mortally is wounded.

Enter Sulpitius *(led by two of the Guards) and* Granius.

Mar. Sen. Oh! then I'm ruin'd from this very Moment.
Has my good Genius left me? Hope forſakes me.
The Name of *Sylla*'s baneful to my Fortune.
Be warn'd by me, ye Great ones, how y'embroil
Your Country's Peace, and dip your Hands in Slaughter.
Ambition is a Luſt that's never quench'd,
Grows more inflam'd and madder by Enjoyment.
Bear me away, and lay me on my Bed,

A hopeleſs Veſſel bound for the dark Land
Of loathſome Death, and loaded deep with Sorrows.
[*He is led off.*

Sulp. A Curſe on all Repentance! how I hate it! I'd rather hear a Dog howl than a Man whine.

Gran. You're wounded, Sir: I hope it is not much.

Sulp. No; 'tis not ſo deep as a Well, nor ſo wide as a Church-door; but 'tis deep enough; 'twill ſerve; I am pepper'd I warrant, I warrant for this World. A Pox on all Mad-men hereafter. If I get a Monument, let this be my Epitaph:

Sulpitius *lies here, that troubleſome Slave,*
That ſent many honeſter Men to the Grave;
And dy'd like a Fool when h' had liv'd like a Knave.
[Exeunt Omnes.

EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. *Barry*, who acted *Lavinia*.

A *Miſchief on't! though I'm again alive,*
May I believe this Play of ours ſhall thrive?
This Drumming, Trumpeting, and Fighting Play:
Why, what a Devil will the People ſay?
The Nation that's without, and hears the Din,
Will ſwear we're raiſing Volunteers again.
For know, our Poet, when this Play was made,
Had nought but Drums and Trumpets in his Head.
H'had baniſh'd Poetry and all her Charms,
And needs the Fool would be a Man at Arms.
No Prentice e'er grown weary of Indentures
Had ſuch a longing Mind to ſeek Adventures.
Nay, ſure at laſt th' Infection general grew;
For t'other day I was a Captain too:
Neither for Flanders *nor for* France *to roam,*
But, juſt as you were all, to ſtay at home.
And now for you who here come wrapt in Cloaks,
Only for love of Underhill *and Nurſe* Noakes;
Our Poet ſays, one day to a Play ye come,
Which ſerves ye half a Year for Wit at home.
But which amongſt you is there to be found,
Will take his third Days Pawn for fifty Pound?
Or, now he is Caſhier'd, will fairly venture
To give him ready Mony for's Debenture?
Therefore when he receiv'd that fatal Doom,
This Play came forth, in hopes his Friends would come
To help a poor disbanded Soldier home.

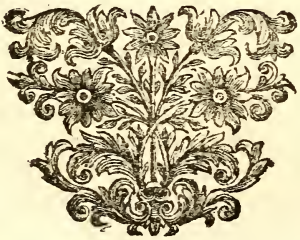
Venice Preſerv'd:

OR, A

Plot Diſcover'd.

A

TRAGEDY.



Printed in the YEAR 1712.

To Her GRACE the

Dutcheſs of PORTSMOUTH.

MADAM,

ERE it poſſible for me to let the World know how entirely Your Grace's Goodneſs has devoted a poor Man to Your Service; were there Words enough in Speech to expreſs the mighty Senſe I have of Your great Bounty towards me; ſurely I ſhould Write and Talk of it for ever: But Your Grace has given me ſo large a Theme, and laid ſo very vaſt a Foundation, that Imagination wants Stock to Build upon it. I am as one Dumb when I would ſpeak of it; and when I ſtrive to Write, I want a Scale of Thought ſufficient to comprehend the Height of it. Forgive me then, Madam, if (as a poor Peaſant once made a Preſent

of an Apple to an Emperor) I bring this ſmall Tribute, the humble Growth of my little Garden, and lay it at Your Feet. Believe it is paid You with the utmoſt Gratitude: Believe that ſo long as I have Thought to remember how very much I owe Your Generous Nature, I will ever have a Heart that ſhall be grateful for it too: Your Grace, next Heav'n, deſerves it amply from me; That gave me Life, but on a hard Condition, 'till Your extended Favour taught me to prize the Gift, and took the heavy Burthen it was clogg'd with from me; I mean, hard Fortune. When I had Enemies, that with malicious Power kept back, and ſhaded me from thoſe Royal Beams, whoſe Warmth is all I have, or hope to live by; Your Noble Pity and Compaſſion found me, where I was far caſt backward from my Bleſſing; down in the Rear of Fortune; call'd me up, plac'd me in the Shine, and I have felt its Comfort. You have in that reſtor'd me to my Native Right; for a ſteady Faith, and Loyalty to my Prince, was all the Inheritance my Father left me: And however hardly my ill Fortune deal with me, 'tis what I prize ſo well, that I ne'er Pawn'd it yet, and hope I ne'er ſhall part with it. Nature and Fortune were certainly in League when You were Born; and as the firſt took care to

give

give You Beauty enough to Enſlave the Hearts of all the World, ſo the other reſolv'd to do its Merit Juſtice, that none but a Monarch, fit to Rule that World, ſhould e'er Poſſeſs it; and in it he had an Empire. The young Prince You have given him, by his Blooming Virtues, early declares the mighty Stock he came from; and as You have taken all the Pious Care of a Dear Mother and a Prudent Guardian, to give him a Noble and Generous Education; may it ſucceed according to his Merits and Your Wiſhes: May he grow up to be a Bulwark to his Illuſtrious Father, and a Patron to his Loyal Subjects; with Wiſdom and Learning to aſſiſt him, whenever call'd to his Councils; to Defend his Right againſt the Encroachments of Republicans in his Senates; to Cheriſh ſuch Men as ſhall be able to Vindicate the Royal Cauſe; that good and fit Servants to the Crown, may never be loſt for want of a Protector. May he have Courage and Conduct, fit to Fight his Battels Abroad, and terrifie his Rebels at Home; and that all theſe may be yet more ſure, may he never, during the Spring-time of his Years, when thoſe growing Virtues ought with Care to be cheriſh'd in order to their Ripening; may

he never meet with Vitious Natures, or the Tongues of Faithless, Sordid, Insipid Flatterers, to Blast 'em: To conclude; may he be as great as the Hand of Fortune (with his Honour) shall be able to make him: And may Your Grace, who are so Good a Mistress, and so Noble a Patroness, never meet with a less grateful Servant, than,

MADAM,

Your Grace's entirely

Devoted Creature,

THO. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE.

IN these distracted Times, when each Man dreads
The bloody Stratagems of busie Heads;
When we have fear'd three Years we know not what,
'Till Witnesses begin to die o'th' Rot,
What made our Poet meddle with a Plot?
Was't that he fancy'd, for the very sake
And name of Plot, his trifling Play might take?
For there's not in't one Inch-board Evidence,
But 'tis, he says, to Reason plain and Sense,
And that he thinks a plausible Defence.
Were Truth by Sense and Reason to be try'd;
Sure all our Swearers might be laid aside.
No, of such Tools our Author has no need,
To make his Plot, or make his Play succeed;
He, of black Bills has no prodigious Tales,
Or Spanish *Pilgrims cast Ashore in* Wales;
Here's not one murther'd Magistrate at least:
Kept rank like Ven'son for a City Feast:
Grown four days stiff, the better to prepare
And fit his pliant Limbs to ride in Chair:
Yet here's an Army rais'd, though under Ground,
But no Man seen, nor one Commission found:
Here is a Traitor too, that's very old,
Turbulent, Subtle, Mischievous, and Bold,
Bloody, Revengeful, and to Crown his Part,
Loves fumbling with a Wench, with all his Heart;
'Till after having many Changes past,
In spight of Age (thanks t' Heav'n) is hang'd at last.
Next is a Senator that keeps a Whore;
In Venice *none a higher Office bore;*
To Lewdness every Night the Letcher ran:
Shew me, all London, *such another Man,*
Match him at Mother Cresswolds, *if you can.*
O Poland, Poland! *had it been thy Lot,*
T' have heard in time of this Venetian *Plot,*
Thou surely chosen hadst one King from thence,
And honour'd them as thou hast England *since.*

Dra-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Duke of *Venice*.	Mr. *D. Williams*.
Priuli, Father to *Belvidera*, a Senator.	Mr. *Bowman*
Antonio, a fine Speaker in the Senate.	Mr. *Leigh*.
Bedamar, the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador.	Mr. *Gillo*.
Jaffeir.	Mr. *Betterton*.
Pierre.	Mr. *Smith*.
Renault.	Mr. *Wilſhire*.
Spinoſa.	Mr. *Percival*.
Theodore.	
Eliot.	
Revillido.	
Durand.	
Mazzana.	
Bramveil.	
Ternon.	
Brabe.	

Conſpirators.

W O M E N.

Belvidera.	Mrs. *Barry*.
Aquilina.	Mrs. *Currer*.

Two Women, Attendants on *Belvidera*.

Two Women, Servants to *Aquilina*.

The Council of Ten.

Officer, Guard, Friar, Executioner and Rabble.

Venice

Venice Preserv'd:

OR, A

Plot Discover'd.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Priuli *and* Jaffeir.

PRIULI.

NO more! I'll hear no more; be gone and leave me,
Jaff. Not hear me! by my Suffering but you shall!
My Lord, my Lord! I'm not that abject Wretch
You think me: Patience! where's the distance throws
Me back so far, but I may boldly speak
In right, though proud Oppression will not hear me!
Pri. Have you not wrong'd me?

Jaff.

Jaff. Could my Nature e'er
Have brook'd Injuſtice, or the doing Wrongs,
I need not now thus low have bent my ſelf,
To gain a Hearing from a cruel Father!
Wrong'd you?

Pri. Yes! wrong'd me, in the niceſt point;
The Honour of my Houſe; you have done me wrong.
You may remember, (for I now will ſpeak,
And urge its baſeneſs:) When you firſt came home
From Travel, with ſuch hopes, as made you look'd on
By all Men's Eyes, a Youth of expectation;
Pleas'd with your growing Virtue, I receiv'd you;
Courted, and ſought to raiſe you to your Merits:
My Houſe, my Table, nay my Fortune too,
My very ſelf, was yours; you might have us'd me
To your beſt Service; like an open Friend,
I treated, truſted you, and thought you mine;
When in requital of my beſt Endeavours,
You treacherouſly practis'd to undo me,
Seduc'd the Weakneſs of my Age's Darling,
My only Child, and ſtole her from my Boſom:
Oh *Belvidera!*

Jaff. 'Tis to me you owe her,
Childleſs you had been elſe, and in the Grave
Your Name extinct, no more *Priuli* heard of.
You may remember, ſcarce five Years are paſt,
Since in your Brigantin you ſail'd to ſee
The *Adriatick* wedded by our Duke,
And I was with you: Your unskilful Pilot
Daſh'd us upon a Rock; when to your Boat
You made for ſafety; entred firſt your ſelf;
The affrighted *Belvidera* following next,
As ſhe ſtood trembling on the Veſſel's ſide,
Was by a Wave waſh'd off into the Deep;
When inſtantly I plung'd into the Sea,
And buffeting the Billows to her Reſcue,
Redeem'd her Life with half the Loſs of mine.
Like a rich Conqueſt in one Hand I bore her,
And with the other daſh'd the ſawcy Waves,
That throng'd and preſs'd to rob me of my Prize:

I brought her, gave her your deſpairing Arms:
Indeed you thank'd me; but a nobler Gratitude
Roſe in her Soul: For from that Hour ſhe lov'd me,
'Till for her Life ſhe paid me with her ſelf.

Pri. You ſtole her from me; like a Thief you ſtole her,
At dead of Night; that curſed Hour you choſe
To rifle me of all my Heart held dear.
May all your Joys in her prove falſe like mine;
A ſteril Fortune, and a barren Bed,
Attend you both; continual Diſcord make
Your Days and Nights bitter and grievous: Still
May the hard Hand of a vexatious Need
Oppreſs, and grind you; 'till at laſt you find
The Curſe of Diſobedience all your Portion.

Jaff. Half of your Curſe you have beſtow'd in vain:
Heav'n has already crown'd our faithful Loves
With a young Boy, ſweet as his Mother's Beauty:
May he live to prove more Gentle than his Grandſire,
And happier than his Father!

Pri. Rather live
To bait thee for his Bread, and din your Ears
With hungry Cries: Whilſt his unhappy Mother
Sits down and weeps in bitterneſs of want.

Jaff. You talk as if 'twou'd pleaſe you.

Pri. 'Twould, by Heav'n.
Once ſhe was dear indeed; the Drops that fell
From my ſad Heart, when ſhe forgot her Duty,
The Fountain of my Life was not ſo precious:
But ſhe is gone, and if I am a Man
I will forget her.

Jaff. Would I were in my Grave.

Pri. And ſhe too with thee;
For, living here, you're but my curs'd Remembrancers
I once was happy.

Jaff. You uſe me thus, becauſe you know my Soul
Is fond of *Belvidera:* You perceive
My Life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me!
Oh! could my Soul ever have known Satiety;
Were I that Thief, the deer of ſuch wrongs
As you upbraid me with, what hinders me,

But

But I might send her back to you with Contumely,
And court my Fortune where she would be kinder!

Pri. You dare not do't.——

Jaff. Indeed, my Lord, I dare not.
My Heart that awes me, is too much my Master:
Three Years are past since first our Vows were plighted,
During which time the World must bear me Witness,
I've treated *Belvidera* like your Daughter,
The Daughter of a Senator of *Venice*;
Distinction, Place, Attendance and Observance,
Due to her Birth, she always has commanded;
Out of my little Fortune I have done this;
Because (tho' hopeless e'er to win your Nature)
The World might see, I lov'd her for her self,
Not as the Heiress of the great *Priuli*.——

Pri. No more!

Jaff. Yes! all, and then adieu for ever.
There's not a Wretch that lives on common Charity
But's happier than me: For I have known
The luscious Sweets of Plenty; every Night
Have slept with soft Content about my Head,
And never wak'd but to a joyful Morning;
Yet now must fall like a full Ear of Corn,
Whose Blossom scap'd, yet's wither'd in the ripening.

Pri. Home and be humble, study to retrench;
Discharge the lazy Vermin of thy Hall,
Those Pageants of thy Folly,
Reduce the glittering Trappings of thy Wife
To humble Weeds, fit for thy little State;
Then to some Suburb Cottage both retire;
Drudge, to feed loathsome Life; get Brats, and Starve——
Home, home, I say.—— [*Exit.*

Jaff. Yes, if my Heart would let me——
This proud, this swelling Heart: Home I would go,
But that my Doors are hateful to mine Eyes,
Fill'd and damm'd up with gaping Creditors,
Watchful as Fowlers when their Game will spring;
I've now not fifty Ducats in the World,
Yet still I am in love, and pleas'd with Ruin.
Oh *Belvidera*! Oh! she is my Wife——

And

And we will bear our wayward Fate together,
But ne'er know Comfort more.

Enter Pierre.

Pier. My Friend, Good-morrow!
How fares the honeſt Partner of my Heart?
What, melancholy! not a Word to ſpare me? (lity,
Jaff. I'm thinking, *Pierre*, how that damn'd ſtarving Qua-
Call'd Honeſty, got footing in the World.
Pier. Why, pow'rful Villany firſt ſet it up,
For its own Eaſe and Safety: Honeſt Men
Are the ſoft eaſie Cuſhions on which Knaves
Repoſe and fatten: Were all Mankind Villains,
They'd ſtarve each other; Lawyers would want Practice,
Cut-throats Rewards: Each Man would kill his Brother
Himſelf, none would be paid or hang'd for Murder:
Honeſty! 'twas a Cheat invented firſt
To bind the Hands of bold deſerving Rogues,
That Fools and Cowards might ſit ſafe in Power,
And Lord it uncontroul'd above their Betters.
Jaff. Then Honeſty is but a Notion.
Pier. Nothing elſe,
Like Wit, much talk'd of, not to be defin'd:
He that pretends to moſt too, has leaſt ſhare in't;
'Tis a ragged Virtue: Honeſty! no more on't.
Jaff. Sure thou art Honeſt?
Pier. So indeed Men think me.
But they're miſtaken, *Jaffeir:* I am a Rogue
As well as they;
A fine gay bold-fac'd Villain, as thou ſeeſt me;
'Tis true, I pay my Debts when they're contracted;
I ſteal from no Man; would not cut a Throat
To gain admiſſion to a great Man's Purſe,
Or a Whore's Bed; I'd not betray my Friend,
To get his Place or Fortune: I ſcorn to Flatter
A blown-up Fool above me, or cruſh the Wretch beneath
Yet, *Jaffeir*, for all this I am a Villain. (me:
Jaff. A Villain!
Pier. Yes, a moſt notorious Villain:
To ſee the Sufferings of my Fellow-Creatures,

And

And own my ſelf a Man: To ſee our Senators
Cheat the deluded People with a ſhew
Of Liberty, which yet they ne'er muſt taſte of;
They ſay, by them our Hands are free from Fetters,
Yet whom they pleaſe they lay in baſeſt Bonds;
Bring whom they pleaſe to Infamy and Sorrow;
Drive us like Wrecks down the rough Tide of Power,
Whilſt no hold's left to ſave us from Deſtruction;
All that bear this are Villains, and I one,
Not to rouze up at the great Call of Nature,
And check the Growth of theſe Domeſtick Spoilers,
That make us Slaves, and tell us 'tis our Charter.

Jaff. Oh *Aquilina!* Friend, to loſe ſuch Beauty,
The deareſt Purchaſe of thy noble Labours;
She was thy right by Conqueſt, as by Love.

Pier. Oh *Jaffeir!* I'd ſo fix'd my Heart upon her,
That whereſoe'er I fram'd a Scheme of Life
For time to come, ſhe was my only Joy,
With which I wiſh'd to ſweeten future Cares;
I fancy'd Pleaſures, none but one that loves
And doats as I did, can imagine like 'em:
When in the Extremity of all theſe Hopes,
In the moſt charming Hour of Expectation,
Then when our eager Wiſhes ſoar the higheſt,
Ready to ſtoop and graſp the lovely Game,
A haggard Owl, a worthleſs Kite of Prey,
With his foul Wings ſail'd in, and ſpoil'd my Quarry.

Jaff. I know the Wretch, and ſcorn him as thou hat'ſt him.

Pier. Curſe on the common Good that's ſo protected.
Where every Slave that heaps up Wealth enough
To do much wrong, becomes a Lord of Right:
I, who believ'd no Ill could e'er come near me,
Found in the Embraces of my *Aquilina*
A wretched old, but itching Senator;
A wealthy Fool, that had bought out my Title:
A Rogue, that uſes Beauty like a Lamb-skin,
Barely to keep him warm; that filthy Cuckoo too,
Was in my Abſence crept into my Neſt,
And ſpoiling all my Brood of noble Pleaſure.

Jaff.

Jaff. Didſt thou not chaſe him thence?
Pier. I did, and drove
The rank old-bearded *Hirco* ſtinking home:
The matter was complain'd of in the Senate,
I ſummon'd to appear, and cenſur'd baſely,
For violating ſomething they call *Privilege*——
This was the Recompence of my Service:
Would I'd been rather beaten by a Coward:
A Soldier's Miſtreſs, *Jaffeir*, is his Religion,
When that's Profan'd, all other Ties are broken:
That even diſſolves all former bonds of Service,
And from that Hour I think my ſelf as free
To be the Foe as e'er the Friend of *Venice*——
Nay, dear Revenge, when'er thou call'ſt, I'm ready.
Jaff. I think no Safety can be here for Virtue,
And grieve my Friend as much as thou, to live
In ſuch a wretched State as this of *Venice*,
Where all agree to ſpoil the Publick Good,
And Villains fatten with the brave Man's Labours.
Pier. We've neither Safety, Unity, nor Peace,
For the Foundation's loſt of common Good;
Juſtice is lame as well as blind amongſt us;
The Laws (Corrupted to their ends that make 'em)
Serve but for Inſtruments of ſome new Tyranny,
That every Day ſtarts up t'enſlave us deeper:
Now could this glorious Cauſe but find out Friends
To do it right! oh *Jaffeir!* then might'ſt thou
Not wear theſe Seals of Woe upon thy Face:
The proud *Priuli* ſhould be taught Humanity,
And learn to value ſuch a Son as thou art.
I dare not ſpeak! but my Heart bleeds this moment;
Jaff. Gurſt be the Cauſe, tho' I thy Friend be part on't:
Let me partake the Troubles of thy Boſom,
For I am us'd to Miſery, and perhaps
May find a way to ſweeten't to thy Spirit.
Pier. Too ſoon 'twill reach thy knowledge——
Jaff. Then from thee
Let it proceed. There's Virtue in thy Friendſhip
Would make the ſadeſt Tale of Sorrow pleaſing,
Strengthen my Conſtancy, and welcome Ruin.

Pier.

Pier. Then thou art Ruin'd!
Jaff. That I long ſince knew;
I and ill Fortune have been long acquainted.
Pier. I paſs'd this very Moment by thy Doors,
And found them guarded by a Troop of Villains;
The Sons of publick Rapine were deſtroying:
They told me, by the Sentence of the Law
They had Commiſſion to ſeize all thy Fortune:
Nay more, *Priuli*'s cruel Hand hath ſign'd it.
Here ſtood a Ruffian with a horrid Face
Lording it o'er a pile of maſſy Plate,
Tumbled into a heap for publick Sale:
There was another making villanous Jeſts
At thy undoing; he had ta'en poſſeſſion
Of all thy ancient moſt domeſtick Ornaments,
Rich Hangings, intermix'd and wrought with Gold;
The very Bed, which on thy Weding night
Receiv'd thee to the Arms of *Belvidera*;
The Scene of all thy Joys, was violated
By the courſe Hands of filthy Dungeon Villains,
And thrown amongſt the common Lumber.
Jaff. Now thank Heav'n ——
Pier. Thank Heav'n! for what?
Jaff. That I'm not worth a Ducat.
Pier. Curſe thy dull Stars, and the worſe Fate of *Venice*,
Where Brothers, Friends, and Fathers, all are falſe;
Where there's no Truſt, no Truth; where Innocence
Stoops under vile Oppreſſion; and Vice Lords it:
Hadſt thou but ſeen, as I did, how at laſt
Thy beauteous *Belvidera*, like a Wretch
That's doom'd to Baniſhment, came weeping forth,
Shining through Tears, like *April*-Suns in Showers
That labour to o'ercome the Cloud that loads 'em;
Whilſt two young Virgins, on whoſe Arms ſhe lean'd,
Kindly look'd up, and at her Grief grew ſad,
As if they catch'd the Sorrows that fell from her:
E'en the lewd Rabble that were gather'd round
To ſee the ſight, ſtood mute when they beheld her;
Govern'd their roaring Throats, and grumbled Pity:
I cou'd have hugg'd the greazy Rogues: They pleas'd me.

Jaff.

Jaff. I thank thee for this Story, from my Soul,
Since now I know the worſt that can befal me:
Ah *Pierre!* I have a heart, that could have born
The rougheſt Wrong my Fortune could have done me:
But when I think what *Belvidera* feels,
The bitterneſs her tender Spirit taſtes of,
I own my ſelf a Coward: Bear my Weakneſs,
If throwing thus my Arms about thy Neck,
I play the Boy, and blubber in thy Boſom.
Oh! I ſhall drown thee with my Sorrows!

Pier. Burn!
Firſt burn, and level *Venice* to thy Ruin.
What, ſtarve like Beggars Brats in froſty Weather,
Under a Hedge, and whine our ſelves to Death!
Thou, or thy Cauſe, ſhall never want Aſſiſtance,
Whilſt I have Blood or Fortune fit to ſerve thee;
Command my Heart: Thou'rt every way its Maſter.

Jaff. No, there's a ſecret Pride in bravely Dying.

Pier. Rats die in holes and corners, Dogs run mad;
Man knows a braver Remedy for Sorrow:
Revenge! the Attribute of Gods; they ſtampt it
With their great Image on our Natures: Die!
Conſider well the Cauſe that calls upon thee:
And if thou'rt baſe enough, dye then: Remember
Thy *Belvidera* ſuffers: *Belvidera!*
Dye ——Damn firſt ——what, be decently Interr'd
In a Church-yard, and mingle thy brave Duſt
With ſtinking Rogues that rot in dirty Winding-ſheets,
Surfeit ſlain Fools, the common Dung o'th' Soil.

Jaff. Oh!

Pier. Well ſaid, out with't, Swear a little ——

Jaff. Swear! By Sea and Air! by Earth, by Heav'n and Hell.
I will revenge my *Belvidera*'s Tears!
Hark thee my Friend ——*Priuli* ——is ——a Senator!

Pier. A Dog!

Jaff. Agreed.

Pier. Shoot him.

Jaff. With all my Heart.
No more: Where ſhall we meet at Night?

Pier. I'll tell thee;
On the *Rialto* every night at Twelve
I take my Evening's walk of Meditation:
There we two will meet, and talk of precious
Mischief——

Jaff. Farewel.

Pier. At Twelve.

Jaff. At any hour; my Plagues
Will keep me waking. [*Ex.* Pier.
Tell me why, good Heav'n,
Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the Spirit,
Aspiring Thoughts and elegant Desires
That fill the happiest Man? Ah! rather why
Didst thou not form me sordid as my Fate,
Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry Burdens?
Why have I Sense to know the Curse that's on me?
Is this just dealing, Nature? *Belvidera!*

Enter Belvidera.

Poor *Belvidera!*

Bel. Lead me, lead me, my Virgins!
To that kind Voice. My Lord, my Love, my Refuge!
Happy my Eyes, when they behold thy Face:
My heavy Heart will leave its doleful beating
At sight of thee, and bound with sprightful Joys.
Oh smile, as when our Loves were in their Spring,
And cheer my fainting Soul,

Jaff. As when our Loves
Were in their Spring? has then my Fortune chang'd?
Art thou not *Belvidera*, still the same,
Kind, good, and tender, as my Arms first found thee?
If thou art alter'd, where shall I have harbour?
Where ease my loaded Heart? Oh! where complain?

Bel. Do's this appear like Change, or Love decaying;
When thus I throw my self into thy Bosom,
With all the resolution of a strong Truth?
Beats not my Heart as 'twould alarum thine
To a new charge of bliss? I joy more in thee,
Than did thy Mother when she hugg'd thee first,
And bless'd the Gods for all her Travel past.

Jaff.

Jaff. Can there in Woman be ſuch glorious Faith?
Sure all ill Stories of thy Sex are falſe;
Oh Woman! lovely Woman! Nature made thee
To temper Man: We had been Brutes without you:
Angels are painted fair, to look like you;
There's in you all that we believe of Heav'n,
Amazing Brightneſs, Purity and Truth,
Eternal Joy, and everlaſting Love.

Bel. If Love be Treaſure, we'll be wondrous Rich;
I have ſo much, my Heart will ſurely break with't;
Vows can't expreſs it. When I wou'd declare
How great's my Joy, I'm dumb with the big Thought;
I ſwell, and ſigh, and labour with my longing.
O lead me to ſome Deſart wide and wild,
Barren as our Misfortunes, where my Soul
May have its vent; where I may tell aloud
To the high Heavens, and every liſtning Planet,
With what a boundleſs ſtock my Boſom's fraught;
Where I may throw my eager Arms about thee,
Give looſe to Love with Kiſſes, kindling Joy,
And let off all the Fires that's in my Heart.

Jaff. Oh *Belvidera!* doubly I'm a Beggar,
Undone by Fortune, and in debt to thee;
Want! worldly Want! that hungry meager Fiend
Is at my heels, and chaces me in view.
Canſt thou bear Cold and Hunger? Can theſe Limbs,
Fram'd for the tender Offices of Love,
Endure the bitter gripes of ſmarting Poverty?
When baniſh'd by our Miſeries abroad,
(As ſuddenly we ſhall be) to ſeek out
(In ſome far Climate where our Names are Strangers)
For charitable Succour; wilt thou then,
When in a Bed of Straw we ſhrink together,
And the bleak Winds ſhall whiſtle round our Heads;
Wilt thou then talk thus to me? wilt thou then
Huſh my Cares thus, and ſhelter me with Love?

Belv. Oh I will love thee, even in Madneſs love thee.
Tho' my diſtracted Senſes ſhould forſake me,
I'd find ſome intervals, when my poor Heart
Should 'ſwage it ſelf, and be let looſe to thine.

Tho' the bare Earth be all our Resting-place,
Its Roots our Food, some Clift our Habitation,
I'll make this Arm a Pillow for thy Head;
As thou sighing ly'st, and swell'd with Sorrow,
Creep to thy Bosom, pour the Balm of Love
Into thy Soul, and kiss thee to thy Rest;
Then praise our God, and watch thee till the Morning.

Jaff. Hear this you Heav'ns, and wonder how you made her!

Reign, Reign ye Monarchs that divide the World,
Busie Rebellion ne'er will let you know
Tranquility and Happiness like mine;
Like gaudy Ships, th' obsequious Billows fall
And rise again, to lift you in your Pride;
They wait but for a Storm, and then devour you:
I, in my private Bark, already wreck'd,
Like a poor Merchant driv'n on unknown Land,
That had by chance pack'd up his choicest Treasure
In one dear Casket, and sav'd only that,
Since I must wander further on the shore,
Thus hug my little, but my precious Store;
Resolv'd to scorn, and trust my Fate no more. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Pierre *and* Aquilina.

Aqui. BY all thy Wrongs, thou'rt dearer to my Arms
Than all the Wealth of *Venice:* Prithee stay,
And let us love to night.

Pier. No: There's Fool,
There's Fool about thee: When a Woman sells
Her Flesh to Fools, her Beauty's lost to me;
They leave a Taint, a Sully where they've past;
There's such a baneful Quality about 'em,
E'en spoils Complexions with their Nauseousness,
They infect all they touch; I cannot think

Of

Of tasting any thing a Fool has pall'd.

Aqui. I loath and scorn that Fool thou mean'st, as much
Or more than thou canst; but the Beast has Gold
That makes him necessary: Power too,
To qualifie my Character, and poise me
Equal with peevish Virtue, that beholds
My Liberty with Envy: In their Hearts
They're loose as I am; but an ugly Power
Sits in their Faces, and frights Pleasures from 'em.

Pier. Much good may't do you, Madam, with your Senator.

Aqui. My Senator! why, can'st thou think that Wretch
E'er fill'd thy *Aquilina*'s Arms with pleasure?
Think'st thou, because I sometimes give him leave
To foil himself at what he is unfit for;
Because I force my self t'endure and suffer him,
Think'st thou I love him? No, by all the Joys
Thou ever gav'st me, his Presence is my Penance;
The worst thing an old Man can be's a Lover:
A meer *Memento Mori* to poor Woman.
I never lay by his decrepit side,
But all that Night I ponder'd on my Grave.

Pier. Would he were well sent thither.

Aqui. That's my wish too:
For then, my *Pierre*, I might have cause with pleasure
To play the Hypocrite: Oh! how I could weep
Over the dying Dotard, and kiss him too,
In hopes to smother him quite; then, when the time
Was come to pay my Sorrows at his Funeral,
(For he has already made me Heir to Treasures
Wou'd make me out-act a real Widow's whining:)
How could I frame my Face to fit my Mourning!
With wringing Hands attend him to his Grave,
Fall swooning on his Hearse: Take mad possession
E'en of the dismal Vault where he lay bury'd,
There like th' *Ephesian* Matron dwell, till thou,
My lovely Soldier, com'st to my Deliverance;
Then throwing up my Veil, with open Arms
And laughing Eyes, run to new dawning Joy.

Pier. No more! I've Friends to meet me here to night,
And must be private. As you prize my Friendship,

Keep up your Coxcomb: Let him not pry nor liſten,
Nor ſisk about the Houſe as I have ſeen him,
Like a tame mumping Squirrel with a Bell on;
Curs will be abroad to bite him, if you do.

Aqui. What Friends to meet? mayn't I be of your Council?

Pier. How! A Woman ask Queſtions out of Bed?
Go to your Senator, ask him what paſſes
Amongſt his Brethren; he'll hide nothing from you:
But pump not me for Politicks. No more!
Give order that whoever in my name
Comes here, receive admittance. So good night.

Aqui. Muſt we ne'er meet again! Embrace no more!
Is Love ſo ſoon and utterly forgotten!

Pier. As you henceforward treat your Fool, I'll think on't.

Aqui. Curſt be all Fools, and doubly Curſt my ſelf,
The worſt of Fools——I die if he forſakes me;
And now to keep him, Heav'n or Hell inſtruct me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *the* Rialto.

Enter Jaffeir.

Jaff. I'm here; and thus, the Shades of Night around me,
I look as if all Hell were in my Heart,
And I in Hell. Nay, ſurely 'tis ſo with me;----
For every ſtep I tread, methinks ſome Fiend
Knocks at my Breaſt, and bids it not be quiet.
I've heard how deſperate wretches, like my ſelf,
Have wander'd out at this dead time of Night
To meet the Foe of Mankind in his walk:
Sure I'm ſo Curſt, that, tho' of Heav'n forſaken,
No Miniſter of Darkneſs cares to Tempt me.
Hell! Hell! why ſleepeſt thou?

Enter Pierre.

Pier. Sure I've ſtay'd too long:
The Clock has ſtruck, and I may loſe my Proſelyte.
Speak, who goes there?

Jaff. A Dog that comes to howl
At yonder Moon: What's he that asks the Queſtion?

Pier. A Friend to Dogs, for they are honeſt Creatures,
And ne'er betray their Maſters; never Fawn
On any that they love not: Well met, Friend:
Jaffeir!

Jaff.

Jaff. The ſame. Oh *Pierre*, thou'rt come in ſeaſon,
I was juſt going to Pray.

Pier. Ah that's Mechanick,
Prieſts make a Trade on't, and yet ſtarve by't too:
No Praying; it ſpoils Buſineſs, and Time's precious:
Where's *Belvidera?*

Jaff. For a Day or two
I've lodg'd her privately, till I ſee farther
What Fortune will do with me? Prithee Friend,
If thou would'ſt have me fit to hear good Council,
Speak not of *Belvidera* ——

Pier. Speak not of her?

Jaff. Oh no!

Pier. Nor name her? May be I wiſh her well.

Jaff. Whom well?

Pier. Thy Wife, thy lovely *Belvidera*;
I hope a Man may wiſh his Friend's Wife well,
And no harm done!

Jaff. Ye are merry, *Pierre!*

Pier. I am ſo:
Thou ſhalt ſmile too, and *Belvidera* ſmile;
We'll all rejoice, here's ſomething to buy Pins.
[*Gives him a Purſe.*
Marriage is Chargeable.

Jaff. I but half wiſht
To ſee the Devil, and he's here already. Well!
What muſt this buy, Rebellion, Murder, Treaſon?
Tell me which way I muſt be damn'd for this.

Pier. When laſt we parted, we'd no qualms like theſe,
But entertain'd each others Thoughts like Men,
Whoſe Souls were well acquainted. Is the World
Reform'd ſince our laſt meeting? What new Miracles
Have happen'd? Has *Priuli*'s heart relented?
Can he be honeſt?

Jaff. Kind Heav'n! let heavy Curſes
Gall his old Age; Cramps, Aches rack his Bones,
And bittereſt diſquiet wring his Heart;
Oh let him live till Life become his burden!
Let him groan under't long, linger an Age
In the worſt Agonies and Pangs of Death,

And find its eaſe, but late.

Pier. Nay, could'ſt thou not
As well, my Friend, have ſtretch'd the Curſe to all
The Senate round, as to one ſingle Villain?

Jaff. But Curſes ſtick not: Could I kill with Curſing,
By Heav'n I know not thirty Heads in *Venice*
Should not be blaſted; Senators ſhould rot
Like Dogs on Dunghills; but their Wives and Daughters
Die of their own Diſeaſes. Oh for a Curſe
To kill with!

Pier. Daggers, Daggers, are much better!

Jaff. Ha!

Pier. Daggers.

Jaff. But where are they?

Pier. Oh, a thouſand
May be diſpos'd of in honeſt hands in *Venice.*

Jaff. Thou talk'ſt in Clouds.

Pier. But yet a Heart half wrong'd
As thine has been, would find the meaning. *Jaffeir.*

Jaff. A thouſand Daggers all in honeſt Hands;
And have not I a Friend will ſtick one here?

Pier. Yes, if I thought thou wert not to be cheriſht
T' a nobler purpoſe, I would be that Friend.
But thou haſt better Friends, Friend; whom thy Wrongs
Have made thy Friends; Friends worthy to be call'd ſo.
I'll truſt thee with a ſecret: There are Spirits
This hour at work. But as thou art a Man,
Whom I have pickt and choſen from the World,
Swear that thou wilt be true to what I utter,
And when I've told thee that which only Gods,
And Men like Gods are privy to, then ſwear
No Chance or Change ſhall wreſt it from thy Boſom.

Jaff. When thou would'ſt bind me, is there need of Oaths?
(Green-ſickneſs Girls loſt Maidenheads with ſuch Counters)
For thou'rt ſo near my Heart, that thou may'ſt ſee
Its bottom, ſound its ſtrength and firmneſs to thee:
Is Coward, Fool, or Villain in my Face?
If I ſeem none of theſe, I dare believe
Thou would'ſt not uſe me in a little Cauſe,
For I am fit for Honour's tougheſt task;
Nor ever yet found fooling was my Province;

And for a villanous inglorious Enterprize,
I know thy Heart ſo well, I dare lay mine
Before thee, ſet it to what point thou wilt.
Pier. Nay, it's a Cauſe thou wilt be fond of, *Jaffeir*.
For it is founded on the nobleſt Baſis,
Our Liberties, our natural Inheritance;
There's no Religion, no Hypocriſie in't;
We'll do the Buſineſs, and ne'er faſt and pray for't:
Openly act a Deed the World ſhall gaze
With Wonder at, and envy when 'tis done.
Jaff. For Liberty!
Pier. For Liberty, my Friend!
Thou ſhalt be freed from baſe *Priuli*'s Tyranny,
And thy ſequeſtred Fortunes heal'd again.
I ſhall be freed from thoſe opprobrious Wrongs
That preſs me now, and bend my Spirit downward.
All *Venice* free, and every growing Merit
Succeed to its juſt Right: Fools ſhall be pull'd
From Wiſdom's Seat; thoſe baleful unclean Birds,
Thoſe lazy Owls, who (perch'd near Fortune's Top)
Sit only watchful with their heavy Wings
To cuff down new-fledg'd Virtues, that would riſe
To nobler heights, and make the Grove harmonious.
Jaff. What can I do?
Pier. Can'ſt thou not kill a Senator?
Jaff. Were there one wiſe or honeſt, I could kill him
For herding with that Neſt of Fools and Knaves.
By all my wrongs, thou talk'ſt as if Revenge
Were to be had, and the brave Story warms me.
Pier. Swear then!
Jaff. I do, by all thoſe glittering Stars
And yon great ruling Planet of the Night.
By all good Powers above, and ill below!
By Love and Friendſhip, dearer than my Life!
No Pow'r, or Death ſhall make me falſe to thee.
Pier. Here we embrace, and I'll unlock my Heart.
A Council's held hard by, where the Deſtruction
Of this great Empire's hatching: There I'll lead thee!
But be a Man, for thou'rt to mix with Men

Fit to disturb the Peace of all the World,
And Rule it when it's wildest ——
Jaff. I give thee thanks
For this kind warning: Yes, I'll be a Man,
And charge thee, *Pierre*, whene'er thou seest my Fears
Betray me less, to rip this Heart of mine
Out of my Breast, and shew it for a Coward's.
Come let's he gone, for from this Hour I chace
All little Thoughts, all tender human Follies
Out of my Bosom: Vengeance shall have room:
Revenge!
Pier. And Liberty!
Jaff. Revenge! Revenge —— [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *changes to* Aquilina's *House, the Greek Curtezan.*

Enter Renault.

Ren. Why was my Choice Ambition, the worst ground
A Wretch can build on? it's indeed at distance
A good Prospect, tempting to the View,
The Height delights us, and the Mountain-Top
Looks beautiful, because it's nigh to Heav'n;
But we ne'er think how Sandy's the Foundation,
What Storm will batter, and what Tempest shake us!
Who's there?

Enter Spinosa.

Spin. Renault, good morrow! for by this time
I think the Scale of Night has turn'd the Balance,
And weighs up Morning: Has the Clock struck Twelve?
Ren. Yes; Clocks will go as they are set: But Man,
Irregular Man's ne'er constant, never certain:
I've spent at least three precious hours of darkness
In waiting dull attendance; 'tis the Curse
Of diligent Virtue to be mixt, like mine,
With giddy Tempers, Souls but half resolv'd.
Spin. Hell seize that Soul amongst us, it can frighten.
Ren. What's then the cause that I am here alone?
Why are we not together?

Enter Eliot.

O Sir, welcome!
You are an *English*-Man: When Treason's hatching
One might have thought you'd not have been behind hand.
In what Whore's Lap have you been lolling? Give

Give but an *Engliſh-man* his Whore and Eaſe,
Beef and a Sea-coal-fire, he's yours for ever.
Eli. Frenchman, you are ſawcy.
Ren. How!
Enter Bedamar *the Ambaſſador*, Theodore, Bramveil, Durand, Brabe, Revillido, Mezzana, Ternon, Retroſi, *Conſpirators.*
Bed. At Difference, fie.
Is this a time for Quarrels? Thieves and Rogues
Fall out and brawl: Should Men of your high Calling,
Men ſeparated by the choice of Providence
From the groſs heap of Mankind, and ſet here
In this Aſſembly as in one great Jewel,
T'adorn the braveſt Purpoſe it e'er ſmil'd on;
Should you like Boys wrangle for Trifles?
Ren. Boys!
Bed. Renault, thy Hand!
Ren. I thought I'd given my Heart
Long ſince to every Man that mingles here;
But grieve to find it truſted with ſuch Tempers,
That can't forgive my froward Age its weakneſs.
Bed. Eliot, thou once hadſt Virtue; I have ſeen
Thy ſtubborn Temper bend with god-like Goodneſs,
Not half thus courted: 'Tis thy Nation's Glory,
To hug the Foe that offers brave Alliance.
Once more embrace, my Friends——we'll all embrace----
United thus, we are the mighty Engine
Muſt twiſt this rooted Empire from its Baſis!
Totters not it already?
Eli. Would 'twere tumbling.
Bed. Nay it ſhall down: This Night we ſeal its Ruin.
Enter Pierre.
Oh *Pierre* thou art welcome!
Come to my Breaſt, for by its hopes thou look'ſt
Lovelily dreadful, and the Fate of *Venice*
Seems on thy Sword already. Oh my *Mars!*
The Poets that firſt feign'd a God of War
Sure propheſy'd of thee.
Pier. Friends! was not *Brutus*,
(I mean that *Brutus*, who in open Senate

Stabb'd the first *Cæsar* that usurp'd the World)
A Gallant Man?
Ren. Yes, and *Catiline* too;
Tho' Story wrong his Fame: For he conspir'd
To prop the reeling Glory of his Country:
His Cause was good.
Bed. And ours as much above it,
As *Renault* thou'rt superior to *Cethegus*,
Or *Pierre* to *Cassius*.
Pier. Then to what we aim at,
When do we start? or must we talk for ever?
Bed. No *Pierre*, the Deed's near Birth: Fate seems to have set
The Business up, and given it to our Care:
I hope there's not a Heart nor Hand amongst us
But is firm and ready.
All. All!
We'll die with *Bedamar*.
Bed. Oh Men,
Matchless, as will your Glory be hereafter,
The Game is for a matchless Prize, if won;
If lost, disgraceful Ruin.
Ren. What can lose it?
The Publick Stock's a Beggar; one *Venetian*
Trusts not another: Look into their Stores
Of general Safety; empty Magazines,
A tatter'd Fleet, a murmuring unpaid Army,
Bankrupt Nobility, a harass'd Commonalty,
A factious, giddy, and divided Senate,
Is all the strength of *Venice:* Let's destroy it;
Let's fill their Magazines with Arms to awe them,
Man out their Fleet, and make their Trade maintain it;
Let loose the murmuring Army on their Masters,
To pay themselves with Plunder; lop their Nobles
To the base Roots, whence most of 'em first sprung;
Enslave the Rout, whom smarting will make humble;
Turn out their droning Senate, and possess
That Seat of Empire which our Souls were fram'd for.
Pier. Ten thousand Men are armed, at your Nod,
Commanded all by Leaders fit to guide

A Battel for the Freedom of the World;
This wretched State has ſtarv'd them in its Service.
And by your Bounty quicken'd, they're reſolv'd
To ſerve your Glory, and revenge their own:
They've all their different Quarters in this City,
Watch for th' Alarm, and grumble 'tis ſo tardy.

Bed. I doubt not, Friend, but thy unweary'd diligence
Has ſtill kept waking, and it ſhall have eaſe;
After this Night it is reſolv'd we meet
No more, 'till *Venice* own us for her Lords.

Pier. How lovely the *Adriatique* Whore,
Dreſs'd in her Flames, will ſhine! devouring Flames!
Such as ſhall burn her to the watery bottom,
And hiſs in her Foundation.

Bed. Now if any
Amongſt us that owns this Glorious Cauſe,
Have Friends or Intereſt he'd wiſh to ſave,
Let it be told; the general Doom is ſeal'd;
But I'd forgo the hopes of a World's Empire,
Rather than wound the Bowels of my Friend.

Pier. I muſt confeſs, you there have touch'd my weakneſs.
I have a Friend; hear it, ſuch a Friend!
My Heart was ne'er ſhut to him. Nay, I'll tell you,
He knows the very Buſineſs of this Hour;
But he rejoices in the Cauſe, and loves it:
W'ave chang'd a Vow to live and die together,
And he's at hand to ratifie it here.

Ren. How! all betray'd?

Pier. No —— I've dealt nobly with you;
I've brought my All into the Publick Stock;
I'ad but one Friend, and him I'll ſhare amongſt you!
Receive and cheriſh him! or if, when ſeen
And ſearch'd, you find him worthleſs; as my Tongue
Has lodg'd this Secret in his faithful Breaſt,
To eaſe your Fears I wear a Dagger here,
Shall rip it out again, and give you reſt.
Come forth thou only Good I e'er could boaſt of.

Enter Jaffeir *with a Dagger.*

Bed. His Preſence bears the ſhew of manly Virtue!

Jaff. I know you'll wonder all, that thus uncall'd,
I dare approach this place of fatal Councils;
But I'm amongſt you, and by Heav'n it glads me,
To ſee ſo many Virtues thus united,
To reſtore Juſtice and dethrone Oppreſſion.
Command this Sword, if you would have it quiet,
Into this Breaſt; but if you think it worthy
To cut the Throats of Reverend Rogues in Robes,
Send me into the curs'd aſſembled Senate;
It ſhrinks not, tho' I meet a Father there.
Would you behold this City flaming? Here's
A Hand ſhall bear a lighted Torch at Noon
To th' Arſenal, and ſet its Gates on Fire.

Ren. You talk this well, Sir.

Jaff. Nay——by Heav'n I'll do this.
Come, come, I read diſtruſt in all your Faces,
You fear me a Villain; and indeed it's odd
To hear a Stranger talk thus at firſt meeting,
Of Matters that have been ſo well debated;
But I come ripe with Wrongs, as you with Councils;
I hate this Senate, am a Foe to *Venice*:
A Friend to none, but Men reſolv'd like me,
To puſh on Miſchief. Oh did you but know me,
I need not talk thus!

Bed. Pierre! I muſt embrace him,
My Heart beats to this Man as if it knew him.

Ren. I never lov'd theſe Huggers.

Jaff. Still I ſee
The Cauſe delights me not. Your Friends ſurvey me,
As I were dangerous——but I come arm'd
Againſt all Doubts, and to your Truſt will give
A Pledge, worth more than all the World can pay for.
My *Belvidera!* Ho! My *Belvidera!*

Bed. What wonder next?

Jaff. Let me intreat you,
As I have henceforth hopes to call ye Friends,
That all but the Ambaſſadour, this
Grave Guide of Councils, with my Friend that owns me,
Withdraw a while, to ſpare a Woman's Bluſhes.

[*Ex. all but* Bed. Ren. Jaff. Pier.

Bed.

Bed. Pierre, whither will this Ceremony lead us?
Jaff. My *Belvidera! Belvidera!*
Enter Belvidera.
Belv. Who?
Who calls so loud at this late peaceful Hour?
That Voice was wont to come in gentle Whispers,
And fill my Ears with the soft Breath of Love:
Thou hourly Image of my Thoughts, where at thou?
Jaff. Indeed 'tis late.
Belv. Oh; I have slept and dreamt,
And dreamt again: Where hast thou been thou Loyterer?
Tho' my Eyes clos'd, my Arms have still been open'd;
Stretch'd every way betwixt my broken Slumbers,
To search if thou wert come to crown my Rest;
There's no repose without thee: Oh the day
Too soon will break, and wake us to our Sorrow;
Come, come to Bed, and bid thy Cares Good-night.
Jaff. Oh *Belvidera!* we must change the Scene
In which the past Delights of Life were tasted:
The Poor sleep little; we must learn to watch
Our Labours late, and early every Morning.
'Midst Winter Frosts, thin clad and fed with sparing,
Rise to our Toils, and drudge away the Day.
Belv. Alas! where am I! whither is't you lead me!
Methinks I read Distraction in your Face!
Something less gentle than the Fate you tell me:
You shake and tremble too! your Blood runs cold!
Heav'ns guard my Love, and bless his Heart with Patience.
Jaff. That I have Patience, let our Fate bear witness,
Who has ordain'd it so, that thou and I,
(Thou the divinest Good Man e'er possess'd,
And I, the wretched'st of the Race of Man)
This very Hour, without one Tear, must part.
Belv. Part! must we part? Oh! am I then forsaken?
Will my Love cast me off? have my Misfortunes
Offended him so highly, that he'll leave me?
Why drag you from me? whither are you going?
My Dear! my Life! my Love!
Jaff. Oh Friends!
Belv. Speak to me.

Jaff.

Jaff. Take her from my Heart,
She'll gain such hold else, I shall ne'er get loose
I charge thee take her, but with tender'st care,
Relieve her Troubles and asswage her Sorrows.
Ren. Rise, Madam! and Command amongst your Servants!
Jaff. To you, Sirs, and your Honours, I bequeath her,
And with her this; when I prove unworthy——
[*Gives a Dagger.*
You know the rest. —— Then strike it to her Heart;
And tell her, he who three whole happy Years
Lay in her Arms, and each kind Night repeated
The passionate Vows of still increasing Love,
Sent that Reward for all her Truth and Sufferings.
Belv. Nay, take my Life, since he has sold it cheaply;
Or send me to some distant Clime your Slave;
But let it be far off, lest my Complainings
Should reach his guilty Ears, and shake his Peace.
Jaff. No, *Belvidera*, I've contriv'd thy Honour:
Trust to my Faith, and be but Fortune kind
To me, as I'll preserve that Faith unbroken.
When next we meet, I'll lift thee to a height,
Shall gather all the gazing World about thee,
To wonder what strange Virtue plac'd thee there.
But if we ne'er meet more——
Belv. Oh thou unkind one;
Ne'er meet more! have I deserv'd this from you?
Look on me, tell me, tell me; speak, thou dear Deceiver,
Why am I separated from thy Love?
If I am false, accuse me; but if true,
Don't, prithee don't in Poverty forsake me,
But pity the sad Heart, that's torn with parting.
Yet hear me! yet recall me—— [*Ex.* Ren. Bed. *and* Belv.
Jaff. Oh my Eyes!
Look not that way, but turn your selves a while
Into my Heart, and be wean'd all together.
My Friend, where art thou?
Pier. Here, my Honour's Brother.
Jaff. Is *Belvidera* gone?
Pier. *Renault* has led her
Back to her own Apartment; but, by Heav'n!
Thou must not see her more 'till our Work's over.

Jaff.

Jaff. No?
Pier. Not for your Life
Jaff. Oh *Pierre*, wert thou but ſhe,
How I could pull thee down into my Heart,
Gaze on thee 'till my Eye-ſtrings crackt with Love,
'Till all my Sinews with its fire extended,
Fixt me upon the Rack of ardent Longing;
Then ſwelling, ſighing, raging to be bleſt,
Come like a panting Turtle to thy Breaſt,
On thy ſoft Boſom, hovering, bill and play,
Confeſs the Cauſe why laſt I fled away;
Own 'twas a Fault, but ſwear to give it o'er,
And never follow falſe Ambition more. [*Exe.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Aquilina *and her Maid.*

Aqui. TELL him I am gone to Bed: Tell him I am not at Home; tell him I've better Company with me, or any thing; tell him in ſhort *I* will not ſee him, the eternal troubleſome vexatious Fool: He's worſe Company than an ignorant Phyſician——I'll not be diſturb'd at theſe unſeaſonable Hours.

Maid. But Madam! He's here already, juſt enter'd the Doors.

Aqui. Turn him out again, you unneceſſary, uſeleſs, giddy-brain'd Aſs! if he will not be gone, ſet the Houſe a-fire and burn us both: I'd rather meet a Toad in my Diſh, than that old hideous Animal in my Chamber to Night.

Enter Antonio.

Anto. Nacky, Nacky, Nacky,——how doſt do *Nacky?* Hurry durry. I am come little *Nacky*; paſt eleven a Clock, a late Hour; time in all Conſcience to go to Bed, *Nacky*---*Nacky* did I ſay? Ay, *Nacky, Aquilina, lina, lina, quilina, quilina, quilina, Aquilina, Naquilina, Naquilina, Acky, Acky, Nacky, Nacky*, Queen, *Nacky*——come let's to Bed——

you

you Fubbs, you Pugg you——you little Puſs——Purree Tuzzy——I am a Senator.

Aqui. You are a Fool, I am ſure.

Ant. May be ſo too, Sweet-heart. Never the worſe Senator for all that. Come *Nacky*, *Nacky*, let's have a Game at Rump, *Nacky*.

Aqui. You would do well, Signior, to be troubleſome here no longer, but leave me to my ſelf; be ſober and go home, Sir.

Ant. Home, *Madona!*

Aqui. Ay, home, Sir. Who am I?

Ant. *Madona*, as I take it you are my——you are------ thou art my little *Nicky Nacky*——that's all!

Aqui. I find you are reſolv'd to be troubleſome; and ſo to make ſhort of the matter in few words, I hate you, deteſt you, loath you, I am weary of you, ſick of you---- hang you, you are an Old, Silly, Impertinent, Impotent, Sollicitous Coxcomb; Crazy in your Head, and Lazy in your Body, love to be medling with every thing, and if you had not Mony, you are good for nothing.

Ant. Good for nothing! Hurry durry, I'll try that preſently. Sixty one years Old, and good for nothing; that's brave. [*To the Maid.*] Come, come, come, Mrs. Fiddle-faddle, turn you out for a Seaſon; go, turn out I ſay, it is our will and pleaſure to be private ſome Moments——out, out when you are bid too---- [*Puts her out, and locks the Door.* Good for nothing, you ſay?

Aqui. Why, what are you good for?

Ant. In the firſt place, Madam, I am Old, and conſequently very wiſe, very wiſe, *Madona*, d'ye mark that? in the ſecond place take notice, if you pleaſe, that I am a Senator, and when I think fit can make Speeches, *Madona*. Hurry durry, I can make a Speech in the Senate-houſe now and then——would make your Hair ſtand an end, *Madona*.

Aqui. What care I for your Speeches in the Senate-houſe? if you would be ſilent here, I ſhould thank you.

Ant. Why, I can make Speeches to thee too, my lovely *Madona*; for Example——My cruel Fair one,

[*Takes out a Purſe of Gold, and at every pauſe ſhakes it.*

Since

Since it is my Fate, that you ſhould with your Servant angry prove; tho' late at Night——I hope 'tis not too late with this to gain reception for my Love——There's for thee, my little *Nicky Nacky*——take it, here take it----I ſay take it, or I'll throw it at your Head——how now Rebel!

Aqui. Truly, my Illuſtrious Senator, I muſt confeſs your Honour is at preſent moſt profoundly Eloquent indeed.

Ant. Very well: Come, now let's ſit down and think upon't a little-----come, ſit I ſay----ſit down by me a little, my *Nicky Nacky*, ha—— [*Sits down*] Hurry durry----good for nothing-----

Aqui. No Sir, if you pleaſe I can know my diſtance, and ſtand.

Ant. Stand: How, *Nacky* up and I down! Nay then let me exclaim with the Poet,

Shew me a Caſe more pitiful who can,
A ſtanding Woman, and a falling Man.

Hurry durry---not ſit down----*ſee this ye Gods.*
You won't ſit down?

Aqui. No, Sir.

Ant. Then look you now, ſuppoſe me a Bull, a *Baſan*-Bull, the Bull of Bulls, or any Bull. Thus up I get and with my Brows thus bent——I broo, I ſay I broo, I broo, I broo. You won't ſit down will you---I broo——

[*Bellows like a Bull, and drives her about.*

Aqui. Well, Sir, I muſt endure this. [*She ſits down.*] Now your Honour has been a Bull, pray what Beaſt will your Worſhip pleaſe to be next?

Ant. Now I'll be a Senator again, and thy Lover, little *Nicky Nacky!* [*He ſits by her.*] Ah toad, toad, toad, toad! ſpit in my Face a little *Nacky*----ſpit in my Face prithee, ſpit in my Face, never ſo little: ſpit but a little bit-----ſpit, ſpit, ſpit, ſpit when you are bid I ſay; do, prithee ſpit----now, now, now ſpit: what you won't ſpit will you? Then I'll be a Dog.

Aqui. A Dog, my Lord!

Ant. Ay a Dog----and I'll give thee this t'other Purſe to let me be a Dog----and uſe me like a Dog a little. Hurry durry-----I will----here 'tis---- [*Gives the Purſe.*

Aqui. Well, with all my Heart. But let me beſeech your Dogſhip to play your Tricks over as faſt as you can, that you may come to ſtinking the ſooner, and be turn'd out of doors as you deſerve.

Ant. Ay, ay-----no matter for that------ that ſhan't move me---- [*He gets under the Table.*] Now, bough waugh waugh, bough waugh----- [*Barks like a Dog.*

Aqui. Hold, hold, hold Sir, I beſeech you: what is't you do? If Curs bite, they muſt be kickt, Sir. Do you ſee, kickt thus.

Ant. Ay with all my Heart: do, kick, kick on, now I am under the Table, kick again----kick harder----harder yet, bough waugh waugh, waugh, bough-----odd, I'll have a ſnap at thy ſhins-----bough waugh waugh, waugh bough----'odd ſhe kicks bravely.-----

Aqui. Nay, then I'll go another way to work with you: and I think here's an Inſtrument fit for the purpoſe! [*Fetches a Whip and a Bell.*

What, bite your Miſtreſs, Sirrah! out, out of doors you Dog, to Kennel and be hang'd-----bite your Miſtreſs by the Legs, you Rogue----- [*She whips him.*

Ant. Nay, prithee *Nacky*, now thou art too loving: Hurry durry, 'odd I'll be a Dog no longer.

Aqui. Nay, none of your fawning and grinning: But be gone, or here's the Diſcipline: What, bite your Miſtreſs by the Legs, you Mungril? out of Doors-----hout hout, to kennel Sirrah! go.

Ant. This is very barbarous uſage, *Nacky*, very barbarous: look you, I will not go-----I will not ſtir from the door, that I reſolve-----hurry durry, what ſhut me out? [*She whips him out.*

Aqui. Ay, and if you come here any more to night I'll have my Footmen lug you, you Cur: What, bite your poor Miſtreſs *Nacky*, Sirrah!

Enter

Enter Maid.

Maid. Heav'ns Madam! What's the matter?

[*He howles at the Door like a Dog.*

Aqui. Call my Footmen hither presently.

Enter two Footmen.

Maid. They're here already Madam; the House is all alarm'd with a strange noise, that no body knows what to make of.

Aqui. Go all of you and turn that troublesome Beast in the next Room out of my House-----If I ever see him within these Walls again, without my leave for his admittance, you sneaking Rogues-----I'll have you poyson'd all, poyson'd like Rats: every corner of the House shall stink of one of you: Go, and learn hereafter to know my pleasure. So now for my *Pierre:*

Thus when the Godlike Lover is displeas'd,
We Sacrifice our Fool, and he's appeas'd. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Belvidera.

Belv. I'm Sacrific'd! I'm Sold! Betray'd to Shame!
Inevitable Ruin has inclos'd me!
No sooner was I to my Bed repair'd,
To weigh and (weeping) ponder my condition,
But the old hoary Wretch, to whose false Care
My Peace and Honour was entrusted, came
(Like *Tarquin*) ghastly with infernal Lust.
Oh thou *Roman Lucrece!* thou could'st find Friends to vindicate thy Wrong;
I never had but one, and he's prov'd false;
He that should guard my Virtue, has betray'd it;
Left me! undone me! Oh that I could hate him!
Where shall I go! Oh whither, whither wander?

Enter Jaffeir.

Jaff. Can *Belvidera* want a Resting-place,
When these poor Arms are open to receive her?
Oh 'tis in vain to struggle with Desires
Strong as my Love to thee; for every moment
I'm from thy sight, the Heart within my Bosom

Moans

Moans like a tender Infant in its Cradle,
Whose Nurse had left it: Come, and with the Songs
Of gentle Love perswade it to its peace.

Belv. I fear the stubborn Wanderer will not own me;
'Tis grown a Rebel to be rul'd no longer,
Scorns the Indulgent Bosom that first lull'd it;
And, like a Disobedient Child, disdains
The soft Authority of *Belvidera.*

Jaff. There was a time——

Belv. Yes, yes, there was a time
When *Belvidera*'s Tears, her Cries, and Sorrows,
Were not despis'd; when if she chanc'd to sigh,
Or look but sad; ——there was indeed a time
When *Jaffeir* would have ta'en her in his Arms,
Eas'd her declining Head upon his Breast,
And never left her till he found the Cause.
But let her now weep Seas,
Cry till she rend the Earth; sigh till she burst
Her Heart asunder; still he bears it all,
Deaf as the Wind, and as the Rocks unshaken.

Jaff. Have I been deaf? am I that Rock unmov'd,
Against whose Root, Tears beat, and Sighs are sent!
In vain have I beheld thy Sorrows calmly!
Witness against me Heav'ns, have I done this?
Then bear me in a Whirlwind back again,
And let that angry Dear one ne'er forgive me!
Oh thou too rashly censurest of my Love!
Could'st thou but think how I have spent this Night,
Dark and alone, no Pillow to my Head,
Rest in my Eyes, nor Quiet in my Heart,
Thou would'st not, *Belvidera,* sure thou would'st not
Talk to me thus, but like a pitying Angel
Spreading thy Wings, come settle on my Breast,
And hatch warm Comfort there, e'er Sorrows freeze it.

Belv. Why then poor Mourner, in what baleful corner
Hast thou been talking with that Witch the Night?
On what cold Stone hast thou been stretch'd along,
Gathering the grumbling Winds about thy Head,
To mix with theirs the Accents of thy Woes!
Oh now I find the Cause my Love forsakes me!

I am no longer fit to bear a ſhare
In his Concernments: My weak Female Virtue
Muſt not be truſted; 'Tis too frail and tender.
Jaff. Oh *Porcia! Porcia!* What a Soul was thine?
Belv. That *Porcia* was a Woman; and when *Brutus*,
Big with the Fate of *Rome*, (Heav'n guard thy Safety!)
Conceal'd from her the Labours of his Mind,
She let him ſee her Blood was great as his,
Flow'd from a Spring as Noble, and a Heart
Fit to partake his Troubles, as his Love:
Fetch, fetch that Dagger back, the dreadful Dower
Thou gav'ſt laſt night in parting with me; ſtrike it
Here to my Heart, and as the Blood flows from it,
Judge if it run not pure as *Cato*'s Daughter's.
Jaff. Thou art too good, and I indeed unworthy,
Unworthy ſo much Virtue: Teach me how
I may deſerve ſuch matchleſs Love as thine,
And ſee with what attention I'll obey thee.
Belv. Do not deſpiſe me: That's the All I ask.
Jaff. Deſpiſe thee! Hear me——
Belv. Oh thy charming Tongue
Is but too well acquainted with my weakneſs;
Knows, let it name but Love, my melting Heart
Diſſolves within my Breaſt; till with cloſ'd Eyes
I reel into thy Arms, and all's forgotten.
Jaff. What ſhall I do?
Belv. Tell me! be juſt, and tell me
Why dwells that buſie Cloud upon thy Face?
Why am I made a Stranger? why that Sigh,
And I not know the Cauſe? Why when the World
Is wrapt in Reſt, why chuſes then my Love
To wander up and down in horrid darkneſs,
Loathing his Bed, and theſe deſiring Arms?
Why are theſe Eyes Bloodſhot with tedious watching?
Why ſtarts he now? and looks as if he wiſht
His Fate were finiſht? Tell me, eaſe my Fear;
Leſt when we next time meet, I want the power
To ſearch into the ſickneſs of thy Mind,
But talk as wildly then as thou look'ſt now.
Jaff. Oh *Belvidera!*

Belv.

Belv. Why was I laſt Night deliver'd to a Villain?

Jaff. Hah, a Villain!

Belv. Yes! to a Villain! Why at ſuch an Hour
Meets that Aſſembly all made up of Wretches,
That look as Hell had drawn 'em into League?
Why, I in this Hand, and in that a Dagger,
Was I deliver'd with ſuch dreadful Ceremonies?
" *To you, Sirs, and to your Honour I bequeath her,*
" *And with her this: Where'er I prove unworthy,*
" *You know the reſt, then ſtrike it to her Heart?*
Oh why's that *reſt* conceal'd from me? muſt I
Be made the Hoſtage of a helliſh Truſt?
For ſuch I know I am; that's all my Value!
But by the Love and Loyalty I owe thee,
I'll free thee from the Bondage of theſe Slaves;
Strait to the Senate, tell 'em all I know,
All that I think, all that my Fears inform me!

Jaff. Is this the *Roman* Virtue! this the Blood
That boaſts its purity with *Cato*'s Daughter!
Would ſhe have e'er betray'd her *Brutus?*

Belv. No:
For *Brutus* truſted her: Wert thou ſo kind,
What would not *Belvidera* ſuffer for thee?

Jaff. I ſhall undo my ſelf, and tell thee all.

Belv. Look not upon me as I am a Woman,
But as a Bone, thy Wife, thy Friend; who long
Has had admiſſion to thy Heart, and there
Study'd the Virtues of thy gallant Nature;
Thy Conſtancy, thy Courage, and thy Truth,
Have been my daily Leſſon: I have learn'd 'em,
And bold as thou, can ſuffer or deſpiſe
The worſt of Fates for thee; and with thee ſhare 'em.

Jaff. Oh you divineſt Powers! look down and hear
My Prayers! inſtruct me to reward this Virtue!
Yet think a little, e'er thou tempt me further;
Think I've a Tale to tell will ſhake thy Nature,
Melt all this boaſted Conſtancy thou talk'ſt of
Into vile Tears and deſpicable Sorrows:
Then if thou ſhould'ſt betray me!

Belv. Shall I ſwear?

Jaff.

Jaff. No, do not ſwear: I would not violate
Thy tender Nature with ſo rude a Bond:
But as thou hop'ſt to ſee me live my Days,
And love thee long, lock this within thy Breaſt;
I've bound my ſelf by all the ſtricteſt Sacraments,
Divine and Human——

Belv. Speak!

Jaff. To kill thy Father——

Belv. My Father!

Jaff. Nay the Throats of the whole Senate
Shall bleed, my *Belvidera:* He amongſt us
That ſpares his Father, Brother, or his Friend,
Is damn'd. How rich and beauteous will the Face
Of Ruin look, when theſe wide Streets run Blood;
I, and the glorious Partners of my Fortune
Shouting, and ſtriding o'er the proſtrate Dead,
Still to new waſte; whilſt thou, far off in ſafety
Smiling, ſhalt ſee the Wonders of our daring;
And when Night comes, with Praiſe and Love receive me.

Belv. Oh!

Jaff. Have a care, and ſhrink not even in thought!
For if thou do'ſt——

Belv. I know it, thou wilt kill me.
Do, ſtrike thy Sword into this Boſom: Lay me
Dead on the Earth, and then thou wilt be ſafe.
Murder my Father! tho' his cruel Nature
Has perſecuted me to my Undoing;
Driven me to baſeſt Wants; can I behold him,
With ſmiles of Vengeance, butcher'd in his Age?
The ſacred Fountain of my Life deſtroy'd?
And canſt thou ſhed the Blood that gave me Being?
Nay, be a Traitor too, and ſell thy Country;
Can thy great Heart deſcend ſo vilely low,
Mix with hir'd Slaves, Bravoes, and common Stabbers,
Noſe-ſlitters, Ally-lurking Villains! join
With ſuch a Crew, and take a Ruffian's Wages,
To cut the Throats of Wretches as they ſleep?

Jaff. Thou wrong'ſt me, *Belvidera!* I've engag'd
With Men of Souls: Fit to reform the Ills
Of all Mankind: There's not a Heart amongſt them,

But's

But's ſtout as Death, yet honeſt as the Nature
Of Man firſt made, e'er Fraud and Vice were Faſhions.
Belv. What's he, to whoſe curſt Hands laſt Night thou
Was that well done? Oh! I could tell a Story (gav'ſt me?
Would rouze thy Lion-Heart out of its Den,
And make it rage with terrifying Fury.
Jaff. Speak on, I charge thee!
Belv. Oh my Love! if e'er
Thy *Belvidera*'s Peace deſerv'd thy Care,
Remove me from this place: Laſt Night, laſt Night!
Jaff. Diſtract me not, but give me all the Truth.
Belv. No ſooner wert thou gone, and I alone,
Left in the Power of that old Son of Miſchief;
No ſooner was I lain on my ſad Bed,
But that vile Wretch approach'd me; looſe, unbutton'd,
Ready for Violation: Then my Heart
Throbb'd with its fears: Oh how I wept and ſigh'd,
And ſhrunk and trembled; wiſh'd in vain for him
That ſhould protect me. Thou, alas! wert gone.
Jaff. Patience! ſweet Heav'n, 'till I make vengeance ſure.
Belv. He drew the hideous Dagger forth thou gav'ſt him,
And with upbraiding Smiles he ſaid, *Behold it,*
This is the Pledge of a falſe Husband's Love:
And in my Arms then preſt, and would have claſp'd me;
But with my Cries I ſcar'd his coward Heart,
'Till he withdrew, and mutter'd Vows to Hell.
Theſe are thy Friends! with theſe thy Life, thy Honour,
Thy Love all ſtak'd, and all will go to ruin.
Jaff. No more: I charge thee keep this Secret cloſe;
Clear up thy Sorrows, look as if thy Wrongs
Were all forgot, and treat him like a Friend,
As no complaint were made. No more; retire,
Retire my Life, and doubt not of my Honour;
I'll heal its failings, and deſerve thy Love.
Belv. Oh ſhould I part with thee, I fear thou wilt
In Anger leave me, and return no more.
Jaff. Return no more! I would not live without thee
Another Night to purchaſe the Creation.
Belv. When ſhall we meet again?

Jaff.

Jaff. Anon at Twelve!
I'll ſteal my ſelf to thy expecting Arms,
Come like a travell'd Dove, and bring thee Peace.
Belv. Indeed!
Jaff. By all our Loves!
Belv. 'Tis hard to part:
But ſure no Falſhood ever look'd ſo fairly.
Farewel, remember Twelve. [*Exit.*
Jaff. Let Heav'n forget me
When I remember not thy Truth, thy Love.
How curſt is my Condition, toſs'd and juſtled
From every Corner; Fortune's common Fool,
The Jeſt of Rogues, and inſtrumental Aſs
For Villains to lay Loads of ſhame upon,
And drive about juſt for their Eaſe and Scorn.

Enter Pierre.

Pier. Jaffeir!
Jaff. Who calls!
Pier. A Friend, that could have wiſh'd
T'have found thee otherwiſe imploy'd: What, hunt
A Wife on the dull Soil! ſure a ſtanch Husband
Of all Hounds is the dulleſt? Wilt thou never,
Never be wean'd from Caudles and Confections?
What feminine Tale haſt thou been liſtning to,
Of unair'd Shirts; Catarhs and Tooth-ach, got
By thin-ſold Shooes? Damnation! that a Fellow
Choſen to be a Sharer in the Deſtruction
Of a whole People, ſhould ſneak thus in Corners
To eaſe his fulſom Luſts, and fool his Mind.
Jaff. May not a Man then trifle out an Hour
With a kind Woman, and not wrong his Calling?
Pier. Not in a Cauſe like ours.
Jaff. Then Friend, our Cauſe
Is in a damn'd Condition: For I'll tell thee,
That Canker-worm call'd *Letchery* has touch'd it;
'Tis tainted vilely: Would'ſt thou think it, *Renault*,
(That mortify'd old wither'd Winter Rogue)
Loves ſimple Fornication like a Prieſt,
I found him out for watering at my Wife:
He viſited her laſt Night like a kind Guardian:

Faith

Faith she has some Temptations, that's the Truth on't.
Pier. He durst not wrong his Trust!
Jaff. 'Twas something late tho'
To take the Freedom of a Lady's Chamber.
Pier. Was she in Bed?
Jaff. Yes, Faith, in Virgin sheets
White as her Bosom, *Pierre*, dish'd neatly up,
Might tempt a weaker Appetite to taste.
Oh how the old Fox stunk I warrant thee,
When the rank fit was on him.
Pier. Patience guide me!
He us'd no Violence?
Jaff. No, no! out on't, Violence!
Play'd with her Neck; Brush'd her with his Grey Beard,
Struggl'd and towz'd, tickl'd her 'till she squeak'd a little,
May be, or so —— but not a jot of Violence ——
Pier. Damn him,
Jaff. Ay, so say I: But hush, no more on't;
All hitherto is well, and I believe
My self no Monster yet: Tho' no Man knows
What Fate he's born to: Sure 'tis near the Hour
We all should meet for our concluding Orders:
Will the Ambassador be here in Person?
Pier. No: he has sent Commission to that Villain, *Renault*,
To give the executing Charge;
I'd have thee be a Man if possible,
And keep thy Temper; for a brave Revenge
Ne'er comes too late.
Jaff. Fear not, I am cool as Patience:
Had he compleated my Dishonour, rather
Than hazard the Success our Hopes are ripe for,
I'd bear it all with mortifying Virtue.
Pier. He's yonder coming this way through the Hall;
His Thoughts seem full.
Jaff. Prithee retire and leave me
With him alone: I'll put him to some trial,
See how his rotten Part will bear the Touching.
Pier. Be careful then. [*Exit.*
Jaff. Nay, never doubt, but trust me.
What, be a Devil! take a damning Oath

For

For ſhedding native Blood! can there be a Sin
In merciful Repentance? Oh this Villain.

Enter Renault.

Ren. Perverſe! and Peeviſh! what a Slave is Man!
To let his itching Fleſh thus get the better of him!
Diſpatch the Tool her Husband——that were well.
Who's there?

Jaff. A Man.

Ren. My Friend, my near Ally! (well.
The Hoſtage of your Faith, my beauteous Charge, is very

Jaff. Sir, are you ſure of that?
Stands ſhe in perfect Health? Beats her Pulſe even?
Neither too hot nor cold?

Ren. What means that Queſtion?

Jaff. Oh Women have fantaſtick Conſtitutions,
Inconſtant as their Wiſhes, always wavering,
And never fixt; was it not boldly done
Even at firſt Sight to truſt the Thing I lov'd
(A tempting Treaſure too!) with Youth ſo fierce
And vigorous as thine? but thou art honeſt.

Ren. Who dares accuſe me?

Jaff. Curſt be he that doubts
Thy Virtue; I have try'd it, and declare,
Were I to chuſe a Guardian of my Honour,
I'd put it in thy keeping: For I know thee.

Ren. Know me!

Jaff. Ay, know thee: There's no falſhood in thee.
Thou look'ſt juſt as thou art: Let us embrace.
Now would'ſt thou cut my Throat, or I cut thine?

Ren. You dare not do't.

Jaff. You lie, Sir.

Ren. How!

Jaff. No more.
'Tis a baſe World, and muſt reform, that's all.

Enter Spinoſa, Theodore, Eliot, Revillido, Durand, Bramveil, *and the reſt of the Conſpirators.*

Ren. Spinoſa, Theodore!

Spin. The ſame.

Ren. You are welcome!

Spin. You are trembling, Sir.

Ren. 'Tis a cold Night indeed, I am aged,
Full of decay and natural Infirmities; [Pierre *re-enters.*
We shall be warm, my Friend, I hope to-morrow.
Pier. 'Twas not well done; thou should'st have stroak'd (him,
And not have gall'd him.
Jaff. Damn him, let him chew on't.
Heav'n! where am I? beset with curs'd Fiends,
That wait to Damn me: What a Devil's Man,
When he forgets his Nature —— hush my Heart.
Ren. My Friends, 'tis late: Are we assembled all?
Where's *Theodore?*
The. At Hand.
Ren. Spinosa.
Spin. Here.
Ren. Bramveil.
Bram. I am ready.
Ren. Durand and *Brabe.*
Dur. Command us;
We are both prepar'd!
Ren. Mezzana, Revellido,
Ternon, Retrosi; oh you're Men I find,
Fit to behold your Fate, and meet her Summons;
To Morrow's Rising Sun must see you all
Deck'd in your Honours! are the Soldiers ready?
All. All, all.
Ren. You *Durand,* with your Thousand must possess
St. *Marks;* You, Captain, know your Charge already;
'Tis to secure the Ducal Palace: You
Brabe with a hundred more must gain the *Secque.*
With the like number *Bramveil* to the *Procurale.*
Be all this done with the least Tumult possible,
'Till in each place you Post sufficient Guards:
Then sheath your Swords in every Breast you meet.
Jaff. Oh reverend Cruelty: Damn'd bloody Villain!
Ren. During this Execution, *Durand,* you
Must in the midst keep your Battalia fast;
And *Theodore* be sure to plant the Cannon
That may command the Streets; whilst *Revellido,*
Mezzana, Ternon and *Retrosi,* Guard you.
This done, we'll give the general Alarm,

Apply

Apply Petards, and force the Ars'nal Gates;
Then Fire the City round in ſeveral Places,
Or with our Cannon (if it dare reſiſt)
Batter to Ruin. But above all, I charge you
Shed Blood enough, ſpare neither Sex nor Age,
Name nor Condition; if there live a Senator
After to-morrow, tho' the dulleſt Rogue
That e'er ſaid nothing, we have loſt our Ends;
If poſſible, let's kill the very Name
Of Senator, and bury it in Blood.

Jaff. Mercileſs, horrid Slave!——Ay, Blood enough!
Shed Blood enough, old *Renault:* How thou charm'ſt me!

Ren. But one thing more, and then farewel till Fate
Join us again, or ſeparate us ever:
Firſt, let's embrace. Heav'n knows who next ſhall thus
Wing ye together: But let's all remember
We wear no common Cauſe upon our Swords:
Let each Man think that on his ſingle Virtue
Depends the Good and Fame of all the reſt;
Eternal Honour or perpetual Infamy.
Let's remember through what dreadful hazards
Propitious Fortune hitherto has led us,
How often on the brink of ſome Diſcovery
Have we ſtood tottering, yet ſtill kept our Ground
So well, that the buſieſt Searchers ne'er could follow
Thoſe ſubtle Tracks which puzled all Suſpicion.
You droop, Sir.

Jaff. No: With moſt profound Attention
I've heard it all, and wonder at thy Virtue.

Ren. Tho' there be yet few Hours 'twixt them and Ruin,
Are not the Senate lull'd in full Security,
Quiet and ſatisfy'd, as Fools are always!
Never did ſo profound Repoſe fore-run
Calamity ſo great: Nay, our good Fortune
Has blinded the moſt piercing of Mankind,
Strengthen'd the Fearfulleſt, charm'd the moſt Suſpectful,
Confounded the moſt Subtle: For we live,
We live my Friends, and quickly ſhall our Life
Prove fatal to theſe Tyrants: Let's conſider
That we deſtroy Oppreſſion, Avarice,

A People nurs'd up equally with Vices
And loathſome Luſts, which Nature moſt abhors,
And ſuch as without Shame ſhe cannot ſuffer.
Jaff. Oh *Belvidera,* take me to thy Arms,
And ſhew me where's my Peace, for I have loſt it. [*Exit.*
Ren. Without the leaſt Remorſe then let's reſolve
With Fire and Sword t'exterminate theſe Tyrants;
And when we ſhall behold thoſe curſt Tribunals,
Stain'd by the Tears and Sufferings of the Innocent,
Burning with Flames, rather from Heav'n than ours,
The raging, furious, and unpitying Soldier
Pulling his reeking Dagger from the Boſoms
Of gaſping Wretches; Death in every Quarter,
With all that ſad Diſorder can produce,
To make a Spectacle of Horrour; then,
Then let us call to mind, my deareſt Friends,
That there is nothing pure upon the Earth;
That the moſt valu'd things have moſt allays,
And that in change of all thoſe vile Enormities,
Under whoſe weight this wretched Country labours,
The means are only in our Hands to Crown them.
Pier. And may thoſe Powers above that are propitious
To gallant Minds, record this Cauſe, and bleſs it.
Ren. Thus happy, thus ſecure of all we wiſh for,
Should there, my Friends, be found amongſt us one
Falſe to this glorious Enterprize, what Fate,
What Vengeance were enough for ſuch a Villain?
Eli. Death here without Repentance, Hell hereafter.
Ren. Let that be my Lot, if as here I ſtand,
Liſted by Fate amongſt her darling Sons,
Tho' I had one only Brother, dear by all
The ſtricteſt ties of Nature; tho' one Hour
Had given us Birth, one Fortune fed our Wants,
One only Love, and that but of each other,
Still fill'd our Minds: Could I have ſuch a Friend
Join'd in this Cauſe, and had but ground to fear
He meant foul play; may this right Hand drop from me,
If I'd not hazard all my future Peace,
And ſtab him to the Heart before you: Who?
Who would do leſs? Would'ſt not thou *Pierre* the ſame?

Pier.

Pier. You've ſingled me, Sir, out for this hard queſtion,
As if 'twere ſtarted only for my ſake!
Am I the thing you fear? Here, here's my Boſom,
Search it with all your Swords! am I a Traitor?
Ren. No: But I fear your late commended Friend
Is little leſs: Come, Sirs, 'tis now no time
To trifle with our Safety. Where's this *Jaffeir?*
Spin. He left the Room juſt now in ſtrange diſorder.
Ren. Nay, there is danger in him: I obſerv'd him,
During the time I took for Explanation,
He was tranſported from moſt deep Attention
To a Confuſion which he could not ſmother.
His Looks grew full of Sadneſs and Surprize,
All which betray'd a war'ring Spirit in him,
That labour'd with Reluctancy and Sorrow.
What's requiſite for ſafety, muſt be done
With ſpeedy Execution, he remains
Yet in our Power: I for my own part wear
A Dagger ——
Pier. Well.
Ren. And I could wiſh it——
Pier. Where?
Ren. Bury'd in his Heart.
Pier. Away! we're yet all Friends;
No more of this, 'twill breed ill Blood amongſt us.
Spin. Let us all draw our Swords, and ſearch the Houſe,
Pull him from the dark Hole where he ſits brooding
O'er his cold Fears, and each Man kill his Share of him.
Pier. Who talks of killing? who's he'll ſhed the Blood
That's dear to me! Is't you? Or you? Or you, Sir?
What, not one ſpeak? how you ſtand gaping all
On your grave Oracle, your wooden God there;
Yet not a word? Then Sir, I'll tell y'a Secret;
Suſpicion's but at beſt a Coward's Virtue! [*To Ren.*
Ren. A Coward—— [*Handles his Sword.*
Pier. Put up thy Sword, old Man,
Thy Hand ſhakes at it; come let's heal this breach,
I am too hot: We yet may all live Friends.
Spin. 'Till we are ſafe, our Friendſhip cannot be ſo.
Pier. Again: Who's that?

Spin. 'Twas I.
The. And I.
Rev. And I.
Eli. And all.
Ren. Who are on my Side?
Spin. Every honeſt Sword.
Let's die like Men, and not be ſold like Slaves.
Pier. One ſuch word more, by Heav'n I'll to the Senate,
And hang ye all like Dogs, in Cluſters.
Why peep your Coward Swords half out their Shells?
Why do you not all Brandiſh them like mine?
You fear to die, and yet dare talk of killing.
Ren. Go to the Senate and betray us; haſte,
Secure thy wretched Life; we fear to die
Leſs than thou dar'ſt be Honeſt.
Pier. That's rank Falſhood.
Fear'ſt not thou Death? Fie, there's a Knaviſh Itch
In that Salt Blood, an utter Foe to Smarting.
Had *Jaffe.r*'s Wife prov'd Kind, he'd ſtill been True.
Faugh—— how that Stinks?
Thou die! thou kill my Friend, or thou, or thou,
Or thou, with that lean, wither'd, wretched Face!
Away, diſperſe all to your ſeveral Charges,
And meet to-morrow where your Honour calls you;
I'll bring that Man, whoſe Blood you ſo much thirſt for,
And you ſhall ſee him venture for you fairly——
Hence, hence, I ſay. [*Ex.* Renault *Angrily.*
Spin. I fear we've been to blame;
And done too much.
The. 'Twas too far urg'd againſt the Man you lov'd.
Rev. Here, take our Swords, and cruſh them with your (Feet.
Spin. Forgive us, gallant Friend.
Pier. Nay, now you've found
The way to melt, and caſt me as you will:
I'll fetch this Friend, and give him to your Mercy:
Nay he ſhall die, if you will take him from me.
For your Repoſe, I'll quit my Heart's Jewel;
But would not have him torn away by Villains,
And ſpiteful Villany.

Spin.

Spin. No; may you both
For ever Live, and fill the World with Fame!
Pier. Now y'are too kind. Whence roſe all this Diſcord?
Oh what a dangerous Precipice have we 'ſcap'd!
How near a Fall was all we'd long been building!
What an eternal Blot had ſtain'd our Glories!
If one, the braveſt and the beſt of Men
Had fall'n a Sacrifice to raſh Suſpicion!
Butcher'd by thoſe, whoſe Cauſe he came to cheriſh:
Oh could you know him all as I have known him,
How good he is, how juſt, how true, how brave,
You would not leave this place 'till you had ſeen him;
Humbled your ſelves before him, kiſs'd his Feet,
And gain'd Remiſſion for the worſt of Follies.
Come but To-morrow all your Doubts ſhall end,
And to your Loves me better recommend,
That I've preſerv'd your Fame, and ſav'd my Friend.
[Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Jaffeir *and* Belvidera.

Jaff. WHere doſt thou lead me? Every ſtep I move,
Methinks I tread upon ſome mangled Limb
Of a rack'd Friend: O my dear charming Ruin!
Where are we wandring!
Belv. To eternal Honour;
To do a Deed ſhall Chronicle thy Name,
Among the glorious Legends of thoſe Few
That have ſav'd ſinking Nations: Thy Renown
Shall be the future Song of all the Virgins,
Who by thy Piety have been preſerv'd
From horrid Violation: Every Street
Shall be adorn'd with Statues to thy Honour,
And at thy Feet this great Inſcription written,
Remember Him that Propt the Fall of Venice.
Jaff. Rather, remember him, who after all
The ſacred Bonds of Oaths and holier Friendſhip,

In fond Compaſſion to a Woman's Tears
Forgot his Manhood, Virtue, Truth, and Honour,
To Sacrifice the Boſom that reliev'd him.
Why wilt thou Damn me?

Belv. Oh inconſtant Man!
How will you Promiſe? how will you Deceive?
Do, return back, re-place me in my Bondage,
Tell all thy Friends how dangerouſly thou lov'ſt me;
And let thy Dagger do its bloody Office.
Oh that kind Dagger, *Jaffeir*, how 'twill look,
Struck thro' my Heart; Drench'd in my Blood to th' Hilts!
Whilſt theſe poor dying Eyes ſhall with their Tears
No more torment thee; then thou wilt be free:
Or if thou think'ſt it nobler; let me live
'Till I'm a Victim to the hateful Luſt
Of that Infernal Devil, that old Fiend
That's damn'd himſelf, and would undo Mankind.
Laſt Night, my Love!

Jaff. Name, name it not again.
It ſhews a beaſtly Image to my Fancy,
Will wake me into Madneſs. Oh the Villain!
That durſt approach ſuch Purity as thine,
On Terms ſo vile: Deſtruction, ſwift Deſtruction
Fall on my coward Head, and make my Name
The common Scorn of Fools, if I forgive him;
If I forgive him! if I not Revenge
With utmoſt Rage, and moſt unſtaying Fury,
Thy Suffering, thou dear Darling of my Life.

Belv. Delay no longer then, but to the Senate;
And tell the diſmal'ſt Story ever utter'd:
Tell 'em what Bloodſhed, Rapines, Deſolations,
Have been prepar'd; how near's the fatal Hour!
Save thy poor Country, ſave the Reverend Blood
Of all its Nobles, which to-Morrow's Dawn
Muſt elſe ſee ſhed: Save the poor tender Lives
Of all thoſe little Infants, which the Swords
Of Murderers are whetting for this Moment;
Think thou already hear'ſt their dying Screams,
Think that thou ſee'ſt their ſad diſtracted Mothers
Kneeling before thy Feet, and begging Pity,

With

With torn diſhevel'd Hair, and ſtreaming Eyes,
Their naked mangled Breaſts beſmear'd with Blood,
And even the Milk with which their fondled Babes
Softly they huſh'd, dropping in Anguiſh from 'em.
Think thou ſee'ſt this, and then conſult thy Heart.

Jaff. Oh!

Belv. Think too, if you loſe this preſent Minute,
What Miſeries the next Day bring upon thee.
Imagine all the Horrours of that Night,
Murther and Rapine, Waſte and Deſolation,
Confus'dly raging. Think what then may prove
My Lot! the Raviſher may then come ſafe,
And 'midſt the terrour of the publick Ruin
Do a damn'd Deed; perhaps may lay a Train
To catch thy Life; then where will be Revenge,
The dear Revenge that's due to ſuch a Wrong?

Jaff. By all Heav'ns Powers, Prophetick Truth dwells in thee,
For every word thou ſpeak'ſt ſtrikes thro' my Heart
Like a new Light, and ſhews it how't has wander'd,
Juſt what th'haſt made me, take me, *Belvidera*,
And lead me to the place where I'm to ſay
This bitter Leſſon; where I muſt betray
My Truth, my Virtue, Conſtancy and Friends;
Muſt I betray my Friend! Ah take me quickly,
Secure me well before that Thought's renew'd;
If I relapſe once more, all's loſt for ever.

Belv. Haſt thou a Friend more dear than *Belvidera*?

Jaff. No; thou art my Soul it ſelf, Wealth, Friendſhip, (Honour;
All preſent Joys, and earneſt of all future,
Are ſumm'd in thee: methinks when in thy Arms
Thus leaning on thy Breaſt, one Minute's more
Than a long thouſand Years of vulgar Hours.
Why was ſuch Happineſs not given me pure?
Why daſh'd with cruel Wrongs, and bitter Warnings?
Come, lead me forward now like a tame Lamb
To Sacrifice. Thus in his fatal Garlands
Deck'd fine, and pleas'd, the Wanton skips and plays,
Trots by th' enticing flattering Prieſteſs ſide,
And much tranſported with its little pride,

Forgets his dear Companions of the Plain;
'Till by her bound, he's on the Altar lain,
Yet then too hardly bleats, such Pleasure's in the Pain.

Enter Officer and six Guards.

Offi. Stand, who goes there?

Belv. Friends.

Jaff. Friends, *Belvidera!* hide me from my Friends.
By Heav'n, I'd rather see the Face of Hell,
Than meet the Man I love.

Offi. But what Friends are you?

Belv. Friends to the Senate and the State of *Venice.*

Offi. My Orders are to seize on all I find
At this late Hour, and bring 'em to the Council,
Who now are sitting.

Jaff. Sir, you shall be obey'd.
Hold, Brutes, stand off, none of your Paws upon me.
Now the Lot's cast, and Fate do what thou wilt.

[*Exeunt guarded.*

SCENE II. *The Senate-house.*

Where appear sitting, the Duke of Venice, Priuli, Antonio, *and eight other Senators.*

Duke. Antony, Priuli, Senators of *Venice,*
Speak, why are we assembled here this Night?
What have you to inform us of, concerns
The State of *Venice,* Honour, or its Safety?

Pri. Could words express the Story I've to tell you,
Fathers, these Tears were useless, these sad Tears
That fall from my old Eyes; but there is cause
We all should weep, tear off these Purple Robes,
And wrap our selves in Sackcloath, sitting down
On the sad Earth, and cry aloud to Heav'n.
Heav'n knows if yet there be an Hour to come
E'er *Venice* be no more.

All Sen. How!

Pri. Nay, we stand
Upon the very brink of gaping Ruin.
Within this City's form'd a dark Conspiracy,
To Massacre us all, our Wives and Children,

Kind-

Kindred and Friends; our Palaces and Temples
To lay in Aſhes: nay, the hour too fixt;
The Swords, for ought I know, drawn e'en this moment,
And the wild Waſte begun. From unknown Hands
I had this Warning: but if we are Men
Let's not be tamely butcher'd, but do ſomething
That may inform the World in after-Ages,
Our Virtue was not ruin'd, tho' we were. [*A Noiſe without.*
Room, room, make room for ſome Priſoners——
Sen. Let's raiſe the City.

Enter Officer and Guard.

Pri. Speak there, what Diſturbance?
Off. Two Priſoners have the Guard ſeiz'd in the Streets,
Who ſay, they come to inform this Reverend Senate
About the preſent Danger.

Enter Jaffeir *and* Belvidera *guarded.*

All. Give 'em Entrance——Well, who are you?
Jaff. A Villain.
Ant. Short and pithy.
The Man ſpeaks well.
Jaff. Would every Man that hears me
Would deal ſo honeſtly, and own his Title.
Duke. 'Tis rumour'd, that a Plot has been contriv'd
Againſt this State; that you have a ſhare in't too.
If you are a Villain, to redeem your Honour,
Unfold the Truth, and be reſtor'd with Mercy.
Jaff. Think not that I to ſave my Life come hither;
I know its value better; but in pity
To all thoſe Wretches, whoſe unhappy Dooms
Are fix'd and ſeal'd. You ſee me here before you,
The ſworn, and covenanted Foe of *Venice.*
But uſe me as my Dealings may deſerve;
And I may prove a Friend.
Duke. The Slave capitulates.
Give him the Tortures.
Jaff. That you dare not do,
Your Fears won't let you, nor the longing Itch
To hear a Story which you dread the truth of.
Truth, which the fear of Smart ſhall ne'er get from me.
Cowards are ſcar'd with Threatnings: Boys are whipt

Into

Into Confeſſions: but a ſteady Mind
Acts of it ſelf, ne'er asks the Body Counſel.
Give him the Tortures! Name but ſuch a thing
Again; by Heav'n I'll ſhut theſe Lips for ever,
Not all your Racks, your Engines, or your Wheels,
Shall force a Groan away---that you may gueſs at.

Ant. A bloody-minded Fellow I'll warrant;
A damn'd bloody-minded Fellow.

Duke. Name your Conditions.

Jaff. For my ſelf full Pardon.
Beſides the Lives of two and twenty Friends
[*Delivers a Liſt.*
Whoſe Names are here enroll'd: Nay, let their Crimes
Be ne'er ſo monſtrous, I muſt have the Oaths
And ſacred Promiſe of this reverend Council,
That in a full Aſſembly of the Senate
The Thing I ask be ratify'd. Swear this,
And I'll unfold the Secrets of your Danger.

All. We'll Swear.

Duke. Propoſe the Oath.

Jaff. By all the Hopes
Ye have of Peace and Happineſs hereafter,
Swear.

All. We all Swear.

Jaff. To Grant me what I've ask'd,
Ye Swear.

All. We Swear.

Jaff. And as ye keep the Oath,
May you and your Poſterity be Bleſt,
Or Curſt for ever.

All. Elſe be Curſt for ever!

Jaff. Then here's the Liſt, and with't the full Diſcloſe
Of all that threatens you. [*Delivers another Paper.*
Now Fate thou haſt caught me.

Ant. Why, what a dreadful Catalogue of Cut-throats is here! I'll warrant you not one of theſe Fellows but has a Face like a Lion. I dare not ſo much as read their Names over.

Duke. Give Order that all diligent Search be made
To ſeize theſe Men; their Characters are publick.

The

The Paper intimates their Rendezvouz
To be at the Houſe of a fam'd *Grecian* Curtezan,
Call'd *Aquilina*; ſee that place ſecur'd.
Ant. What my Nicky Nacky, Hurry Durry, Nicky Nacky in the Plot——I'll make a Speech. Moſt Noble Senators,
What headlong Apprehenſions drive you on,
Right noble, wiſe, and truly ſolid Senators,
To violate the Laws and Right of Nations?
The Lady is a Lady of Renown.
'Tis true, ſhe holds a Houſe of fair Reception,
And tho' I ſay't my ſelf, as many more
Can ſay as well as I.
2 *Sen.* My Lord, long Speeches
Are frivolous here, when Dangers are ſo near us;
We all well know your Intereſt in that Lady;
The World talks loud on't.
Ant. Verily I have done;
I ſay no more.
Duke. But ſince he has declar'd
Himſelf concern'd, pray, Captain, take great Caution
To treat the fair One as becomes her Character,
And let her Bed-Chamber be ſearch'd with decency.
You, *Jaffeir*, muſt with Patience bear 'till Morning
To be our Priſoner.
Jaff. Would the Chains of Death
Had bound me faſt e'er I had known this Minute.
I've done a Deed will make my Story hereafter
Quoted in Competition with all ill ones:
The Hiſtory of my Wickedneſs ſhall run
Down thro' the low Traditions of the Vulgar,
And Boys be taught to tell the Tale of *Jaffeir*.
Duke. Captain withdraw your Priſoner.
Jaff. Sir, if poſſible, (me;
Lead me where my own Thoughts themſelves may loſe
Where I may doze out what I've left of Life,
Forget my ſelf and this Day's Guilt and Falſhood.
Cruel Remembrance, how ſhall I appeaſe thee!
[*Ex. Guarded. Noiſe without,*
More Traitors; room, room, make room there.
Duke.

Duke. How's this, Guards?
Where are our Guards? shut up the Gates, the Treason's
Already at our Doors.

Enter Officer.

Offi. My Lords, more Traitors:
Seiz'd in the very Act of Consultation;
Furnish'd with Arms and Instruments of Mischief.
Bring in the Prisoners.

Enter Pierre, Renault, Theodore, Eliot, Revellido, *and other Conspirators in Fetters, guarded.*

Pier. You, my Lords and Fathers,
(As you are pleas'd to call your selves) of *Venice*;
If you sit here to guide the Course of Justice,
Why these disgraceful Chains upon the Limbs
That have so often labour'd in your Service?
Are these the Wreaths of Triumphs ye bestow
On those that bring you Conquests home, and Honours?

Duke. Go on, you shall be heard, Sir.

Ant. And be hang'd too, I hope.

Pier. Are these the Trophies I've deserv'd, for fighting
Your Battels with confederated Powers?
When Winds and Seas conspir'd to overthrow you,
And brought the Fleets of *Spain* to your own Harbours:
When you, great Duke, shrunk, trembling in your Palace,
And saw your Wife, th' *Adriatick*, plough'd
Like a lewd Whore by bolder Prows than yours,
Stept not I forth, and taught your loose *Venetians*
The task of Honour, and the way to Greatness!
Rais'd you from your capitulating Fears,
To stipulate the Terms of su'd-for Peace?
And this my Recompence? If I'm a Traitor,
Produce my Charge; or shew the Wretch that's base e-
And brave enough to tell me I'm a Traitor. [nough

Duke. Know you one *Jaffeir?*

[*All the Conspirators murmur.*

Pier. Yes, and know his Virtue.
His Justice, Truth, his general Worth and Sufferings
From a hard Father taught me first to love him.

Enter Jaffeir *guarded.*

Duke. See him brought forth.

Pier.

Pier. My Friend too bound! nay then
Our Fate has conquer'd us, and we muſt fall.
Why droops the Man whoſe Welfare's ſo much mine
They're but one thing? Theſe Reverend Tyrants, *Jaffeir*,
Call us all Traitors: Art thou one, my Brother?

Jaff. To thee I am the falſeſt, verieſt Slave
That e'er betray'd a generous, truſting Friend,
And gave up Honour to be ſure of Ruin:
All our fair Hopes which Morning was to have crown'd,
Has this curſt Tongue o'erthrown.

Pier. So, then all's over:
Venice has loſt her Freedom; I my Life;
No more; farewell.

Duke. Say; will you make Confeſſion
Of your vile Deeds, and truſt the Senate's Mercy?

Pier. Curſt be your Senate: Curſt your Conſtitution:
The Curſe of growing Factions and Diviſion
Still vex your Councils, ſhake your Publick Safety,
And make the Robes of Government you wear,
Hateful to you, as theſe baſe Chains to me.

Duke. Pardon, or Death?

Pier. Death, honourable Death.

Ren. Death's the beſt thing we ask, or you can give.

All Conſp. No ſhameful Bonds, but honourable Death.

Duke. Break up the Council: Captain, guard your Priſoners.
Jaffeir, y'are Free, but theſe muſt wait for Judgment.
[*Ex. all the Senators.*

Pier. Come, where's my Dungeon? lead me to my Straw:
It will not be the firſt time I've lodg'd hard
To do your Senate Service.

Jaff. Hold one Moment.

Pier. Who's he diſputes the Judgment of the Senate?
Preſumptuous Rebel —— on —— [*Strikes* Jaff.

Jaff. By Heav'n you ſtir not.
I muſt be heard, I muſt have leave to ſpeak:
Thou haſt diſgrac'd me, *Pierre*, by a vile Blow:
Had not a Dagger done thee nobler Juſtice?
But uſe me as thou wilt, thou canſt not wrong me,
For I am fall'n beneath the baſeſt Injuries;

Yet

Yet look upon me with an Eye of Mercy,
With Pity and with Charity behold me;
Shut not thy Heart againſt a Friend's Repentance,
But as there dwells a God-like Nature in thee,
Liſten with Mildneſs to my Supplications.

Pier. What whining Monk art thou? what holy Cheat
That would'ſt encroach upon my credulous Ears,
And cant'ſt thus vilely? Hence. I know thee not,
Diſſemble and be Naſty: Leave, Hypocrite.

Jaff. Not know me, *Pierre!*

Pier. No, know thee not: what art thou?

Jaff. Jaffeir, thy Friend, thy once lov'd, valu'd Friend;
Tho' now deſerv'dly ſcorn'd, and us'd moſt hardly

Pier. Thou *Jaffeir!* thou my once lov'd, valu'd Friend!
By Heav'ns thou ly'ſt; the Man ſo call'd, my Friend,
Was Generous, Honeſt, Faithful, Juſt and Valiant,
Noble in Mind, and in his Perſon Lovely,
Dear to my Eyes, and tender to my Heart:
But thou, a Wretched, Baſe, Falſe, Worthleſs Coward,
Poor, even in Soul, and loathſome in thy Aſpect:
All Eyes muſt ſhun thee, and all Hearts deteſt thee.
Prithee avoid, nor longer cling thus round me
Like ſomething baneful, that my Nature's chill'd at.

Jaff. I have not wrong'd thee, by theſe Tears I have
But ſtill am Honeſt, True, and hope too Valiant; (not.
My Mind ſtill full of thee: therefore ſtill Noble.
Let not thy Eyes then ſhun me, nor thy Heart
Deteſt me utterly: Oh look upon me,
Look back and ſee my ſad, ſincere Submiſſion!
How my Heart ſwells, as even 'twould burſt my Boſom;
Fond of its Goal, and labouring to be at thee!
What ſhall I do? what ſay to make thee hear me?

Pier. Haſt thou not wrong'd me? dar'ſt thou call thy ſelf,
That once lov'd, valu'd Friend of mine,
And ſwear thou haſt not wrong'd me? Whence theſe Chains?
Whence the vile Death, which I may meet this moment?
Whence this Diſhonour, but from thee, thou falſe one?

Jaff.----All's true, yet grant one thing, and I've done asking.

Pier.

Pier. What's that?

Jaff. To take thy Life on ſuch Conditions
The Council have propos'd: Thou and thy Friends
May yet live long, and to be better treated.

Pier. Life! ask my Life! Confeſs! Record my ſelf
A Villain, for the privilege to breathe,
And carry up and down this Curſed City
A diſcontented and repining Spirit,
Burthenſome to it ſelf, a few Years longer.
To loſe, it may be, at laſt in a lewd Quarrel
For ſome new Friend, treacherous and falſe as thou art!
No, this vile World and I have long been Jangling,
And cannot part on better Terms than now,
When only Men like thee are fit to live in't.

Jaff. By all that's Juſt ——

Pier. Swear by ſome other Powers,
For thou haſt broke that Sacred Oath too lately.

Jaff. Then by that Hell I merit, I'll not leave thee
Till to thy ſelf at leaſt thou'rt Reconcil'd;
However thy Reſentments deal with me.

Pier. Not leave me!

Jaff. No; thou ſhalt not force me from thee:
Uſe me Reproachfully, and like a Slave;
Tread on me, Buffet me, heap Wrongs on Wrongs
On my poor Head; I'll bear it all with Patience,
Shall weary out thy moſt Unfriendly Cruelty:
Lie at thy Feet and kiſs 'em, tho' they ſpurn me,
Till, wounded by my Sufferings, you Relent,
And raiſe me to thy Arms with dear forgiveneſs.

Pier. Art thou not ——

Jaff. What?

Pier. A Traitor?

Jaff. Yes.

Pier. A Villain?

Jaff. Granted.

Pier. A Coward, a moſt ſcandalous Coward,
Spiritleſs, void of Honour, one who has ſold
Thy Everlaſting Fame for Shameleſs Life?

Jaff. All, all, and more, much more: my Faults are numberleſs.

Pier.

Pier. And would'ſt thou have me live on terms like thine?
Baſe as thour't falſe ——
Jaff. No, 'tis to me that's granted.
The Safety of thy Life was all I aim'd at,
In recompence for Faith and Truſt ſo broken.
Pier. I ſcorn it more becauſe preſerv'd by thee:
And as when firſt my fooliſh Heart took Pity
On thy Misfortunes, ſought thee in thy Miſeries,
Reliev'd thy Wants, and rais'd thee from thy ſtate
Of Wretchedneſs in which thy Fate had plung'd thee;
To rank thee in my Liſt of Noble Friends;
All I receiv'd in ſurety for thy Truth,
Were unregarded Oaths; and this, this Dagger,
Given with a worthleſs Pledge, thou ſince haſt ſtoln:
So I reſtore it back to thee again;
Swearing by all thoſe Powers which thou haſt violated,
Never from this Curs'd Hour to hold Communion,
Friendſhip or Intereſt with thee, though our Years
Were to exceed thoſe limited the World.
Take it——farewel——for now I owe thee nothing.
Jaff. Say thou wilt live then.
Pier. For my Life, diſpoſe it
Juſt as thou wilt, becauſe 'tis what I'm tir'd with.
Jaff. Oh, *Pierre!*
Pier. No more.
Jaff. My Eyes won't loſe the ſight of thee,
But languiſh after thine, and ake with gazing.
Pier. Leave me---Nay, then thus, thus I throw thee from me;
And Curſes great as is thy Falſhood catch thee. [*Ex.*
Jaff. Amen.
He's gone, my Father, Friend, Preſerver,
And here's the Portion he has left me. [*Holds the Dagger up.*
This Dagger, well remembred, with this Dagger
I gave a ſolemn Vow of dire Importance;
Parted with this and *Belvidera* together.
Have a care, Mem'ry, drive that Thought no farther;
No, I'll eſteem it as a Friend's laſt Legacy,
Treaſure it up within this wretched Boſom,
Where it may grow acquainted with my Heart,

That

That when they meet, they ſtart not from each other.
So; now for thinking: A Blow, call'd Traitor, Villain,
Coward, diſhonourable Coward, fough!
Oh for a long ſound ſleep, and ſo forget it!
Down, buſie Devil. ——

Enter Belvidera.

Belv. Whither ſhall I fly?
Where hide me and my Miſeries together?
Where's now the *Roman* Conſtancy I boaſted?
Sunk into trembling Fears and Deſperation!
Not daring now to look up to that dear Face
Which us'd to ſmile even on my Faults, but down
Bending theſe miſerable eyes to Earth,
Muſt move in Penance, and implore much Mercy.

Jaff. Mercy! kind Heav'n has ſurely endleſs Stores
Hoarded for thee of Bleſſings yet untaſted;
Let Wretches loaded hard with Guilt, as I am,
Bow with the Weight, and groan beneath the Burthen,
Creep with a remnant of that Strength th' have left,
Before the Footſtool of that Heav'n th' have injured.
Oh *Belvidera!* I'm the wretched'ſt Creature
E'er crawl'd on Earth: now if thou'ſt Virtue, help me,
Take me into thy Arms, and ſpeak the words of Peace
To my Divided Soul, that wars within me,
And raiſes every Senſe to my Confuſion;
By Heav'n I'm tottering on the very Brink
Of Peace: and thou art all the hold I've left.

Belv. Alas! I know thy Sorrows are moſt Mighty;
I know th' haſt cauſe to Mourn, to Mourn, my *Jaffeir*,
With endleſs Cries, and never-ceaſing Wailing,
Thou'aſt loſt——

Jaff. Oh I've loſt what can't be counted,
My Friend too, *Belvidera*; that dear Friend,
Who, next to thee, was all my health rejoyc'd in,
Has us'd me like a Slave; ſhamefully us'd me;
'Twould break thy pitying Heart to hear the Story.
What ſhall I do? Reſentment, Indignation,
Love, Pity, Fear, and Mem'ry how I've wrong'd him,
Diſtract my Quiet with the very Thought on't,
And tear my Heart to pieces in my Boſom.

Belv.

Belv. What has he done?

Jaff. Thou'dſt hate me, ſhould I tell thee.

Belv. Why?

Jaff. Oh he has us'd me! yet by Heav'n I bear it;
He has us'd me, *Belvidera*; but firſt ſwear
That when I've told thee, thou wilt not loath me utterly,
Tho' vileſt Blots and Stains appear upon me;
But ſtill at leaſt with Charitable Goodneſs,
Be near me in the Pangs of my Affliction;
Not ſcorn me, *Belvidera*, as he has done.

Belv. Have I then e'er been falſe, that now I'm doubted;
Speak, what's the Cauſe I'm grown into Diſtruſt?
Why thought unfit to hear my Love's Complaining?

Jaff. Oh!

Belv. Tell me.

Jaff. Bear my Failings, for they're many,
Oh my dear Angel! in that Friend I've loſt
All my Soul's Peace; for every Thought of him
Strikes my Senſe hard, and deads it in my Brains;
Would'ſt thou believe it?

Belv. Speak.

Jaff. Before we parted,
E'er yet his Guards had led him to his Priſon,
Full of ſevereſt Sorrows for his Sufferings,
With Eyes o'erflowing, and a Bleeding Heart,
Humbling my ſelf almoſt beneath my Nature;
As at his Feet I kneel'd, and ſu'd for Mercy,
Forgetting all our Friendſhip, all the dearneſs
In which we've liv'd ſo many Years together,
With a reproachful Hand he daſh'd a Blow:
He ſtruck me, *Belvidera*, by Heav'n he ſtruck me,
Buffeted, call'd me Traitor, Villain, Coward.
Am I a Coward? am I a Villain? tell me:
Th'art the beſt Judge, and mad'ſt me, if I am ſo.
Damnation; Coward!

Belv. Oh forgive him, *Jaffeir.*
And if his Sufferings wound thy Heart already,
What will they do to-morrow?

Jaff. Hah!

Belv.

Belv. To-morrow,
When thou ſhalt ſee him ſtretch'd in all the Agonies
Of a Tormenting and a Shameful Death;
His bleeding Bowels and his broken Limbs,
Inſulted o'er by a vile Butchering Villain;
What will thy Heart do then? Oh ſure 'twill ſtream
Like my Eyes now.

Jaff. What means thy dreadful Story?
Death, and to-Morrow? Broken Limbs and Bowels?
Inſulted o'er by a vile Butchering Villain?
By all my Fears I ſhall ſtart out to Madneſs
With barely gueſſing, if the Truth's hid longer.

Belv. The faithleſs Senators, 'tis they've decreed it:
They ſay, according to our Friend's requeſt,
They ſhall have Death, and not ignoble Bondage:
Declare their promis'd Mercy all as forfeited:
Falſe to their Oaths, and deaf to Interceſſion;
Warrants are paſs'd for publick Death to-Morrow.

Jaff. Death! doom'd to die! Condemn'd unheard! unpleaded!

Belv. Nay, cruel'ſt Racks and Torments are preparing,
To force Confeſſions from their dying Pangs.
Oh do not look ſo terribly upon me;
How your Lips ſhake, and all your Face diſorder'd!
What means my Love? (Temptations

Jaff. Leave me, I charge thee leave me—— Strong
Wake in my Heart.

Belv. For what?

Jaff. No more, but leave me.

Belv. Why?

Jaff. Oh! By Heav'n I love thee with that Fondneſs,
I would not have thee ſtay a moment longer,
Near theſe curſt Hands: are they not cold upon thee?
[*Pulls the Dagger half out of his Boſom, and puts it back again.*

Belv. No, everlaſting Comfort's in thy Arms.
To lean thus on thy Breaſt is ſofter eaſe,
Than downy Pillows deck'd with Leaves of Roſes.

Jaff. Alas! thou think'ſt not of the Thorns 'tis fill'd with:
Fly, e'er they gall thee: there's a lurking Serpent
Ready to leap, and ſting thee to thy Heart:
Art thou not terrify'd?

Belv.

Belv. No.

Jaff. Call to mind
What thou hast done, and whither thou hast brought me.
Belv. Hah! (Mischief?

Jaff. Where's my Friend? my Friend, thou smiling
Nay, shrink not, now 'tis too late, thou shou'dst have fled
When thy Guilt first had cause; for dire Revenge,
Is up, and Raging for my Friend. He groans!
Hark how he groans, his Screams are in my Ears
Already; see, they've fix'd him on the Wheel,
And now they tear him —— Murther! perjur'd Senate!
Murther----Oh!----hark thee, Traitress, thou hast done this;
Thanks to thy Tears and false perswading Love.
How her Eyes speak! O thou bewitching Creature!
[*Fumbling for his Dagger.*
Madness can't hurt thee: Come, thou little Trembler,
Creep even into my Heart, and there lye safe;
'Tis thy own Citadel —— hah ——yet stand off,
Heav'n must have Justice, and my broken Vows
Will sink me else beneath its reaching Mercy;
I'll wink, and then 'tis done——

Belv. What means the Lord
Of me, my Life and Love? what's in thy Bosom,
Thou graspest at so? nay, why am I thus treated?
[*Draws the Dagger, offers to Stab her.*
What wilt thou do? Ah do not kill me, *Jaffeir:*
Pity these panting Breasts, and trembling Limbs,
That us'd to clasp thee when thy Looks were milder,
That yet hang heavy on my unpurg'd Soul:
And plunge it not into eternal Darkness.

Jaff. No, *Belvidera,* when we parted last,
I gave this Dagger with thee as in trust,
To be thy Portion; if I e'er prov'd False.
On such Condition was my Truth believ'd:
But now 'tis forfeited, and must be paid for.
[*Offers to Stab her again.*

Belv. Oh, Mercy! [*Kneeling.*

Jaff. Nay, no Strugling.

Belv. Now then kill me.
[*Leaps upon his Neck and Kisses him.*
While

While thus I cling about thy cruel Neck,
Kiſs thy revengeful Lips, and die in Joys
Greater than any I can gueſs hereafter.
Jaff. I am, I am a Coward; witneſs't Heav'n,
Witneſs it, Earth, and ev'ry Being, witneſs;
'Tis but one Blow! Yet, by immortal Love,
I cannot longer bear a Thought to harm thee.
[*He throws away the Dagger and Embraces her.*
The Seal of Providence is ſure upon thee;
And thou wert Born for yet unheard of Wonders:
Oh thou wert either born to ſave or damn me!
By all the Power that's given thee o'er my Soul,
By thy reſiſtleſs Tears and conquering Smiles,
By the victorious Love that ſtill waits on thee;
Fly to thy cruel Father; ſave my Friend,
Or all our future Quiet's loſt for ever:
Fall at his Feet, cling round his reverend Knees;
Speak to him with thy Eyes, and with thy Tears
Melt his hard Heart, and wake dead Nature in him,
Cruſh him in th' Arms, Torture him with thy Softneſs:
Nor, 'till thy Prayers are granted, ſet him free,
But Conquer him, as thou haſt Conquer'd me. [Ex.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Priuli *ſolus.*

Pri. WHY, cruel Heav'n, have my unhappy Days
Been lengthen'd to this ſad one? Oh! Diſhonour
And deathleſs Infamy is fall'n upon me.
Was it my Fault? Am I Traitor? No.
But then, my only Child, my Daughter, wedded;
There my beſt Blood runs foul, and a Diſeaſe
Incurable has ſeiz'd upon my Memory,
To make it Rot and Stink to After-ages.
Curs'd be the fatal Minute when I got her,
Or would that I'd been any thing but Man,

And rais'd an Iſſue which would ne'er have wrong'd me.
The miſerableſt Creatures (Man excepted)
Are not the leſs eſteem'd, tho' their Poſterity
Degenerate from the Virtues of their Fathers;
The vileſt Beaſts are happy in their Off-ſprings,
While only Man gets Traitors, Whores, and Villains.
Curſt be the Names, and ſome ſwift Blow from Fate
Lay his Head deep, where mine may be forgotten.

Enter Belvidera *in a long Mourning Veil.*

Belv. He's there, my Father, my inhuman Father,
That, for three Years, has left an only Child
Expos'd to all the Outrages of Fate,
And cruel Ruin —— oh! ——

Pri. What Child of Sorrow
Art thou that com'ſt thus wrap'd in Weeds of Sadneſs,
And mov'ſt as if thy Steps were towards a Grave?

Belv. A Wretch, who from the very top of Happineſs
Am fall'n into the loweſt Depths of Miſery,
And want your pitying Hand to raiſe me up again.

Pri. Indeed thou talk'ſt as thou hadſt taſted Sorrows;
Would I could help thee.

Belv. 'Tis greatly in your Power:
The World too ſpeaks you Charitable; and I,
Who ne'er ask'd Alms before, in that dear hope
Am come a Begging to you, Sir.

Pri. For what?

Belv. Oh, well regard me, is this Voice a ſtrange one?
Conſider too, when Beggars once pretend
A Caſe like mine, no little will content 'em.

Pri. What would'ſt thou Beg for?

Belv. Pity and Forgiveneſs. [*Throws up her Veil.*
By the kind tender Names of Child and Father,
Hear my Complaints, and take me to your Love.

Pri. My Daughter?

Belv. Yes, your Daughter, by a Mother
Virtuous and Noble, faithful to your Honour,
Obedient to your Will, kind to your Wiſhes,
Dear to your Arms. By all the Joys ſhe gave you,
When in her blooming Years ſhe was your Treaſure,
Look kindly on me; in my Face behold

The Lineaments of hers you've kiſs'd ſo often,
Pleading the Cauſe of your poor caſt-off Child.
Pri. Thou art my Daughter.
Belv. Yes—— and you've oft told me
With Smiles of Love, and chaſte paternal Kiſſes,
I'd much Reſemblance of my Mother.
Pri. Oh!
Hadſt thou inherited her matchleſs Virtues
I'd been too bleſs'd.
Belv. Nay, do not call to Memory
My Diſobedience, but let Pity enter
Into your Heart, and quite deface th' Impreſſion.
For could you think how mine's perplext, what Sadneſs,
Fears and Deſpairs diſtract the Peace within me,
Oh! you would take me in your dear dear Arms,
Hover with ſtrong Compaſſion o'er your young One,
To ſhelter me with a protecting Wing,
From the black gather'd Storm, that's juſt, juſt breaking.
Pri. Don't talk thus.
Belv. Yes, I muſt, and you muſt hear too.
I have a Husband.
Pri. Damn him.
Belv. Oh! do not curſe him;
He would not ſpeak ſo hard a word towards you
On any Terms, howe'er he deal with me.
Pri. Hah! what means my Child?
Belv. Oh! there's but this ſhort moment
'Twixt me and Fate: Yet ſend me not with Curſes
Down to my Grave; afford me one kind Bleſſing
Before we part: Juſt take me in your Arms,
And recommend me with a Prayer to Heav'n,
That I may die in Peace, and when I'm Dead——
Pri. How my Soul's catch'd!
Belv. Lay me, I beg you, lay me
By the dear Aſhes of my tender Mother.
She would have pitied me, had Fate yet ſpar'd her.
Pri. By Heav'n, my aking Heart forebodes much Miſchief.
Tell me thy Story, for I'm ſtill thy Father.
Belv. No, I'm contented.
Pri. Speak.

Belv. No matter.

Pri. Tell me.

By yon bleſs'd Heav'n, my Heart runs o'er with Fondneſs.

Belv. Oh!

Pri. Utter't.

Belv. Oh my Husband, my dear Husband
Carries a Dagger in his once kind Boſom,
To pierce the Heart of your poor *Belvidera.*

Pri. Kill thee!

Belv. Yes, kill me. When he paſs'd his Faith
And Covenant againſt your State and Senate;
He gave me up as Hoſtage for his Truth:
With me a Dagger, and a dire Commiſſion,
When e'er he fail'd, to plunge it through this Boſom.
I learnt the Danger, choſe the Hour of Love
T'attempt his Heart, and bring it back to Honour.
Great Love prevail'd, and bleſs'd me with Succeſs;
He came, confeſs'd, betray'd his deareſt Friends,
For promis'd Mercy. Now they're doom'd to ſuffer,
Gall'd with remembrance of what then was ſworn,
If they are loſt, he vows t'appeaſe the Gods
With this poor Life, and make my Blood th'Atonement.

Pri. Heav'ns!

Belv. Think you ſaw what paſs'd at our laſt parting;
Think you beheld him like a raging Lion,
Pacing the Earth, and tearing up his Steps.
Fate in his Eyes, and roaring with the Pain
Of burning Fury; think you ſaw his one Hand
Fix'd on my Throat, whilſt the extended other
Graſp'd a keen threatning Dagger; Oh! 'twas thus
We laſt embrac'd; when, trembling with Revenge,
He dragg'd me to the Ground, and at my Boſom
Preſented horrid Death; cry'd out, My Friends,
Where are my Friends? ſwore, wept, rag'd, threaten'd, lov'd;
For he yet lov'd, and that dear Love preſerv'd me,
To this laſt trial of a Father's Pity.
I fear not Death, but cannot bear a Thought
That that dear Hand ſhould do th'unfriendly Office.
If I was ever then your Care, now hear me;

Fly

Fly to the Senate, ſave the promis'd Lives
Of his dear Friends, e'er mine be made the Sacrifice.
Pri. Oh, my Heart's Comfort!
Belv. Will you not, my Father?
Weep not, but anſwer me.
Pri. By Heav'n, I will.
Not one of 'em but what ſhall be immortal.
Can'ſt thou forgive me all my Follies paſt,
I'll henceforth be indeed a Father; never,
Never more thus expoſe, but cheriſh thee,
Dear as the vital Warmth that feeds my Life.
Dear as theſe Eyes that weep in Fondneſs o'er thee.
Peace to thy Heart. Farewel.
Belv. Go, and remember
Tis *Belvidera*'s Life her Father pleads for. [*Ex. ſeverally.*

Enter Antonio.

Hum, hum, hah.
Signior *Priuli*, my Lord *Priuli*, my Lord, my Lord, my Lord: Now we Lords love to call one another by our Titles. My Lord, my Lord, my Lord —— Pox on him, I am a Lord as well as he. And ſo let him Fiddle —— I'll warrant him he's gone to the Senate-Houſe, and I'll be there too, ſoon enough for ſome body. Odd —— here's a tickling Speech about the Plot, I'll prove there's a Plot with a Vengeance —— Would I had it without Book; let me ſee ——

Moſt Reverend Senators.

That there is a Plot, ſurely by this time, no Man that hath Eyes or Underſtanding in his Head will preſume to doubt; 'tis as plain as the Light in the Cucumber —— no —— hold there —— Cucumber does not come in yet ——'tis as plain as the Light in the Sun, or as the Man in the Moon, even at Noon-day. It is indeed a Pumpkin-Plot, which, juſt as it was Mellow, we have gather'd, and now we have gather'd it, prepar'd and dreſs'd it, ſhall we throw it like a pickled Cucumber out at the Window? No: That it is not only a bloody, horrid, execrable, damnable and audacious Plot; but it is, as I may ſo ſay, a ſawcy Plot: And we all know, moſt Reverend Fathers, that what is Sawce for a Gooſe is Sawce for a

Gander: Therefore, I say, as those Blood-thirsty Ganders of the Conspiracy would have destroyed us Geese of the Senate, let us make haste to destroy them; so I humbly move for Hanging——hah, hurry durry——I think this will do; though I was something out at first, about the Sun and the Cucumber.

Enter Aquilina.

Aqui. Good-morrow, Senator.

Ant. Nacky, my dear Nacky; Morrow Nacky; odd I am very brisk, very merry, very pert, very jovial—— ha a a a a——kiss me Nacky; how dost thou do my little tory rory Strumpet? kiss me, I say Huzzy, kiss me

Aqui. Kiss me, Nacky! hang you, Sir Coxcomb, hang you, Sir.

Ant. Haity taity, is it so indeed? with all my Heart, faith——*Hey, then up go we,* faith——*Hey, then up go we,* dum dum derum dump. [*Sings.*

Aqui. Signior.

Ant. Madona.

Aqui. Do you intend to die in your Bed?——

Ant. About threescore Years hence much may be done, my Dear.

Aqui. You'll be hang'd, Signior.

Ant. Hang'd, Sweet-heart, prithee be quiet, hang'd quoth-a, that's a merry conceit, with all my Heart; why, thou jok'st, Nacky; thou art given to joking, I'll swear; well, I protest, Nacky, nay, I must protest, and will protest, that I love joking dearly, Man. And I love thee for joking, and I'll kiss thee for joking, and towse thee for joking; and odd, I have a deviliſh Mind to take thee aside about that Business for joking too; odd I have, and *Hey then up go we,* dum dum derum dump. [*Sings.*

Aqui. See you this, Sir? [*Draws a Dagger.*

Ant. O Laud, a Dagger! Oh Laud! it is naturally my Aversion, I cannot endure the sight on't; hide it, for Heaven's sake, I cannot look that way 'till it be gone—— hide it, hide it, oh, oh, hide it!

Aqui. Yes, in your Heart, I'll hide it.

Ant. My Heart; what, hide a Dagger in my Heart's-blood!

Aqui.

Aqui. Yes, in thy Heart, thy Throat, thou pamper'd Devil;
Thou haſt help'd to ſpoil my Peace, and I'll have Vengeance
On thy curſt Life, for all the bloody Senate,
The perjur'd faithleſs Senate: Where's my Lord,
My Happineſs, my Love, my God, my Hero,
Doom'd by thy accurſed Tongue, amongſt the reſt,
T' a ſhameful Rack? By all the Rage that's in me,
I'll be whole Years in murthering thee.

Ant. Why, Nacky,
Wherefore ſo paſſionate? what have I done? what's the matter my dear Nacky? Am not I thy Love, thy Happineſs, thy Lord, thy Hero, thy Senator, and every thing in the World, Nacky?

Aqui. Thou! think'ſt thou, thou art fit to meet my Joys;
To bear the eager Claſps of my Embraces?
Give me my *Pierre*, or——

Ant. Why, he's to be hang'd, little Nacky;
Truſs'd up for Treaſon, and ſo forth, Child.

Aqui. Thou ly'ſt; ſtop down thy Throat that Helliſh (Sentence,
Or 'tis thy laſt: Swear that my Love ſhall live,
Or thou art dead.

Ant. Ah, h h h.

Aqui. Swear to recall his Doom;
Swear at my Feet, and tremble at my Fury.

Ant. I do; now if ſhe would but kick a little bit, one (kick now,
Ah, h h h.

Aqui. Swear, or——

Ant. I do, by theſe dear fragrant Foots
And little Toes, ſweet as, e e e e, my Nacky, Nacky, Nacky.

Aqui. How! (and troth,

Ant. Nothing but unty thy Shoe-ſtring a little, faith
That's all, that's all, as I hope to live, Nacky, that's all.

Aqui. Nay, then——

Ant. Hold, hold; thy Love, thy Lord, thy Hero
Shall be preſerv'd and ſafe.

Aqui. Or may this Poniard
Ruſt in thy Heart.

Ant. With all my Soul.

Aqui. Farewell—— [*Ex.* Aquil.

Ant. Adieu. Why what a bloody-minded inveterate termagant Strumpet have I been plagu'd with! oh, h h! Yet more! nay, then I die, I die —— I am dead already.
[*Stretches out himself.*

Enter Jaffeir.

Jaff. Final Deſtruction ſeize on all the World:
Bend down, ye Heav'ns, and ſhutting round this Earth,
Cruſh the vile Globe into its firſt Confuſion;
Scorch it with Elemental Flames to one curs'd Cindar,
And all us little Creepers in't call'd Men,
Burn, burn to nothing: but let *Venice* burn
Hotter than all the reſt: here kindle Hell,
Ne'er to extinguiſh; and let Souls hereafter
Groan here, in all thoſe Pains which mine feels now.

Enter Belvidera.

Belv. My Life—— [*Meeting him.*
Jaff. My Plague—— [*Turning from her.*
Belv. Nay then I ſee my Ruin:
If I muſt die!
Jaff. No, Death's this day too buſie;
Thy Father's ill-tim'd Mercy came too late.
I thank thee for thy Labours tho', and him too.
But all my poor betray'd unhappy Friends
Have Summons to prepare for Fate's black Hour;
And yet I live.
Belv. Then be the next my Doom:
I ſee thou haſt paſs'd my Sentence in thy Heart,
And I'll no longer weep or plead againſt it,
But with the humbleſt, moſt obedient Patience
Meet thy dear Hands, and kiſs 'em when they wound me.
Indeed I am willing, but I beg thee do it
With ſome remorſe; and when thou giv'ſt the Blow,
View me with Eyes of a relenting Love,
And ſhew me Pity, for 'twill ſweeten Juſtice.
Jaff. Shew Pity to thee!
Bel. Yes; and when thy Hand's
Charg'd with my Fate, come trembling to the Deed,
As thou haſt done a thouſand thouſand dear times
To this poor Breaſt, when kinder Rage has brought thee,
When our ſting'd Hearts have leap'd to meet each other,

And

And melting Kiſſes ſeal'd our Lips together;
When Joys have left me gaſping in thy Arms:
So let my Death come now, and I'll not ſhrink from't.
Jaff. Nay, *Belvidera*, do not fear my Cruelty,
Nor let the Thoughts of Death perplex thy Fancy;
But anſwer me to what I ſhall demand,
With a firm Temper and unſhaken Spirit.
Belv. I will when I've done Weeping——
Jaff. Fie, no more on't——
How long is't ſince that miſerable day
We wedded firſt?
Belv. Oh! h h.
Jaff. Nay, keep in thy Tears,
Leſt they unman me too.
Belv. Heav'n knows, I cannot;
The Words you utter ſound ſo very ſadly,
Theſe Streams will follow——
Jaff. Come, I'll kiſs 'em dry then.
Belv. But was't a miſerable day?
Jaff. A curſt one.
Belv. I thought it otherwiſe; and you've oft ſworn
In the tranſporting Hours of warmeſt Love,
When ſure you ſpoke the truth, you've ſworn you bleſs'd it.
Jaff. 'Twas a raſh Oath.
Belv. Then why am I not curſt too?
Jaff. No, *Belvidera*; by th' eternal Truth,
I doat with too much Fondneſs.
Belv. Still ſo kind!
Still then do you love me?
Jaff. Nature, in her Workings,
Inclines not with more ardour to Creation,
Than I do now towards thee: Man ne'er was bleſs'd,
Since the firſt Pair firſt met, as I have been.
Belv. Then ſure you will not curſe me.
Jaff. No, I'll bleſs thee.
I came on purpoſe, *Belvidera*, to bleſs thee.
'Tis now, I think, three Years we've liv'd together.
Belv. And may no fatal Minute ever part us,
'Till Reverend grown, for Age and Love, we go
Down to one Grave, as our laſt Bed, together;

There sleep in Peace 'till an eternal Morning.
Jaff. When will that be? [*Sighing.*
Belv. I hope long Ages hence.
Jaff. Have I not hitherto (I beg thee tell me
Thy very fears) us'd thee with tender'ſt Love?
Did e'er my Soul riſe up in Wrath againſt thee?
Did I e'er frown when *Belvidera* ſmil'd,
Or, by the leaſt unfriendly word, betray
Abating Paſſion? have I ever wrong'd thee?
Belv. No.
Jaff. Has my Heart, or have my Eyes e'er wander'd
To any other Woman?
Belv. Never, never——I were the worſt of falſe Ones,
ſhould I accuſe thee.
I own I've been too Happy, bleſs'd above
My Sexes Charter.
Jaff. Did I not ſay I came to bleſs thee?
Belv. Yes.
Jaff. Then hear me, bounteous Heav'n;
Pour down your Bleſſings on this beauteous Head,
Where everlaſting Sweets are always ſpringing,
With a continual giving Hand: let Peace,
Honour, and Safety always hover round her;
Feed her with Plenty, let her Eyes ne'er ſee
A ſight of Sorrow, nor her Heart know Mourning:
Crown all her Days with Joy, her Nights with Reſt,
Harmleſs as her own Thoughts; and prop her Virtue,
To bear the loſs of one that too much lov'd;
And comfort her with Patience in our parting.
Belv. How, parting, parting?
Jaff. Yes, for ever parting;
I have ſworn, *Belvidera*, by yon Heav'n,
That beſt can tell how much I loſe, to leave thee,
We part this Hour for ever.
Belv. Oh, call back
Your cruel Bleſſing; ſtay with me and Curſe me!
Jaff. No, 'tis reſolv'd.
Belv. Then hear me too, juſt Heav'n;
Pour down your Curſes on this wretched Head
With never-ceaſing Vengeance; let Deſpair,

Dagger,

Danger, or Infamy, nay all ſurround me;
Starve me with wantings; let my Eyes ne'er ſee
A ſight of Comfort, nor my Heart know Peace,
But daſh my Days with Sorrow, Nights with Horrours
Wild as my own Thoughts now, and let looſe Fury
To make me mad enough for what I loſe,
If I muſt loſe him. If I muſt! I will not.
Oh turn and hear me!

Jaff. Now hold, Heart, or never.

Belv. By all the tender Days we've liv'd together,
By all our charming Nights, and Joys that crown'd 'em,
Pity my ſad Condition; ſpeak, but ſpeak.

Jaff. Oh, h h!

Belv. By theſe Arms that now cling round thy Neck,
By this dear Kiſs, and by ten thouſand more,
By theſe poor ſtreaming Eyes——

Jaff. Murther! un-hold me:
By th' immortal Deſtiny that doom'd me
[*Draws his Dagger.*
To this curs'd Minute, I'll not live one longer;
Reſolve to let me go, or ſee me fall——

Belv. Hold, Sir, be patient.

Jaff. Hark, the diſmal Bell [*Paſſing-Bell Towls.*
Towls out for Death! I muſt attend its Call too;
For my poor Friend, my dying *Pierre* expects me;
He ſent a Meſſage to require I'd ſee him
Before he dy'd, and take his laſt Forgiveneſs.
Farewell for ever.

Belv. Leave thy Dagger with me.
Bequeath me ſomething——Not one Kiſs at parting?
Oh my poor Heart, when wilt thou break?
[*Going out, looks back at her.*

Jaff. Yet ſtay.
We have a Child, as yet a tender Infant,
Be a kind Mother to him when I am gone,
Breed him in Virtue and the Paths of Honour,
But let him never know his Father's Story;
I charge thee guard him from the Wrongs my Fate
May do his future Fortune, or his Name.
Now——nearer yet—— [*Approaching each other.*
Oh that my Arms were riveted

Thus round thee ever! but my Friends, my Oath!
This, and no more. [*Kisses her.*

Belv. Another, sure another,
For that poor Little One you've ta'en such Care of,
I'll give't him truly.

Jaff. So, now farewel.

Belv. For ever?

Jaff. Heav'n knows for ever; all good Angels guard thee.
[*Exit.*

Belv. All ill ones sure had charge of me this moment.
Curst be my Days, and doubly Curst my Nights,
Which I must now mourn out in Widow'd Tears;
Blasted be every Herb, and Fruit, and Tree;
Curst be the Rain that falls upon the Earth,
And may the general Curse reach Man and Beast;
Oh give me Daggers, Fire or Water;
How I could Bleed, how Burn, how Drown, the Waves
Huzzing and Booming round my sinking Head,
Till I descended to the peaceful Bottom!
Oh there's all Quiet, here all Rage and Fury;
The Air's too thin, and pierces my weak Brain:
I long for thick substantial Sleep: Hell! Hell!
Burst from the Centre, Rage and Roar aloud,
If thou art half so Hot, so Mad as I am.

Enter Priuli *and Servants.*

Who's there? [*They Seize her.*

Pri. Run, seize, and bring her safely home,
Guard her as you would Life: Alas poor Creature!

Belv. What, to my Husband? then conduct me quickly:
Are all things ready? shall we Die most Gloriously?
Say not a Word of this to my old Father:
Murmuring Streams, soft Shades, and springing Flowers,
Lutes, Laurels, Seas of Milk, and Ships of Amber. [*Ex.*

SCENE *opening, discovers a Scaffold and a Wheel prepared for the Executing of* Pierre; *then enter Officers,* Pierre *and Guards, a Frier, Executioner, and a great Rabble.*

Off. Room, room there——stand all by, make room for the Prisoner.

Pier. My Friend not come yet?

Fath. Why are you so Obstinate? *Pier.*

Pier. Why you ſo Troubleſome, that a poor Wretch
Can't die in Peace,
But you, like Ravens, will be croaking round h'm? ——
Fath. Yet, Heav'n ——
Pier. I tell thee, Heav'n and I are Friends:
I ne'er broke Peace with't yet by Cruel Murthers,
Rapine or Perjury, or vile Deceiving:
But liv'd in moral Juſtice towards all Men;
Nor am a Foe to the moſt ſtrong Believers,
Howe'er my own ſhort-ſighted Faith confine me.
Fath. But an All-ſeeing Judge ——.
Pier. You ſay my Conſcience
Muſt be my Accuſer: I have ſearch'd that Conſcience,
And find no Records there of Crimes that ſcare me.
Fath. 'Tis ſtrange you ſhould want Faith.
Pier. You want to lead
My Reaſon blindfold, like a Hamper'd Lion,
Check'd of its Nobler Vigour; then when Baited
Down to obedient Tameneſs, make it Couch,
And ſhew ſtrange Tricks, which you call ſigns of Faith.
So ſilly Souls are gull'd, and you get Mony.
Away, no more: Captain, I'd have hereafter
This Fellow write no Lies of my Converſion,
Becauſe he has crept upon my troubled hours.

Enter Jaffeir.

Jaff. Hold: Eyes be dry;
Heart, ſtrengthen me to bear
This hideous ſight, and humble me: Take
The laſt forgiveneſs of a Dying Friend,
Betray'd by my vile Falſhood to his Ruin.
Oh *Pierre!*
Pier. Yet nearer.
Jaff. Crawling on my Knees,
And proſtrate on the Earth, let me approach thee:
How ſhall I look up to thy injur'd Face,
That always us'd to ſmile with Friendſhip on me?
It darts an Air of ſo much Manly Virtue,
That I, methinks, look little in thy ſight,
And Stripes are fitter for me, than Embraces.

Pier.

Pier. Dear to my Arms, tho' thou'ſt undone my Fame
I can't forget to love thee: prithee *Jaffeir,*
Forgive that filthy Blow my Paſſion dealt thee;
I am now preparing for the Land of Peace,
And fain would have the charitable wiſhes
Of all good Men, like thee, to bleſs my Journey.
Jaff. Good! I am the vileſt Creature, worſe than e'er
Suffer'd the ſhameful Fate thou'rt going to taſte of.
Why was I ſent for to be us'd thus kindly?
Call, call me Villain, as I am; deſcribe
The foul Complexion of my hateful Deeds;
Lead me to th' Rack, and ſtretch me in thy ſtead,
I've Crimes enough to give it its full Load,
And do it Credit: thou wilt but ſpoil the uſe on't,
And honeſt Men hereafter bear its Figure
About 'em as a Charm from treacherous Friendſhip.
Offi. The time grows ſhort, your Friends are dead already.
Jaff. Dead!
Pier. Yes, dead, *Jaffeir*; they've all dy'd like Men too,
Worthy their Character.
Jaff. And what muſt I do?
Pier. Oh, *Jaffeir!*
Jaff. Speak aloud thy burthen'd Soul,
And tell thy Troubles to thy tortur'd Friend.
Pier. Friend! Could'ſt thou yet be a Friend, a Generous Friend,
I might hope Comfort from thy Noble Sorrows.
Heav'n knows I want a Friend.
Jaff. And I a kind one,
That would not thus ſcorn my repenting Virtue,
Or think when he's to die, my Thoughts are Idle.
Pier. No! Live, I charge thee, *Jaffeir.*
Jaff. Yes, I will Live.
But it ſhall be to ſee thy Fall reveng'd
At ſuch a rate, as *Venice* long ſhall groan for.
Pier. Wilt thou?
Jaff. I will, by Heav'n.
Pier. Then ſtill thou'rt Noble,

And

And I forgive thee. Oh——yet——shall I trust thee?
Jaff. No, I've been false already.
Pier. Do'st thou love me?
Jaff. Rip up my Heart, and satisfie thy Doubtings.
Pier. Curse on this Weakness. [*He Weeps.*
Jaff. Tears! Amazement! Tears!
I never saw thee melted thus before;
And know there's something labouring in thy Bosom
That must have Vent: tho' I am a Villain, tell me.
Pier. See'st thou that Engine? [*Pointing to the Wheel.*
Jaff. Why?
Pier. Is't fit a Soldier, who has liv'd with Honour,
Fought Nations Quarrels, and been Crown'd with Con-
Be expos'd a common Carkass on a Wheel? (quest,
Jaff. Hah!
Pier. Speak, is't fitting?
Jaff. Fitting?
Pier. Is't fit a Soldier, who has liv'd with Honour,
Fought Nations Quarrels, and been Crown'd with Con-
Be expos'd a common Carkass on a Wheel? (quest,
Jaff. Hah!
Pier. Speak! is't fitting?
Jaff. Fitting?
Pier. Yes, is't fitting?
Jaff. What's to be done?
Pier. I'd have thee undertake
Something that's Noble, to preserve my Memory
From the Disgrace that's ready to Attaint it.
Off. The Day grows late, Sir.
Pier. I'll make haste! Oh *Jaffeir*,
Though thou'st Betray'd me, do me some way Justice.
Jaff. No more of that: Thy Wishes shall be satisfy'd;
I have a Wife, and she shall Bleed; my Child too
Yield up his little Throat, and all
T'appease thee——
[*Going away* Pierre *holds him.*
Pier. No——this——no more! [*He whispers* Jaffeir.
Jaff. Hah! Is't then so?

Pier

Pier. Moſt certainly,
Jaff. I'll do't.
Pier. Remember.
Offi. Sir.
Pier. Come, now I'm ready.
[*He and* Jaffeir *aſcend the Scaffold.*
Captain, you ſhould be a Gentleman of Honour,
Keep off the Rabble, that I may have room
To entertain my Fate, and die with Decency.
Come! [*Takes off his Gown. Executioner prepares to bind him.*
Fath. Son!
Pier. Hence Tempter.
Offi. Stand off, Prieſt.
Pier. I thank you, Sir;
You'll think on't? [*To* Jaffeir.
Jaff. 'Twon't grow ſtale before to-morrow.
Pier. Now, *Jaffeir!* now I am going. Now;——
[*Executioner having bound him.*
Jaff. Have at thee,
Thou honeſt Heart, then——here—— [*Stabs him.*
And this is well too. [*Then Stabs himſelf.*
Fath. Damnable Deed!
Pier. Now thou haſt indeed been Faithful.
This was done nobly——We have deceiv'd the Senate.
Jaff. Bravely.
Pier. Ha ha ha——oh oh—— [*Dies.*
Jaff. Now ye Curs'd Rulers,
Thus of the Blood y'ave ſhed I make Libation,
And ſprinkle't mingling: May it reſt upon you,
And all your Race: Be henceforth Peace a Stranger
Within your Walls; let Plagues and Famine waſte
Your Generations----O poor *Belvidera!*
Sir, I have a Wife, bear this in ſafety to her.
A Token, that with my dying Breath I Bleſs'd her,
And the dear little Infant left behind me.
I am ſick--- -I'm quiet----- [Jaffeir *Dies.*
Offi. Bear this News to the Senate,
And guard their Bodies 'till there's farther Order:
Heav'n grant I die ſo well—— [*Scene ſhuts upon them.*

Soft

Soft Muſick. Enter Belvidera *diſtracted, led by two of her Women,* Priuli *and Servants.*

Pri. Strengthen her Heart with Patience, pitying Heav'n.

Belv. Come, come, come, come, come, nay come to Bed,
Prithee my Love. The Winds; hark how they whiſtle?
And the Rain beats: Oh how the Weather ſhrinks me!
You are Angry now, who cares? Piſh, no indeed.
Chuſe then, I ſay you ſhall not go, you ſhall not.
Whip your Ill-nature; get you gone then; oh!
[Jaffeir's *Ghoſt riſes.*
Are you return'd? See, Father, here he's come again,
Am I to blame to love him? Oh thou dear one.
[*Ghoſt ſinks.*
Why do you fly me? Are you Angry ſtill then?
Jaffeir, where art thou? Father, why do you do thus?
Stand off, don't hide him from me. He's here ſomewhere.
Stand off I ſay: What, gone? Remember't Tyrant;
I may revenge my ſelf for this Trick one Day.
I'll do't——I'll do't. *Renault's* a naſty Fellow;
Hang him, hang him, hang him.

Enter Officer and others.

Pri. News, what News? [*Officer whiſpers* Priuli.

Off. Moſt ſad, Sir.
Jaffeir, upon the Scaffold, to prevent
A ſhameful Death, ſtabb'd *Pierre*, and next, himſelf;
Both fell together.

Pri. Daughter.

Belv. Ha, look there!
[*The Ghoſt of* Jaffeir *and* Pierre *riſe together both Bloody.*
My Husband Bloody, and his Friend too! Murther!
Who has done this? ſpeak to me thou ſad Viſion;
[*Ghoſts ſink.*
On theſe poor trembling Knees I beg it: vaniſh'd——
Here they went down; Oh! I'll dig, dig the Den up.
You ſhan't delude me thus. Hoa, *Jaffeir, Jaffeir.*
Peep up and give me but a Look. I have him!
I've got him, Father: Oh! now how I'll ſmuggle him!
My Love! my Dear! my Bleſſing! help me! help me!

They

They have hold on me, and drag me to the Bottom.
Nay——now they pull ſo hard——farewel—— [*She dies.*

Maid. She's Dead,
Breathleſs and Dead.

Pri. Then guard me from the Sight on't:
Lead me into ſome place that's fit for Mourning;
Where the free Air, Light, and the chearful Sun
May never enter: Hang it round with Black;
Set up one Taper that may laſt a Day,
As long as I've to live: And there all leave me:

Sparing no Tears when you this Tale relate,
But bid all cruel Fathers dread my Fate. [Curtain falls.

[*Ex. Omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

THE Text is done, and now for Application,
And when that's ended, pass your Approbation.
Though the Conspiracy's prevented here,
Methinks I see another hatching there;
And there's a certain Faction fain would Sway,
If they had Strength enough, and damn this Play:
But this the Author bad me boldly say;
If any take this Plainness in ill part
He's glad on't from the Bottom of his Heart;
Poets in honour of the Truth should write,
With the same Spirit brave Men for it Fight.
And though against him causeless Hatreds rise,
And daily where he goes of late, he spies
The Scowles of sullen and revengeful Eyes;
'Tis what he knows, with much Contempt, to bear,
And serves a Cause too good to let him fear:
He fears no Poison from an incens'd Drab,
No Ruffian's five-foot Sword, nor Rascal's Stab;
Nor any other Snares of Mischief laid,
Not a Rose-Alley-Cudgel-Ambuscade,
From any private Cause where Malice Reigns,
Or general Pique all Blockheads have to Brains:
Nothing shall daunt his Pen when Truth does call;
*No, not the * Picture-mangler at* Guild-Hall.

* The Rascal that cut the Duke of *York*'s Picture.

The

EPILOGUE.

The Rebel-Tribe, of which that Vermin's one,
Have now set forward, and their Course begun;
And while that Prince's Figure they Deface,
As they before had Massacred his Name,
Durst their base Fears but look him in the Face,
They'd use his Person as they've us'd his Fame:
A Face in which such Lineaments they read
Of that Great Martyr's, whose rich Blood they Shed,
That their Rebellious Hate they still retain,
And in his Son would Murther him again.
With Indignation then, let each brave Heart
Rouze, and unite, to take his injur'd Part;
'Till Royal Love and Goodness call him home,
And Songs of Triumph meet him as he come;
'Till Heav'n his Honour, and our Peace restore,
And Villains never wrong his Virtue more.

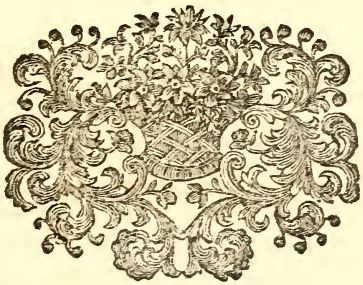
POEMS

UPON

Several Occasions:

WITH SOME

LOVE-LETTERS.



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EPISTLE

TO

Mr. *DUKE.*

MY much lov'd Friend, when thou art from my Eyes,
How do I loath the Day, and Light deſpiſe?
Night, kinder Night's the much more welcome Gueſt,
For though it bring ſmall Eaſe, it hides at leaſt;
Or if e'er Slumbers and my Eyes agree,
'Tis when they're crown'd with pleaſing Dreams of thee.
Laſt Night methought (Heav'n make the next as kind)
Free as firſt Innocence, and unconfin'd
As our firſt Parents in their *Eden* were,
E'er yet condemn'd to eat their Bread with Care;
We two together wander'd through a Grove,
'Twas green beneath us, and all Shade above,
Mild as our Friendſhip, ſpringing as our Love;
Hundreds of chearful Birds fill'd every Tree,
And ſung their joyful Songs of Liberty;
While thro' the gladſome Choire well pleas'd we walk'd,
And of our preſent valu'd State thus talk'd:
How happy are we in this ſweet Retreat?
Thus humbly bleſt, who'd labour to be great?
Who for Preferments at a Court would wait,
Where every Gudgeon's nibbling at the Bait?

What

What Fish of Sense would on that Shallow lye,
Amongst the little starving wriggling Frye,
That throng and crowd each other for a Taste
Of the deceitful, painted, poison'd Paste;
When the wide River he behind him sees,
Where he may launch to Liberty and Ease?
No Cares or Business here disturb our Hours,
While underneath these shady, peaceful Bowers,
In cool Delight and Innocence we stray,
And midst a thousand Pleasures waste the Day;
Sometimes upon a River's Bank we lye,
Where skimming Swallows o'er the Surface fly;
Just as the Sun declining, with his Beams,
Kisses, and gently warms the gliding Streams;
Amidst whose Current rising Fishes play,
And rowl in wanton Liberty away.
Perhaps, hard by there grows a little Bush,
On which the Linnet, Nightingale and Thrush,
Nightly their solemn Orgyes meeting keep,
And sing their Vespers e'er they go to sleep:
There we two lye, between us may be's spread
Some Book, few understand, tho' many read.
Sometimes we *Virgil*'s sacred Leaves turn o'er,
Still wond'ring, and still finding cause for more,
How *Juno*'s Rage did good *Æneas* vex,
Then how he had Revenge upon her Sex
In *Dido*'s State, whom bravely he enjoy'd,
And quitted her as bravely too when cloy'd;
He knew the fatal Danger of her Charms,
And scorn'd to melt his Virtue in her Arms.
Next *Nisus* and *Eurialus* we admire,
Their gentle Friendship, and their martial Fire;
We praise their Valour 'cause yet matcht by none,
And love their Friendship, so much like our own,
But when to give our Minds a Feast indeed,
Horace, best known and lov'd by thee, we read,
Who can our Transports, or our Longings tell,
To taste of Pleasures, prais'd by him so well?
With thoughts of Love, and Wine, by him we're fir'd,
Two things in sweet Retirement much desir'd,

A generous Bottle and a loveſome She,
Are th' only Joys in Nature, next to Thee:
To which retiring quietly at Night,
If (as that only can) to add Delight,
When to our little Cottage we repair,
We find a Friend or two, we'd wiſh for there,
Dear *B——ly*, kind as parting Lovers Tears,
Adderly, honeſt as the Sword he wears,
Wilſon, profeſſing Friendſhip yet a Friend,
Or——*Short*, beyond what numbers can commend,
Finch, full of Kindneſs, gen'rous as his Blood,
Watchful to do to modeſt Merit good;
Who have forſook the wild tumultuous Town,
And for a taſte of Life to us come down,
With eager Arms, how cloſely then w'embrace,
What Joy's in every Heart, and every Face!
The moderate Table's quickly cover'd o'er
With choiceſt Meats at leaſt, tho' not with ſtore:
Of Bottles next ſucceeds a goodly Train,
Full of what chears the Heart, and fires the Brain.
Each waited on by a bright virgin Glaſs,
Clean, ſound and ſhining like its Drinker's Laſs.
Then down we ſit, while every Genius tries
T'improve, 'till he deſerves his Sacrifice:
No ſaucy Hour preſumes to ſtint Delight,
We laugh, love, drink, and when that's done 'tis Night:
Well warm'd and pleas'd, as we think fit we part,
Each takes th' obedient Treaſure of his Heart,
And leads her willing to his ſilent Bed,
Where no vexatious Cares come near his Head,
But every Senſe with perfect Pleaſure's fed;
'Till in full Joy diſſolv'd, each falls aſleep,
With twining Limbs, that ſtill Love's poſture keep,
At dawn of Morning to renew delight;
So quiet craving love 'till the next Night:
Then we the drowſie Cells of Sleep forſake,
And to our Books our earlieſt viſit make;
Or elſe our Thoughts to their attendance call,
And there methinks, Fancy ſits Queen of all;

While

While the poor under-Faculties resort,
And to her sickly Majesty make Court;
The Understanding first comes plainly clad,
But usefully; no ent'rance to be had.
Next comes the Will, that Bully of the Mind,
Follies wait on him in a Troop behind;
He meets Reception from the antick Queen,
Who thinks her Majesty's most honour'd when
Attended by those fine-dress't Gentlemen.
Reason, the honest Counsellor, this knows,
And into Court with res'lute Virtue goes;
Lets Fancy see her loose irregular Sway,
Then how the flattering Follies sneak away!
This Image when it came too fiercely shook
My Brain, which its soft quiet straight forsook;
When waking as I cast my Eyes around,
Nothing but old loath'd Vanities I found;
No Grove, no Freedom, and what's worse to me,
No Friend; for I have none compar'd with thee.
Soon then my Thoughts with their old Tyrant Care
Were seiz'd; which to divert I fram'd this Pray'r.
Gods! Life's your Gift, then season't with such Fate,
That what ye meant a Blessing prove no Weight.
Let me to the remotest part be whirl'd,
Of this your Play-thing made in haste, the World;
But grant me Quiet, Liberty and Peace,
By Day what's needful, and at Night soft Ease;
The Friend I trust in, and the She I love,
Then fix me; and if e'er I wish Remove,
Make me as great (that's wretched) as ye can,
Set me in Power, the woful'st State of Man;
To be by Fools mis-led, to Knaves a Prey:
But make Life what I ask, or take't away.

THE POET'S *Complaint of his Muse.*

An ODE.

TO a high Hill, where never yet ſtood Tree,
Where only Heath, courſe Fern, and Furzes grow,
Where (nipt by piercing Air)
The Flocks in tatter'd Fleeces hardly graze,
Led by uncouth Thoughts and Care,
Which did too much his penſive Mind amaze,
A wandring Bard, whoſe Muſe was crazy grown,
Cloy'd with the nauſeous Follies of the buzzing Town,
Came, look'd about him, ſigh'd, and laid him down.
'Twas far from any Path, but where the Earth
Was bare, and naked all as at her Birth,
When by the Word it firſt was made,
E'er God had ſaid,
Let Graſs and Herbs and every green thing grow,
With fruitful Trees after their Kind; and it was ſo.
The whiſtling Winds blew fiercely round his Head,
Cold was his Lodging, hard his Bed;
Aloft his Eyes on the wide Heav'ns he caſt,
Where we are told Peace only's found at laſt:
And as he did its hopeleſs diſtance ſee,
Sigh'd deep, and cry'd, How far is Peace from me?

II.

Nor ended there his Moan:
The diſtance of his future Joy
Had been enough to give him Pain alone;

But who can undergo
Despair of Ease to come, with weight of present Woe?
Down his afflicted Face
The trickling Tears had stream'd so fast a pace,
As left a Path worn by their briny race.
Swoln was his Breast with Sighs, his well-
Proportion'd Limbs as useless fell.
While the poor Trunk (unable to sustain
It self) lay rackt, and shaking with its Pain.
I heard his Groans, as I was walking by,
And (urg'd by Pity) went aside, to see
What the sad cause could be
Had press'd his State so low, and rais'd his Plaints so high.
On me he fixt his Eyes. I crav'd,
Why so forlorn? He vainly rav'd.
Peace to his Mind I did commend.
But, oh! my Words were hardly at an end,
When I perceiv'd it was my Friend,
My much-lov'd Friend: so down I sate,
And begg'd that I might share his Fate:
I laid my Cheek to his, when with a Gale
Of Sighs he eas'd his Breast, and thus began his Tale.

III.

I am a Wretch of honest Race:
My Parents not obscure, nor high in Titles were;
They left me Heir to no Disgrace,
My Father was (a thing now rare)
Loyal and brave; my Mother chast and fair.
Their pledge of Marriage-vows was only I;
Alone I liv'd their much-lov'd fondled Boy:
They gave me generous Education, high
They strove to raise my Mind, and with it grew their Joy.
The Sages that instructed me in Arts
And Knowledge, oft would praise my Parts,
And chear my Parents longing Hearts.
When I was call'd to a Dispute,
My Fellow-Pupils oft stood mute:
Yet never Envy did disjoin
Their Hearts from me, nor Pride distempe[r] mine.

Thus

Thus my firſt Years in Happineſs I paſt,
Nor any bitter Cup did taſte:
But, oh! a deadly Potion came at laſt.
As I lay looſely on my Bed,
A thouſand pleaſant Thoughts triumphing in my Head
And as my Senſe on the rich Banquet fed,
A Voice (it ſeem'd no more, ſo buſie I
Was with my ſelf, I ſaw not who was nigh)
Pierc'd thro' my Ears; Ariſe, thy good *Semander's* dead.
It ſhook my Brain, and from their Feaſt my frighted Senſes fled.

IV.

From thence ſad Diſcontent, uneaſie Fears,
And anxious Doubts of what I had to do,
Grew with ſucceeding Years.
The World was wide, but whither ſhould I go?
I, whoſe blooming Hopes all wither'd were,
Who'd little Fortune, and a deal of Care?
To *Britain's* great Metropolis I ſtray'd,
Where Fortune's general Game is play'd;
Where Honeſty and Wit are often prais'd,
But Fools and Knaves are fortunate and rais'd.
My forward Spirit prompted me to find
A Converſe equal to my Mind:
But by raw Judgment eaſily miſ-led,
(As giddy callow Boys
Are very fond of Toys)
I miſs'd the Brave and Wiſe, and in their ſtead
On every ſort of Vanity I fed.
Gay Coxcombs, Cowards, Knaves, and prating Foo's,
Bullies of o'er-grown Bulks, and little Souls,
Gameſters, Half-wits, and Spend-thrifts, (ſuch as think
Miſchievous midnight Frolicks bred by Drink
Are Gallantry and Wit,
Becauſe to their lewd Underſtandings fit)
Were thoſe wherewith two Years at leaſt I ſpent,
To all their fulſome Follies moſt incorrigibly bent:
'Till at the laſt, my ſelf more to abuſe,
I grew in love with a deceitful Muſe.

V.

No fair Deceiver ever us'd such Charms,
T'ensnare a tender Youth, and win his Heart:
Or when she had him in her Arms,
Secur'd his Love with greater Art.
I fancy'd, or I dream'd, (as Poets always do)
No Beauty with my Muse's might compare.
Lofty she seem'd, and on her Front sat a Majestick Air,
Awful, yet kind; severe, yet fair.
Upon her Head a Crown she bore
Of Laurel, which she told me should be mine:
And round her Ivory Neck she wore
A Rope of largest Pearl. Each part of her did shine
With Jewels and with Gold,
Numberless to be told;
Which in Imagination as I did behold,
And lov'd, and wonder'd more and more,
Said she, These Riches all, my Darling, shall be thine,
Riches which never Poet had before.
She promis'd me to raise my Fortune and my Name,
By Royal Favour, and by endless Fame;
But never told
How hard they were to get, how difficult to hold.
Thus by the Arts of this most sly
Deluder was I caught,
To her bewitching Bondage brought.
Eternal Constancy we swore,
A thousand times our Vows were doubled o'er.
And as we did in our Entrancements lie,
I thought no Pleasure e'er was wrought so high,
No Pair so happy as my Muse and I.

VI.

Ne'er was young Lover half so fond
When first his Pusillage he lost,
Or could of half my Pleasure boast.
We never met but we enjoy'd,
Still transported, never cloy'd.
Chambers, Closets, Fields and Groves,
Bore witness of our daily Loves;
And on the Bark of every Tree
You might the Marks of our Endearments see.

Distichs, Posies, and the pointed Bits
Of Satyr, (written when a Poet meets
His Muse in Caterwauling fits)
You might on every Rind behold, and swear
I and my *Clio* had been at it there.
Nay, by my Muse too I was blest
With Off-springs of the choicest kinds,
Such as have pleas'd the noblest Minds,
And been approv'd by Judgments of the best.
But in this most transporting height,
Whence I look'd down and laugh'd at Fate,
All of a sudden I was alter'd grown:
I round me look'd, and found my self alone:
My faithless Muse, my faithless Muse was gone.
I try'd if I a Verse could frame:
Oft I in vain invok'd my *Clio*'s Name.
The more I strove, the more I fail'd.
I chaf'd, I bit my Pen, curst my dull Skull, and rail'd,
Resolv'd to force m'untoward Thought, and at the last prevail'd.
A Line came forth, but such a one,
No trav'ling Matron in her Child-birth pains,
Full of the joyful Hopes to bear a Son,
Was more astonish'd at th' unlook'd for shape
Of some deform'd Baboon, or Ape,
Then I was at the hideous Issue of my Brains.
I tore my Paper, stabb'd my Pen,
And swore I'd never write again,
Resolv'd to be a doating Fool no more.
But when my reck'ning I began to make,
I found too long I'd slept, and was too late awake;
I found m'ungrateful Muse, for whose false sake
I did my self undo,
Had robb'd me of my dearest Store,
My precious Time, my Friends, and Reputation too;
And left me helpless, friendless, very proud, and poor.

VII.

Reason, which in base Bonds my Folly had enthrall'd,
I strait to Council call'd;

Like some old faithful Friend, whom long ago
I had cashier'd, to please my flatt'ring Fair.
To me with readiness he did repair;
Exprest much tender Cheafulness, to find
Experience had restor'd him to my Mind;
And loyally did to me show,
How much himself he did abuse,
Who credited a flattering, false, destructive, treacherous
I ask'd the Causes why. He said, [Muse.
'Twas never known a Muse e'er staid
When Fortune fled; for Fortune is a Bawd
To all the Nine that on *Parnassus* dwell,
Where those so fam'd, delightful Fountains swell
Of Poetry, which there does ever flow;
And where Wit's lusty, shining God
Keeps his choice *Seraglio*.
So whilst our Fortune smiles, our Thoughts aspire,
Pleasure and Fame's our bus'ness, and desire.
Then, too, if we find
A promptness in the Mind,
The Muse is always ready, always kind.
But if th' old Harlot Fortune once denies
Her favour, all our Pleasure, and rich Fancy dies, [flies.
And then th' young, slippery Jilt, the Muse too from us

VIII.

To the whole Tale I gave Attention due;
And as right search into my self I made,
I found all he had said
Was very honest, very true.
Oh how I hugg'd my welcome Friend!
And much my Muse I could not discommend;
For I ne'er liv'd in Fortune's Grace,
She always turn'd her Back, and fled from me apace,
And never once vouchsaf'd to let me see her Face.
Then to confirm me more,
He drew the veil of Dotage from my Eyes:
See here, my Son, (said he) the valu'd Prize;
Thy fulsome Muse behold, be happy, and be wise.
I look'd, and saw the rampant, tawdry Quean,
With a more horrid Train

Than

Than ever yet to Satyr lent a Tale,
Or haunted *Chloris* in the Mall.
The firſt was he who ſtunk of that rank Verſe
In which he wrote his *Sodom* Farce;
A Wretch whom old Diſeaſes did ſo bite,
That he writ Bawdry ſure in ſpight,
To ruin and diſgrace it quite.
Philoſophers of old did ſo expreſs
Their Art, and ſhew'd it in their Naſtineſs.
Next him appear'd that blundering Sot
Who a late *Seſſion of the Poets* wrote.
Nature has mark'd him for a heavy Fool;
By's flat broad Face you'll know the Owl.
The other Birds have hooted him from Light;
Much buffeting has made him love the Night,
And only in the dark he ſtrays;
Still Wretch enough to live, with worſe Fools ſpends his Days,
And for old Shoes and Scraps repeats dull Plays.
Then next there follow'd, to make up the Throng,
Lord Lampoon, and *Monſieur Song*,
Who ſought her Love, and promis'd for't
To make her famous at the Court.
The *City Poet* too was there,
In a black Sattin Cap and his own Hair,
And begg'd that he might have the Honour
To beget a *Pageant* on her
For the City's next *Lord Mayor*.
Her Favours ſhe to none deny'd:
They took her all by turns aſide.
'Till at the laſt up in the rear there came
The Poets Scandal, and the Muſes Shame,
A Beaſt of Monſtrous guiſe, and *LIBELL* was his Name.
But let him pauſe, for 'twill ask time to tell
How he was born, how bred and where, and where he now does dwell.

IX.

He paus'd, and thus renew'd his Tale.
Down in an obſcure Vale,

'Midſt Fogs and Fens, whence Miſts and Vapours riſe,
Where never Sun was ſeen by Eyes,
Under a deſart Wood,
Which no Man own'd, but all wild Beaſts were bred,
And kept their horrid Dens, by prey far forrag'd fed,
An ill-pil'd Cottage ſtood,
Built of Mens Bones ſlaughter'd in Civil War,
By Magick Art brought thither from afar.
There liv'd a widow'd *Witch*,
That us'd to mumble Curſes Eve and Morn,
Like one whom Wants and Care had worn;
Meagre her Looks, and ſunk her Eyes,
Yet Miſchiefs ſtudy'd, Diſcords did deviſe.
Sh' appeared humble, but it was her Pride:
Slow in her Speech, in Semblance ſanctify'd.
Still when ſhe ſpoke ſhe meant another way;
And when ſhe curſt, ſhe ſeem'd to pray.
Her helliſh Charms had all a holy Dreſs,
And bore the Name of *Godlineſs*.
All her Familiars ſeem'd the Sons of Peace.
Honeſt Habits they all wore,
In outward ſhow moſt Lamb-like and Divine:
But inward of all Vices they had ſtore,
Greedy as Wolves, and ſenſual too as Swine.
Like her, the Sacred Scriptures they had all by Heart,
Moſt eaſily could quote, and turn to any part,
Backward repeat it all, as Witches Prayers do,
And for their turn, interpret backward too.
Idolatry with her was held impure,
Becauſe beſides her ſelf no Idol ſhe'd endure.
Though not to paint, ſh'ad Arts to change the Face,
And alter it in heav'nly Faſhion.
Lewd *Whining* ſhe defin'd a *mark of Grace*,
And making *ugly Faces* was *Mortification*.
Her late dead Pander was of well-known Fame,
Old *Presbyter Rebellion* was his Name:
She a ſworn Foe to *KING*, his Peace, and Laws,
So will be ever, and was call'd (bleſs us!) *THE GOOD OLD CAUSE*.

X.

A Time there was, (a ſad one too)
When all things wore the Face of Woe,
When many Horrors rag'd in this our Land,
And a *deſtroying Angel* was ſent down,
To ſcourge the Pride of this Rebellious Town.
He came, and o'er all *Britain* ſtretch'd his conqu'ring Hand:
'Till in th'untrodden Streets unwholſome Graſs
Grew of great Stalk, its Colour groſs,
And melancholick pois'nous green;
Like thoſe courſe ſickly Weeds on an old Dunghill ſeen,
Where ſome Murrain-murther'd Hog,
Poiſon'd Cat, or ſtrangled Dog,
In rottenneſs had long unburied laid,
And the cold Soil productive made.
Birds of ill Omen hover'd in the Air,
And by their Cries bad us for Graves prepare;
And, as our Deſtiny they ſeem'd t'unfold,
Dropt dead of the ſame fate they had foretold.
That dire Commiſſion ended, down there came
Another *Angel* with a *Sword of Flame:*
Deſolation ſoon he made,
And our new *Sodom* low in Aſhes laid.
Diſtractions and Diſtruſts then did amongſt us riſe,
When, in her pious old Diſguiſe,
This *Witch* with all her Miſchief-making Train
Began to ſhew her ſelf again.
The Sons of old *Rebellion* ſtrait ſhe ſummon'd all;
Strait they were ready at her call:
Once more th'old Bait before their Eyes ſhe caſt.
That and her Love they long'd to taſte;
And to her Luſt ſhe drew them all at laſt.
So *Reuben* (we may read of heretofore)
Was led aſtray, and had pollution with his Father's Whore.

XI.

The better to conceal her lewd intent
In ſafety from obſerving Eyes,
Th'old Strumpet did her ſelf diſguiſe
In comely Weeds, and to the City went,

Affected Truth, much Modesty, and Grace,
And (like a worn-out Suburb-Trull) past there for a new Face.
Thither all her Lovers flock'd,
And there for her support she found
A Wight, of whom Fame's Trumpet much does sound,
With all ingredients for his bus'ness stockt,
Not unlike him whose Story has a place
In th' Annals of Sir *Hudibras*.
Of all her bus'ness He took care,
And every Knave or Fool that to her did repair,
Had by him admittance there.
By his Contrivance to her did resort
All who had been disgusted at the Court.
Those whose Ambition had been crost,
Or by ill Manners had Preferments lost,
Were those on whom she practis'd most her Charms,
Lay nearest to her Heart, and oft'nest in her Arms.
Int'rest in every Faction, every Sect she sought;
And to her Lure, flatt'ring their hopes, she brought
All those who use Religion for a Fashion.
All such as practise Forms, and take great Pains
To make their *Godliness* their *Gains*,
And thrive by the Distractions of a Nation,
She by her Art ensnar'd, and fetter'd in her Chains.
Through her the Atheist hop'd to purchase *Toleration*,
The Rebel *Pow'r*, the beggar'd Spend-thrift *Lands*,
Out of the *King*'s or *Bishop*'s Hands.
Nay, to her side at last she drew in all the rude,
Ungovernable, headlong Multitude:
Promis'd strange *Liberties*, and sure Redress
Of never-felt, unheard-of *Grievances*:
Pamper'd their Follies, and indulg'd their Hopes,
With *May-day*-Routs, *November* Squibs, and burning *Past-board Popes*.

XII.

With her in common Lust did mingle all the Crew,
'Till at the last she pregnant grew,
And from her Womb, in little time, brought forth
This monstrous, most detested *Birth*.

Of

Of Children born with Teeth we've heard,
And ſome like Comets with a Beard;
Which ſeem'd to be fore-runners of dire Change:
But never hitherto was ſeen,
Born from a *Wapping* Drab, or *Shoreditch* Quean,
A form like this ſo hideous and ſo ſtrange.
To help whoſe Mother in her Pains, there came
Many a well-known Dame.
The Bawd *Hypocriſie* was there,
And Madam *Impudence* the fair:
Dame *Scandal* with her ſquinting Eyes,
That loves to ſet good Neighbours at debate,
And raiſe Commotions in a jealous State,
Was there, and *Malice* Queen of far-ſpread Lies,
With all their Train of *Frauds* and *Forgeries*.
But Midwife *Mutiny*, that buſie Drab,
That's always talking, always loud,
Was ſhe that firſt took up the Babe,
And of the Office moſt was proud.
Behold its Head of horrid form appears:
To ſpight the Pillory it had no Ears.
When ſtrait the Bawd cry'd out, 'twas ſurely kin
To the bleſt Family of *Pryn*.
But *Scandal* offer'd to deſpoſe her Word,
Or Oath, the Father was a Lord.
The Noſe was ugly, long, and big,
Broad, and ſnowty like a Pig;
Which ſhew'd he would in Dunghils love to dig;
Love to caſt ſtinking Satyrs up in ill-pil'd Rimes,
And live by the Corruptions of unhappy Times.

XIII.

They promis'd all by turns to take him,
And a hopeful Youth to make him.
To nurſe he ſtrait was ſent
To a *Siſter-witch*, though of another ſort,
One who profeſt no good, nor any meant:
All Day ſhe practis'd Charms, by Night ſhe hardly ſlept.
Yet in the outcaſts of a Northern factious Town,
A little ſmoaky Manſion of her own,
Where her Familiars to her did reſort,
A Cell ſhe kept.

Hell

Hell ſhe ador'd, and Satan was her God;
And many an ugly loathſome Toad
Crawl'd round her Walls, and croak'd.
Under her Roof all diſmal, black, and ſmoak'd,
Harbour'd Beetles, and unwholſome Bats,
Sprawling Neſts of little Cats;
All which were Imps ſhe cheriſh'd with her Blood,
To make her Spells ſucceed and good, [curſt.
Still at her rivell'd Breaſts they hung, when e'er mankind ſhe
And with theſe Foſter-brethren was our *Monſter* nurſt.
In little time the Hell-bred Brat
Grew plump and fat,
Without his Leading-ſtrings could walk,
And (as the Sorcereſs taught him) talk.
At ſeven Years old he went to School,
Where firſt he grew a Foe to Rule.
Never would he learn as taught,
But ſtill new Ways affected, and new Methods ſought.
Not that he wanted parts
T'improve in Letters, and proceed to Arts;
But as negligent as ſly,
Of all perverſeneſs brutiſhly was full,
(By Nature idle) lov'd to ſhift and lie,
And was obſtinately dull.
'Till ſpight of Nature, through great Pains, the Sot,
(And th'Influence of th'ill Genius of our Land)
At laſt in part began to undeſtand.
Some inſight in the *Latin* Tongue he got;
Could ſmatter pretty well, and write too a plain Hand.
For which his Guardians all thought fit,
In Compliment to his moſt hopeful Wit,
He ſhould be ſent to learn the Laws,
And out of the *good old* to raiſe a damn'd *new Cauſe*.

XIV.

In which the better to improve his Mind,
As by Nature he was bent
To ſearch in hidden Paths, and things long buried find,
A Wretch's Converſe much he did frequent:

One

One who this World, as that did Him, diſown'd,
And in an unfrequented Corner, where
Nothing was pleaſant, hardly healthful found,
He led his hated Life.
Needy, and even of Neceſſaries bare.
No Servant had he, Children, Friend, or Wife:
But of a little remnant, got by Fraud,
(For all ill turns he lov'd, all good deteſted, and believ'd no God,)
Thrice in a Week he chang'd a hoarded Groat
With which of Beggars Scraps he bought.
Then from a neighb'ring Fountain Water got,
Not to be clean, but ſlake his Thirſt.
He never bleſt himſelf, and all things elſe he curſt.
The Cell in which he (though but ſeldom) ſlept,
Lay like a Den, uncleans'd, unſwept:
And there thoſe Jewels which he lov'd, he kept;
Old worn-out Statutes, and Records
Of *Commons Privileges*, and the *Rights of Lords*.
But bound up by themſelves with care were laid
All the *Acts*, *Reſolves*, and *Orders* made
By the old *Long Rump-Parliament*,
Thro' all the Changes of its Government:
From which with readineſs he could debate
Concerning Matters of the State,
All down from *Goodly forty one*, to *horrid forty eight*.

XV.

His Friendſhip much our *Monſter* ſought
By Inſtinct, and by Inclination too:
So without much ado
They were together brought.
To him Obedience *Libell* ſwore, and by him was he taught.
He learnt of him all Goodneſs to deteſt;
To be aſham'd of no Diſgrace;
In all things, but Obedience, to be Beaſt;
To hide a Coward's Heart, and ſhow a hardy Face.
He taught him to call Government a Clog,
But to bear beatings like a Dog:
T'ave no Religion, Honeſty, or Senſe,
But to *profeſs* them all for a Pretence.

Fraught

Fraught with these Morals, he began
To compleat him more for Man:
Distinguisht to him in an Hour
'Twixt *Legislative*, and *Judicial* Power;
How to frame a *Commonwealth*,
And *Democracy*, by stealth;
To palliate it at first, and Cry
'Twas but a *Well-mixt Monarchy*,
And *Treason Salus Populi*;
Into Rebellion to divide the Nation,
By fair *Committees of Association*;
How by a lawful means to bring
In Arms against himself the *KING*,
With a distinguishing old Trick,
'Twixt Persons *Natural*, and *Politick*;
How to make faithful *Servants Traytors*
Thorough-pac'd *Rebels Legislators*,
And at last *Troupers Adjutators*.
Thus well inform'd, and furnisht with enough
Of such like wordy, canting Stuff,
Our Blade set forth, and quickly grew
A Leader in a factious Crew.
Where-e'er he came, 'twas he first silence broke,
And swell'd with every Word he spoke.
By which becoming sawcy Grace,
He gain'd Authority and Place:
By many for Preferments was thought fit,
For talking Treason without Fear or Wit:
For opening Failings in the State;
For loving noisie and unsound Debate,
And wearing of a Mystical green Ribband in his Hat.

XVI.

Thus, like *Alcides* in his Lion's Skin,
He very dreadful grew.
But, like that *Hercules* when Love crept in,
And th'Hero to his Distaff drew,
His Foes that found him saw he was but Man:
So when my faithless *Clio* by her Snare
Had brought him to her Arms, and I surpriz'd him there,
At once to hate and scorn him I began;

To

To ſee how fooliſhly ſh'ad dreſt,
And for Diverſion trickt the Beaſt.
He was Poetry all o'er,
On ev'ry ſide, behind, before:
About him nothing could I ſee,
But particolour'd Poetry.
Painter's Advices, Letanies,
Ballads, and all the ſpurious exceſs
Of Ills that Malice could deviſe,
Or ever ſwarm'd from a licentious Preſs,
Hung round about him like a Spell:
And in his own Hand too was writ,
That worthy Piece of modern Wit,
The Country's late *Appeal*.
But from ſuch Ills when will our wretched State
Be freed? and who ſhall cruſh this Serpent's Head?
'Tis ſaid, we may in ancient Legends read
Of a huge Dragon, ſent by Fate
To lay a ſinful Kingdom waſte:
So through it all he rang'd, devouring as he paſt,
And each Day with a Virgin broke his Faſt.
'Till wretched Matrons curſt their Wombs,
So hardly was their Loſs endur'd:
The Lovers all deſpair'd, and ſought their Tombs
In the ſame Monſter's Jaws, and of their Pains were cur'd.
'Till, like our *Monſter* too, and with the ſame
Curſt ends, to the Metropolis he came.
His Cruelties renew'd again,
And every Day a Maid was ſlain.
The Curſe through ev'ry Family had paſt,
When to the Sacrifice at laſt
Th'unhappy Monarch's only Child muſt bow:
A *Royal Daughter* needs muſt ſuffer then, a *ROYAL BROTHER* now.

XVII.

On him this Dragon *Libel* needs will prey;
On him has caſt
His ſordid Venom, and prophan'd
With ſpurious Verſe his ſpotleſs Fame,
Which ſhall for ever ſtand

Unblemiſht,

Unblemiſht, and to Ages laſt,
When all his Foes lie buried in their Shame.
Elſe tell me why (ſome Prophet that is wiſe)
Heaven took ſuch Care
To make him every thing that's rare,
Dear to the Heart, deſirous to the Eyes.
Why do all good Men bleſs Him as he goes?
Why at his Preſence ſhrink his Foes?
Why do the Brave all ſtrive his Honour to defend?
Why through the World is he diſtinguiſh'd moſt
By Titles, which but few can boaſt,
A moſt *Juſt Maſter*, and a *Faithful Friend?*
One who never yet did wrong
To high or low, to old or young?
Of Him what Orphan can complain?
Of Him what Widow make her Moan?
But ſuch as wiſh Him here again,
And miſs his Goodneſs now he's gone.
If this be (as I am ſure 'tis) true,
Then prithee, Prophet, tell me too,
Why lives he in the World's Eſteem,
Not one Man's Foe? and why then are not all Men Friends with him?

XVIII.

When e'er his Life was ſet at ſtake
For his ungrateful Country's ſake,
What Dangers or what Labours did He ever ſhun?
Or what Wonders has not done?
Watchful all Night, and buſie all the Day,
(Spreading his Fleet in ſight of *Holland*'s Shore)
Triumphantly ye ſaw his Flags and Streamers play.
Then did the *Engliſh* Lion roar,
Whilſt the *Belgian* couchant lay.
Big with the thoughts of Conqueſt and Renown,
Of *Britain*'s Honour, and his own,
To them he like a threat'ning Comet ſhin'd,
Rough as the Sea, and furious as the Wind:
But conſtant as the Stars that never move;
Or as Women would have Love.

The

The trembling Genius of their State
Lookt out, and ſtrait ſhrunk back his Head,
To ſee our daring Banners ſpread.
Whilſt in their Harbours they
Like batten'd Monſters weltring lay:
The Winds, when ours th'ad kiſs'd, ſcorn'd with their
Flags to play.
But drooping like their Captains Hearts,
Each Pendent, every Streamer hung.
The Seamen ſeem'd t'have loſt their Arts.
Their Ships at Anchors now, of which w'had heard them
boaſt,
With ill-furl'd Sails, and Rattlings looſe, by every Billow toſt,
Lay like neglected Harps, untun'd, unſtrung;
'Till at the laſt, provok'd with Shame,
Forth from their Dens the baited Foxes came:
Foxes in Council, and in Fight too grave;
Seldom true, and now not brave.
They bluſter'd out the Day with ſhew of Fight,
And ran away in the good-natur'd Night.

XIX.

A bloody Battel next was fought,
And then in Triumph home a welcome Fleet he brought,
With Spoils of Victory, and Glory fraught.
To Him then every Heart was open, down
From the great Man to the Clown;
In him rejoic'd, to him enclin'd:
And as his Health round the glad Board did paſs,
Each honeſt Fellow cry'd, Fill full my Glaſs;
And ſhew'd the fullneſs of his Mind.
No diſcontented Vermin of ill Times
Durſt then affront him but in ſhow;
Nor *Libel* daſh him with his dirty Rhymes:
Nor may he live in Peace that does it now.
And whoſe Heart would not wiſh ſo too
That had but ſeen
When his tumultuous miſ-led Foes
Againſt him roſe,
With what Heroick grace
He choſe the weight of Wrong to undergo?

No

No tempeſt on his Brow, unalter'd in his Face,
True witneſs of the Innocence within.
But when the Meſſengers did Mandates bring
For his Retreat to foreign Land,
Since ſent from the relenting Hand
Of the moſt *loving BROTHER, kindeſt KING*;
If in his Heart regret did riſe
It never ſcapt his Tongue or Eyes:
With ſteady Virtue 'twas allay'd,
And *like a mighty Conqu'rour, he obey'd.*

XX.

It was a dark and gloomy Day,
Sad as the Buſ'neſs, ſullen too,
As proud Men, when in vain they woo,
Or Soldiers cheated of their Pay.
The Court, where Pleaſures us'd to flow,
Became the Scene of Mourning, and of Woe.
Deſolate was every Room,
Where Men for News and Buſ'neſs uſe to come.
With folded Arms and down-caſt Eyes Men walk'd,
In corners and with caution talk'd.
All things prepar'd, the Hour grew near
When he muſt part: his laſt ſhort time was ſpent
In leaving Bleſſings on his Children dear.
To them with eager haſte and love he went:
The Eldeſt firſt embrac'd,
As new-born Day in Beauty bright,
But ſad in Mind as deepeſt Night.
What tendreſt Hearts could ſay, betwixt them paſt;
'Till Grief too cloſe upon them crept:
So ſighing he withdrew, ſhe turn'd away and wept.
Much of the Father in his Breaſt did riſe,
When on the next he fixt his Eyes,
A tender Infant in the Nurſe's Arms,
Full of kind Play, and pretty Charms.
And as to give the Farewel Kiſs he near it drew,
About his manly Neck two little Arms it threw;
Smil'd in his Eyes, as if it begg'd his ſtay,
And look'd kind things it could not ſay.

XXI.

But the great pomp of Grief was yet to come.
Th'appointed time was almoſt paſt,
Th'impatient Tides knock'd at the Shore, and bid him haſt
To ſeek a Foreign Home.
The Summons he reſolv'd t'obey;
Diſdaining of his Suffering to complain,
Though every Step ſeem'd trod with Pain;
So forth he came, attended on his way
By a ſad lamenting Throng,
That bleſt him and about him hung.
A weight his generous Heart could hardly bear,
But for the Comfort that was near,
His Beauteous MATE, the Fountain of his Joys,
That fed his Soul with Love;
The Cordial that can mortal Pains remove,
To which all worldly Bleſſings elſe are Toys.
I ſaw them ready for departure ſtand,
Juſt when approach'd the *Monarch* of our Land,
And took the charming *Mourner* by the Hand.
T'expreſs all nobleſt Offices he ſtrove,
Of *Royal Goodneſs*, and a *Brother's Love*,
Then down to the Shore ſide,
Where, to convey them, did two Royal Barges ride,
With ſolemn pace they paſt:
And there ſo tenderly embrac'd,
All griev'd by Sympathy to ſee them part,
And their kind Pains touch'd each By-ſtander's Heart.
Then hand in hand the pity'd Pair
Turn'd round, to face their Fate:
She ev'n amidſt Afflictions *Fair*;
He, though oppreſt, ſtill *Great*.
Into th'expecting Boat with haſte they went; [ſent,
Where, as the troubled *Fair One* to the Shore ſome wiſhes
For that dear Pledge ſh'ad left behind,
And as her Paſſion grew too mighty for her Mind,
She of ſome Tears her Eyes beguil'd;
Which, as upon her Cheek they lay,
The happy *Hero* kiſt away,
And, as ſhe wept, bluſht with Diſdain, and ſmil'd.

Straight

Straight forth they launch into the high-ſwoln *Thames*:
The well-ſtruck Oars lave up the yielding Streams.
All fixt their longing Eyes, and wiſhing ſtood,
'Till they were got into the wider Flood;
'Till leſſen'd out of ſight, and ſeen no more:
Then ſigh'd, and turn'd into the hated Shore.

Phædra *to* Hippolytus.

Tranſlated out of OVID.

The ARGUMENT.

Theſeus, *the Son of* Ægeus, *having ſlain the* Minotaur, *premiſed to* Ariadne *the Daughter of* Minos *and* Paſiphae, *for the Aſſiſtance which ſhe gave him, to carry her home with him, and make her his Wife: So together with her Siſter* Phædra *they went on Board and ſail'd to* Chios, *where being warn'd by* Bacchus, *he left* Ariadne, *and Married her Siſter* Phædra; *who afterwards, in* Theſeus *her Husband's Abſence, fell in Love with* Hippolytus *her Son-in-Law, who had vow'd* Cœlibacy, *and was a Hunter: Wherefore ſince ſhe could not conveniently otherwiſe, ſhe choſe by this Epiſtle to give him an Account of her Paſſion.*

IF Thou'rt unkind, I ne'er ſhall Health enjoy;
Yet much I wiſh to thee, my Lovely Boy:
Read this, and reading how my Soul is ſeiz'd,
Rather than not, be with my Ruin pleas'd:
Thus Secrets ſafe to fartheſt Shores may move;
By Letters Foes converſe, and learn to love.
Thrice my ſad Tale, as I to tell it try'd,
Upon my fault'ring Tongue abortive dy'd:
Long Shame prevail'd, nor could be conquer'd quite,
But what I bluſh'd to ſpeak, Love made me write.
'Tis dang'rous to reſiſt the Pow'r of Love,
The Gods obey him, and he's King above:

He

He clear'd the Doubts that did my Mind confound,
And promis'd me to bring Thee hither bound:
Oh may he come, and in that Breaſt of thine
Fix a kind Dart, and make it flame like mine!
Yet of my Wedlock Vows I'll loſe no Care,
Search back thro' all my Fame, thou'lt find it fair.
But Love long breeding, to worſt Pain does turn;
Outward unharm'd, within, within I burn!
As the young Bull or Courſer yet untam'd,
When yok'd or bridl'd firſt, are pinch'd and maim'd,
So my unpractis'd Heart in Love can find
No Reſt, th'unwonted Weight ſo toils my Mind.
When young, Love's Pangs by Arts we may remove,
But in our riper Years with Rage we love.
To thee I yield then all my dear Renown,
And prithee let's together be undone.
Who would not pluck the new-blown bluſhing Roſe,
Or the ripe Fruit that courts him as it grows?
But if my Virtue hitherto has gain'd
Eſteem for Spotleſs, ſhall it now be ſtain'd?
Oh in thy Love I ſhall no Hazard run;
'Tis not a Sin, but when 'tis courſely done.
And now ſhould *Juno* leave her *Jove* to me,
I'd quit that *Jove*, *Hippolytus*, for thee:
Believe me too with ſtrange Deſires I change,
Amongſt wild Beaſts I long with Thee to range.
To thy Delights and *Delia* I encline,
Make her my Goddeſs too, becauſe ſhe's thine:
I long to know the Woods, to drive the Deer,
And o'er the Mountains Tops my Hounds to chear,
Shaking my Dart; then, the Chace ended, lye
Stretch'd on the Graſs: And would'ſt not thou be by?
Oft in light Chariots I with Pleaſure ride,
And love my ſelf the furious Steeds to guide.
Now like a *Bacchanal* more wild I ſtray,
Or old *Cybele*'s Prieſts, as mad as they
When under *Ida*'s Hill they Off'rings pay:
Ev'n mad as thoſe the Deities of Night
And Water, *Fauns* and *Dryads* do affright.

But

But ſtill each little Interval I gain,
Eaſily find 'tis Love breeds all my Pain;
Sure on our Race Love like a Fate does fall,
And *Venus* will have Tribute of us all.
Jove lov'd *Europa*, whence my Father came,
And to a Bull transform'd, enjoy'd the Dame:
She, like my Mother, languiſht to obtain,
And fill'd her Womb with Shame as well as Pain:
The faithleſs *Theſeus* by my Siſter's Aid
The Monſter ſlew, and a ſafe Conqueſt made:
Now in that Family my Right to ſave,
I am at laſt on the ſame Terms a Slave:
'Twas fatal to my Siſter, and to me,
She lov'd thy Father, but my Choice was thee.
Let Monuments of Triumph then be ſhown
For two unhappy Nymphs by you undone.
When firſt our Vows were to *Eleuſis* paid,
Would I had in a *Cretan* Grave been laid;
'Twas there thou didſt a perfect Conqueſt gain,
Whilſt Love's fierce Feaver rag'd in ev'ry Vein:
White was thy Robe, a Garland deck'd thy Head;
A modeſt Bluſh thy comely Face o'erſpread.
That Face which may be terrible in Arms,
But graceful ſeem'd to me, and full of Charms:
I love the Man whoſe Faſhion's leaſt his Care,
And hate my Sexes Coxcombs fine and fair;
For whilſt thus plain thy careleſs Locks let fly,
Th' unpoliſh'd Form is Beauty in my Eye.
If thou but ride, or ſhake the trembling Dart,
I fix my Eyes, and wonder at thy Art:
To ſee thee poiſe the Jav'lin, moves Delight,
And all thou doſt is lovely in my Sight:
But to the Woods thy Cruelty reſign,
Nor treat it with ſo poor a Life as mine:
Muſt cold *Diana* be ador'd alone;
Muſt ſhe have all thy Vows, and *Venus* none?
That Pleaſure palls if 'tis enjoy'd too long;
Love makes the weary firm, the feeble ſtrong.
For *Cynthia*'s ſake unbend and eaſe thy Bow;
Elſe to thy Arm 'twill weak and uſeleſs grow.

Famous

Famous was *Cephalus* in Wood and Plain,
And by him many a *Boar* and *Pard* was ſlain,
Yet to *Aurora*'s Love he did incline,
Who wiſely left old Age for Youth like thine.
Under the ſpreading Shades her Am'rous Boy,
The fair *Adonis*, *Venus* could enjoy;
Atlanta's Love too *Meleager* ſought,
And to her Tribute paid of all he caught:
Be thou and I the next bleſt *Sylvan* Pair;
Where Love's a Stranger, Woods but Deſarts are.
With thee, thro' dang'rous Ways unknown before,
I'll rove, and fearleſs face the dreadful Boar.
Between two Seas a little *Iſthmus* lies,
Where on each Side the beating Billows riſe,
There in *Trazena* I thy Love will meet,
More bleſt and pleas'd than in my Native *Creet*.
As we could wiſh, Old *Theſeus* is away
At *Theſſaly*, where always let him ſtay
With his *Perithous*, whom well I ſee
Preferr'd above *Hippolytus* or me.
Nor has he only thus expreſt his Hate;
We both have ſuffer'd Wrongs of mighty Weight:
My Brother firſt he cruelly did ſlay,
Then from my Siſter faſly ran away;
And left expos'd to ev'ry Beaſt a Prey:
A Warlike Queen to thee thy Being gave,
A Mother worthy of a Son ſo brave,
From cruel *Theſeus* yet her Death did find,
Nor though ſhe gave him thee, could make him kind.
Unwedded too he Murther'd her in ſpight,
To Baſtardize, and Rob thee of thy Right:
And if, to wrong thee more, two Sons I've brought,
Believe it his, and none of *Phædra*'s fault:
Rather, thou faireſt Thing the Earth contains,
I wiſh at firſt I'ad dy'd of Mothers Pains:
How can'ſt thou rev'rence then thy Father's Bed,
From which himſelf ſo abjectly is fled?
The Thought affrights not me, but me inflames;
Mother and Son are Notions, very Names

Of

Of worn-out Piety, in fashion then
When old dull *Saturn* rul'd the Race of Men:
But braver *Jove* taught Pleasure was no Sin,
And with his Sister did himself begin.
Nearness of Blood, and Kindred best we prove,
When we express it in the closest Love.
Nor need we fear our Fault should be reveal'd;
'Twill under near Relation be conceal'd,
And all who hear our Loves, with Praise shall crown
A Mother's Kindness to a grateful Son.
No need at Midnight in the dark to stray,
T'unlock the Gates, and cry, My Love, this Way,
No busie Spies our Pleasures to betray.
But in one House, as heretofore, we'll live,
In publick Kisses take; in publick, give:
Though in my Bed thou'rt seen, 'twill gain Applause
From all, whilst none have Sense to guess the Cause:
Only make haste, and let this League be sign'd;
So may my Tyrant Love to thee be kind.
For this I am an humble Suppliant grown;
Now where are all my Boasts of Greatness gone?
I swore I ne'er would yield, resolv'd to fight,
Deceiv'd by Love, that's seldom in the right:
Now on my own I crawl, to clasp thy Knees;
What's decent no true Lover cares or sees:
Shame, like a beaten Soldier, leaves the Place,
But Beauty's Blushes still are in my Face.
Forgive this fond Confession which I make,
And then some Pity on my Sufferings take.
What though 'midst Seas my Father's Empire lies?
Though my great Grandsire Thunder from the Skies;
What though my Father's Sire in Beams dress gay
Drives round the burning Chariot of the Day?
Their Honour all in me to Love's a Slave,
Then though thou wilt not me, their Honour save:
Jove's famous Island, *Creet*, in Dow'r I'll bring,
And there shall my *Hippolytus* be King:
For *Venus* sake then hear and grant my Pray'r,
So may'st thou never love a scornful Fair;

In

In Fields so may *Diana* grace thee still,
And ev'ry Wood afford thee Game to kill;
So may the Mountain Gods and *Satyrs* all
Be kind, so may the Boar before thee fall,
So may the Water-Nymphs in Heat of Day,
Though thou their Sex despise, thy Thirst allay.
Millions of Tears to these my Pray'rs I join,
Which as thou read'st with those dear Eyes of thine,
Think that thou seest the Streams that flow from mine.

TO

Mr. *CREECH*

UPON HIS

Translation of Lucretius.

SIR,

WHEN your Book the first time came abroad,
I must confess I stood amaz'd and aw'd;
For, as to some Good-nature I pretend,
I fear'd to read lest I should not commend.
Lucretius English! 'twas a Work might shake
The Pow'r of *English* Verse to undertake.
This all Men thought, but you are born, we find,
T'out-do the Expectations of Mankind;
Since you've so well the noble Task perform'd,
Envy's appeas'd, and Prejudice disarm'd:
For when the rich Original we peruse,
And by it try the Metal you produce;
Tho' there indeed the purest Ore we find,
Yet still in you it something seems refin'd:

Thus when the Great *Lucretius* gives a looſe,
And laſhes to her ſpeed his fiery Muſe;
Still with him you maintain an equal pace,
And bear full Stretch upon him all the Race;
But when in rugged way we find him rein
His Verſe, and not ſo ſmooth a Stroak maintain;
There the Advantage he receives is found,
By you taught Temper, and to chuſe his Ground.
Next, his Philoſophy you've ſo expreſt
In genuine Terms, ſo plain, yet neatly dreſt,
Thoſe Murd'rers that now mangle it all day
In Schools, may learn from you the eaſie way
To let us know what they would mean and ſay:
If *Ariſtotle*'s Friends will ſhew the Grace
To wave for once their Statute in that Caſe.
Go on then, Sir, and ſince you could aſpire,
And reach this Height, aim yet at Laurels higher:
Secure great injur'd *Maro* from the wrong
He unredeem'd has labour'd with ſo long
In *Holbourn Rhyme*, and left the Book ſhould fail,
Expos'd with Pictures to promote the Sale;
So Tapſters ſet out *Signs*, for muddy Ale.
You're only able to retrieve his Doom,
And make him here as fam'd as once at *Rome*:
For ſure when *Julius* firſt this Iſle ſubdu'd,
Your Anceſtors then mixt with *Roman* Blood;
Some near Ally'd to that whence *Ovid* came,
Virgil and *Horace*, thoſe three Sons of Fame;
Since to their Memory it is ſo true,
And ſhews their Poetry ſo much in You.
Go on in Pity to this wretched Iſle,
Which ignorant Poetaſters do defile
With louſie Madrigals for Lyrick Verſe;
Inſtead of Comedy with naſty Farce.
Would *Plautus*, *Terence* e'er have been ſo lewd
T'have dreſt Jack-pudding up to catch the Crowd?
Or *Sophocles* five tedious Acts have made,
To ſhew a whining Fool in Love betray'd
By ſome falſe Friend or ſlippery Chambermaid,

Then

Then e'er he hangs himself bemoan his Fall
In a dull Speech, and that fine Language call?
No, since we live in such a fulsom Age,
When Nonsense loads the Press, and choaks the Stage;
When Block-heads will claim Wit in Nature's spight,
And every Dunce, that starves, presumes to write,
Exert your self, defend the Muses Cause,
Proclaim their Right, and to maintain their Laws
Make the dead Ancients speak the *British* Tongue;
That so each chattering Daw who aims at Song,
In his own Mother-Tongue may humbly read
What Engins yet are wanting in his Head
To make him equal to the mighty Dead.
For of all Natures Works we most should scorn
The Thing who thinks himself a Poet born,
Unbred, untaught he Rhymes, yet hardly spells,
And senselesly, as Squirrels jangle Bells.
Such things, Sir, here abound; may therefore you
Be ever to your Friends, the Muses, true:
May our Defects be by your Powers supply'd,
'Till as our Envy now, you grow our Pride.
'Till by your Pen restor'd, in Triumph born
The Majesty of Poetry return.

Spoken upon his

ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

DUKE of *YORK*

Coming to the Theatre, Friday, April 21. 1682.

WHEN too much Plenty, Luxury, and Ease,
Had surfeited this Isle to a Disease;
When noisome Blains did its best Parts o'erspread,
And on the rest their dire Infection shed;

Our *Great Physician*, who the Nature knew
Of the Distemper, and from whence it grew,
Fix'd for Three Kingdoms Quiet (Sir) on You:
He cast his searching Eyes o'er all the Frame,
And finding whence before one *Sickness* came,
How once before our *Mischiefs* foster'd were,
Knew well *your Virtue*, and apply'd you there:
Where so your Goodness, so your Justice sway'd,
You but appear'd, and the *wild Plague* was stay'd.

When from the filthy Dunghil-faction bred,
New form'd Rebellion durst rear up its Head,
Answer me all: Who struck the Monster dead?
See, see, the injur'd Prince, and bless his Name,
Think on the *Martyr* from whose Loins he came:
Think on the Blood was shed for you before,
And Curse the *Paricides* that thirst for more.
His Foes are yours, then of their *Wiles* beware:
Lay, lay him in your Hearts, and guard him there;
Where let his Wrongs your Zeal for him improve;
He wears a Sword will justifie your Love.
With Blood still ready for your good t'expend,
And has a Heart that *ne'er forgot* his Friend.

His *Duteous Loyalty* before you lay,
And learn of him, *unmurm'ring* to obey.
Think what he'as born, your Quiet to restore;
Repent your Madness, and *rebell* no more.

No more let *Bout'feu's* hope to lead *Petitions*,
Scriv'ners to be Treas'rers; *Pedlars*, Politicians;
Nor ev'ry *Fool*, whose Wife has *tript* at Court,
Pluck up a Spirit, and turn *Rebel* for't

In Lands where Cuckolds multiply like ours,
What Prince can be too Jealous of their Powers,
Or can too often think himself alarm'd?
They're Male-contents that ev'ry where go arm'd:
And when the *horned Herd's* together got,
Nothing portends a Commonwealth like *that*.

Cast, cast your Idols off, your Gods of Wood,
E'er yet *Philistins* fatten with your Blood:
Renounce your Priests of *Baal* with *Amen faces*,
Your *Wapping* Feasts, and your *Mile-End* High-places.

Nail

Nail all your *Medals* on the Gallows Poſt;
In recompence th' *Original* was loſt:
At theſe, illuſtrious Repentance pay,
In his kind Hands your humble Off'rings lay:
Let Royal Pardon be by him implor'd,
Th' *Attoning* Brother of your *Anger'd* Lord:
He only brings a *Medicine* fit to aſſwage
A Peoples *Folly*, and rowz'd Monarch's *Rage*.
An *Infant Prince* yet lab'ring in the Womb,
Fated with wond'rous Happineſs to come,
He goes to fetch the mighty Bleſſing home:
Send all your *Wiſhes* with him, let the Air
With gentle Breezes waft it ſafely here,
The Seas, like *what* they'll carry, *calm* and *fair*:
Let the *Illuſtrious Mother* touch our Land
Mildly, as hereafter may her Son Command;
While our glad Monarch welcomes her to ſhoar,
With kind aſſurance, ſhe ſhall part *no more*.
Be the *Majeſtick Babe* then ſmiling Born,
And all good Signs of Fate his Birth adorn,
So live and grow, a conſtant Pledge to ſtand
Of *Caſar's Love* to an *obedient* Land.

Spoken to Her

ROYAL HIGHNESS

ON HER

RETURN *from* SCOTLAND,

In the Year 1682.

ALL you, who this Day's Jubilee attend,
And every Loyal Muſes Loyal Friend;
That come to treat your longing Wiſhes here,
Turn your deſiring Eyes, and feaſt 'em there.

Thus falling on your Knees with me implore,
May this poor Land ne'er loſe that Preſence more.
But if there any in this Circle be,
That come ſo curſt to envy what they ſee:
From the vain Fool that would be great too ſoon,
To the dull Knave that writ the laſt Lampoon!
Let ſuch, as Victims to that Beauty's Fame,
Hang their vile blaſted Heads, and die with Shame.
Our mighty Bleſſing is at laſt return'd,
The Joy arriv'd for which ſo long we mourn'd:
From whom our preſent Peace we expect increas'd,
And all our future Generations bleſt:
Time have a Care: Bring ſafe the Hour of Joy,
When ſome bleſt Tongue proclaims a Royal Boy:
And when 'tis born, let Nature's Hand be ſtrong;
Bleſs him with Days of Strength, and make 'em long;
Till charg'd with Honours we behold him ſtand,
Three Kingdoms Banners waiting his Command,
His Father's Conquering Sword within his Hand:
Then th' *Engliſh* Lions in the Air advance,
And with them roaring Muſick to the Dance,
Carry a *Quo Warranto* into *France*.

THE SIXTEENTH ODE OF THE *Second Book of* HORACE.

IN Storms when Clouds the Moon do hide,
And no kind Stars the Pilot guide,
Shew me at Sea the boldeſt there,
Who does not wiſh for Quiet here.
For Quiet (Friend) the Soldier fights,
Bears weary Marches, ſleepleſs Nights,

For

For this feeds hard, and lodges cold;
Which can't be bought with Hills of Gold.
Since Wealth and Power too weak we find,
To quell the Tumults of the Mind;
Or from the Monarchs Roofs of State
Drive thence the Cares that round him wait.
Happy the Man with little bleſt
Of what his Father left poſſeſt;
No baſe Deſires corrupt his Head,
No Fears diſturb him in his Bed.
What then in Life, which ſoon muſt end,
Can all our vain Deſigns intend?
From Shoar to Shoar why ſhould we run,
When none his tireſome ſelf can ſhun?
For baneful Care will ſtill prevail,
And overtake us under Sail,
'Twill dodge the Great Man's Train behind,
Out-run the Roe, out-fly the Wind.
If then thy Soul rejoice to Day,
Drive far to-morrow's Cares away.
In Laughter let them all be drown'd,
No perfect good is to be found.
One Mortal feels Fate's ſudden Blow,
Another's lingring Death comes ſlow;
And what of Life they take from thee,
The Gods may give to puniſh me.
Thy Portion is a wealthy Stock,
A fertile Glebe, a fruitful Flock,
Horſes and Chariots for thy Eaſe,
Rich Robes to deck and make thee pleaſe.
For me a little Cell I chuſe,
Fit for my Mind, fit for my Muſe,
Which ſoft Content does beſt adorn,
Shunning the Knaves and Fools I ſcorn.

THE COMPLAINT.

A SONG *to a* Scotch *Tune.*

I Love, I dote, I rave with Pain,
No Quiet's in my Mind,
Tho' ne'er could be a happier Swain,
Were *Sylvia* leſs unkind.
For when, as long her Chains I've worn,
I ask Relief from Smart,
She only gives me Looks of Scorn;
Alas, 'twill break my Heart!

My Rivals, rich in Worldly Store,
May offer heaps of Gold,
But ſurely I a Heav'n adore,
Too precious to be ſold;
Can *Sylvia* ſuch a Coxcomb prize,
For Wealth and not Deſert,
And my poor Sighs and Tears deſpiſe?
Alas, 'twill break my Heart!

When like ſome panting, hov'ring Dove,
I for my Bliſs contend,
And plead the Cauſe of eager Love,
She coldly calls me Friend.
Ah, *Sylvia!* thus in vain you ſtrive
To act a Healer's Part,
'Twill keep but ling'ring Pain alive,
Alas! and break my Heart.

When

When on my lonely, penſive Bed,
I lay me down to reſt,
In hope to calm my raging Head,
And cool my burning Breaſt,
Her Cruelty all Eaſe denies,
With ſome ſad Dream I ſtart,
All drown'd in Tears I find my Eyes,
And breaking feel my Heart.

Then riſing, through the Path I rove
That leads me where ſhe dwells,
Where to the ſenſeleſs Waves my Love
Its mournful Story tells;
With Sighs I dew and kiſs the Door,
'Till Morning bids depart;
Then vent ten thouſand Sighs and more:
Alas, 'twill break my Heart!

But, *Sylvia*, when this Conqueſt's won,
And I am dead and cold,
Renounce the cruel Deed you've done,
Nor glory when 'tis told;
For ev'ry lovely gen'rous Maid
Will take my injur'd Part,
And curſe thee, *Sylvia*, I'm afraid,
For breaking my poor Heart.

PROLOGUE TO CONSTANTINE *the Great.*

WHAT think ye meant wise Providence, when first
Poets were made? I'd tell you, if I durst,
That 'twas in Contradiction to Heaven's Word,
That when its Spirit o'er the Waters stirr'd,
When it saw All, and said, That All was good,
The Creature *Poet* was not understood.
For, were it worth the Pains of six long Days,
To mould Retailers of dull Third-Day-Plays,
That starve out threescore Years in hopes of Bays.
'Tis plain they ne'er were of the first Creation,
But came by meer Equiv'cal Generation.
Like Rats in Ships, without Coition bred;
As hated too as they are, and unfed.
Nature their Species sure must needs disown,
Scarce knowing *Poets*, less by *Poets* known.
Yet this poor Thing, so scorn'd, and set at nought,
Ye all pretend to, and would fain be thought.
Disabl'd wasting *Whore-Masters* are not
Prouder to own the Brats they never got,
Than Fumbling, itching Rhimers of the Town,
T'adopt some base-born Song that's not their own.
Spite of his State, *my Lord* sometimes descends,
To please the Importunity of Friends.
The dullest He, thought most for Business fit,
Will venture his bought Place, to aim at Wit.
And though he sinks with his Imploys of State,
'Till Common Sense forsake him, he'll Translate.
The *Poet* and the *Whore* alike complains,
Of trading Quality, that spoils their Gains;
The Lords will Write, and Ladies will have Swains.

There-

Therefore, all you who have Male Iſſue born,
Under the Starving Sign of *Capricorn*;
Prevent the Malice of their Stars in time,
And warn them early from the Sin of Rhime:
Tell 'em how *Spencer* ſtarv'd, how *Cowley* mourn'd,
How *Butler*'s Faith and Service was return'd;
And if ſuch Warning they refuſe to take,
This laſt Experiment, O Parents, make!
With Hands behind them ſee the Offender ty'd,
The Pariſh Whip, and Beadle by his Side.
Then lead him to ſome Stall that does expoſe
The Authors he loves moſt, there rub his Noſe;
'Till like a Spaniel laſh'd, to know Command,
He by the due Correction underſtand,
To keep his Brains clean, and not foul the Land.
'Till he againſt his Nature learn to ſtrive,
And get the Knack of Dullneſs how to thrive.

The Beginning of a

PASTORAL

ON THE

Death of His Late Majeſty.

WHAT Horror's this that dwells upon the Plain?
And thus diſturbs the Shepherd's peaceful Reign?
A diſmal Sound breaks through the yielding Air,
Forewarning us ſome dreadful Storm is near.
The bleating Flocks in wild Confuſion ſtray,
The early Larks forſake their wand'ring Way,
And ceaſe to welcome in the new-born Day.
Each Nymph, poſſeſt with a diſtracted Fear,
Diſorder'd hangs her looſe diſhevell'd Hair.

Diſeaſes

Diſeaſes with her ſtrong Convulſions reign;
And Deities, not known before to Pain,
Are now with Apoplectick ſeizures ſlain:
Hence flow our Sorrows, hence increaſe our Fears,
Each humble Plant does drop her Silver Tears.
Ye tender Lambs ſtray not ſo faſt away,
To weep and mourn let us together ſtay:
O'er all the Univerſe let it be ſpread,
That now the Shepherd of the Flock is dead.
The Royal *Pan*, that Shepherd of the Sheep,
He, who to leave his Flock did dying weep, [Sleep.
Is gone, ah gone! ne'er to return from Death's eternal

Begin, *Damela*, let thy Numbers fly
Aloft, where the ſafe Milkey Way does lye;
Mopſus, who *Daphnis* to the Stars did ſing,
Shall join with you, and hither waft our King.
Play gently on your Reeds a mournful Strain,
And tell in Notes thro' all th' *Arcadian* Plain,
The Royal *Pan*, the Shepherd of the Sheep,
He, who to leave his Flock did dying weep, [Sleep.
Is gone! ha gone! ne'er to return from Death's eternal

LOVE-

LOVE-LETTERS.

To Madam ——

My Tyrant!

I Endure too much Torment to be ſilent, and have endur'd it too long not to make the ſevereſt Complaint. I love you, I dote on you; *Deſire* makes me mad, when I am near you; and *Deſpair*, when I am from you. Sure, of all Miſeries, *Love* is to me the moſt intolerable: It haunts me in my *Sleep*, perplexes me when waking; every melancholy Thought makes my *Fears* more powerful; and every delightful one makes my *Wiſhes* more unruly. In all other uneaſie *Chances* of a Man's Life, there is an immediate *Recourſe* to ſome kind of *Succour* or another: In *Wants*, we apply our ſelves to our *Friends*; in *Sickneſs* to *Phyſicians*: But *Love*, the Sum, the Total of all *Misfortunes*, muſt be endur'd with *Silence*; no *Friend* ſo dear to truſt with ſuch a *Secret*, nor *Remedy* in *Art* ſo powerful, to remove its *Anguiſh*. Since the firſt Day I ſaw you, I have hardly enjoy'd one *Hour* of perfect *Quiet*: I lov'd you early; and no ſooner had I beheld that ſoft bewitching *Face* of yours, but I felt in my *Heart* the very Foundation of all my *Peace* give Way: But when you became anothers, I muſt confeſs that I did then rebel, had fooliſh *Pride* enough to promiſe my ſelf I would in time recover my *Liberty*: In ſpight of my enſlav'd *Nature*, I ſwore againſt my ſelf, I would not love you: I affected a Reſentment, ſtifled my *Spirit*, and would not let it bend, ſo much as once to upbraid you, each Day it was my Chance to ſee or to be near you: With ſtuborn *Sufferance*, I reſolv'd to bear, and brave your *Power*: Nay, did it often too, ſucceſsfully. Generally with *Wine*, or *Converſation* I diverted or appeas'd the *Demon* that poſ-

ſeſs'd

ſeſs'd me; but when at Night, returning to my unhappy ſelf, to give my *Heart* an Account why I had done it ſo unnatural a *Violence*, it was then I always paid a treble *Intereſt* for the ſhort Moments of *Eaſe*, which I had borrow'd; then every treacherous Thought roſe up, and took your part, nor left me 'till they had thrown me on my Bed, and open'd thoſe *Sluces* of Tears, that were to run 'till *Morning*. This has been for ſome Years my beſt *Condition*: Nay, *Time* it ſelf, that decays all things elſe, has but encreas'd and added to my Longings. I tell it you, and charge you to believe it, as you are generous, (which ſure you muſt be, for every thing, except your Neglect of me, perſwades me that you are ſo) even at this time, tho' other Arms have held you, and ſo long treſpaſs'd on thoſe dear Joys that only were my Due; I love you with that Tenderneſs of Spirit, that Purity of Truth, and that Sincerity of Heart, that I could ſacrifice the neareſt *Friends*, or *Intereſts* I have on *Earth*, barely but to pleaſe you: If I had all the *World*, it ſhould be yours; for with it I could be but miſerable, if you were not mine. I appeal to your ſelf for *Juſtice*, if through the whole Actions of my Life, I have done any one thing that might not let you ſee how abſolute your *Authority* was over me. Your *Commands* have been always ſacred to me; your *Smiles* have always tranſported me, and your *Frowns* aw'd me. In ſhort, you will quickly become to me the greateſt *Bleſſing*, or the greateſt *Curſe*, that ever Man was doom'd to. I cannot ſo much as look on you without *Confuſion*; *Wiſhes* and *Fears* riſe up in War within me, and work a curſed *Diſtraction* thro' my Soul, that muſt, I am ſure, in time have wretched *Conſequences*: You only can, with that *healing Cordial*, *Love*, aſſwage and calm my *Torments*; pity the Man then that would be proud to die for you, and cannot live without you, and allow him thus far to boaſt too, that (take out *Fortune* from the Ballance) you never were belov'd or courted by a Creature that had a nobler or juſter Pretence to your *Heart*, than the Unfortunate, (and even at this time) Weeping

OTWAY.

To

To Madam——

IN Value of your *Quiet*, though it would be the utter *Ruin* of my own, I have endeavour'd this Day to perſwade my ſelf never more to trouble you with a Paſſion that has tormented me ſufficiently already, and is ſo much the more a Torment to me, in that I perceive it is become one to you, who are much dearer to me than my ſelf. I have laid all the Reaſons my diſtracted Condition would let me have recourſe to, before me: I have conſulted my *Pride*, whether after a *Rival's* Poſſeſſion, I ought to ruin all my *Peace* for a *Woman* that another has been more bleſt in, tho' no Man ever lov'd as I did: But *Love*, victorious *Love!* o'erthrows all that, and tells me, it is his Nature never to remember; he ſtill looks forward from the preſent Hour, expecting ſtill new *Dawns*, new riſing *Happineſs*; never looks back, never regards what is paſt, and left behind him, but buries and forgets it quite in the hot fierce purſuit of *Joy* before him: I have conſulted too my very ſelf, and find how careleſs *Nature* was in framing me; ſeaſon'd me haſtily with all the moſt violent Inclinations and Deſires, but omitted the *Ornaments* that ſhould make thoſe *Qualities* become me: I have conſulted too my Lot of *Fortune*, and find how fooliſhly I wiſh Poſſeſſion of what is ſo precious, all the World's too cheap for it; yet ſtill I love, ſtill I dote on, and cheat my ſelf, very content, becauſe the Folly pleaſes me. It is Pleaſure to think how fair you are, tho' at the ſame time worſe than Damnation, to think how cruel: Why ſhould you tell me you have ſhut your Heart up for ever? It is an Argument unworthy of your ſelf, ſounds like *Reſerve*, and not ſo much *Sincerity*, as ſure I may claim even from a little of your Friendſhip. Can your Age, your Face, your Eyes, and your Spirit bid defiance to that ſweet Power? No, you know better to what end *Heaven* made you, know better how to manage Youth and Pleaſure, than to let them die and pall upon your Hands. 'Tis me, 'tis only me you have barr'd your

Heart

Heart againſt. My Sufferings, my Diligence, my Sighs, Complaints, and Tears are of no power with your haughty Nature; yet ſure you might at leaſt vouchſafe to pity them, not ſhift me off with groſs, thick, home-ſpun *Friendſhip*, the common *Coin* that paſſes betwixt worldly *Intereſts:* muſt that be my *Lot!* Take it ill-natur'd, take it, give it to him who would waſte his *Fortune* for you, give it the Man would fill your Lap with Gold, court you with Offers of vaſt rich Poſſeſſions, give it the Fool that hath nothing but his *Mony* to plead for him: *Love* will have a much nearer *Relation*, or none. I ask for *glorious Happineſs*; you bid me Welcome to your *Friendſhip*; it is like ſeating me at your Side-table, when I have the beſt Pretence to your Right-hand at the Feaſt. I love, I doat, I am mad, and know no meaſure, nothing but Extreams can give me eaſe; the kindeſt *Love*, or moſt provoking *Scorn*: Yet even your *Scorn* would not perform the Cure, it might indeed take off the edge of *Hope*, but damn'd *Deſpair* will gnaw my *Heart* for ever. If then I am not odious to your Eyes, if you have *Charity* enough to value the *Well-being* of a Man that holds you dearer than you can the Child your Bowels are moſt fond of, by that ſweet *Pledge* of your firſt ſofteſt *Love*, I charm and here conjure you to pity the diſtracting *Pangs* of mine; pity my unquiet *Days*, and reſtleſs *Nights*; pity the *Frenzy* that has half poſſeſt my *Brain* already, and makes me write to you thus ravingly: The *Wretch* in *Bedlam* is more at peace than I am! And if I muſt never poſſeſs the *Heaven* I wiſh for, my next deſire is, (and the ſooner the better) a clean-ſwept Cell, a merciful Keeper, and your Compaſſion, when you find me there.

Think and be Generous.

To Madam ——

SINCE you are going to quit the World, I think my ſelf oblig'd, as a Member of that World, to uſe the beſt of my Endeavours to divert you from ſo ill-natur'd an Inclination: Therefore, by reaſon your Viſits will take up ſo much of this Day, I have debarr'd my ſelf the opportunity of waiting on you this Afternoon, that I may take a time you are more Miſtreſs of, and when you ſhall have more leiſure to hear, if it be poſſible for any Arguments of mine to take place in a Heart, I am afraid too much harden'd againſt me: I muſt confeſs it may look a little extraordinary, for one under my Circumſtances, to endeavour the confirming your good Opinion of the World, when it had been much better for me, one of us had never ſeen it: For *Nature* diſpos'd me from my *Creation* to *Love*, and my *ill Fortune* has condemn'd me to *Doat* on one, who certainly could never have been *deaf* ſo long to ſo faithful a Paſſion, had *Nature* diſpos'd her from her *Creation* to hate any thing but me. I beg you to forgive this trifling, for I have ſo many Thoughts of this Nature, that 'tis impoſſible for me to take Pen and Ink in my Hand, and keep 'em quiet, eſpecially when I have the leaſt pretence to let you know, you are the Cauſe of the ſevereſt Diſquiets that ever touch'd the Heart of

OTWAY.

To Madam ——

COULD I ſee you without Paſſion, or be abſent from you without Pain, I need not beg your Pardon for this renewing my Vows, that I love you more than *Health*, or any *Happineſs* here, or hereafter. Every thing you do is a new Charm to me; and tho' I have languiſh'd for ſeven long tedious Years of Deſire, jealouſly deſpairing;

ing; yet every Minute I see you, I still discover something new and more bewitching. Consider how I love you; what would not I renounce, or enterprize for you? I must have you mine, or I am miserable; and nothing but knowing which shall be the happy Hour, can make the rest of my Life that are to come tolerable. Give me a word or two of *Comfort*, or resolve never to look with common *Goodness* on me more, for I cannot bear a kind Look, and after it a cruel Denial. This Minute my Heart akes for you: And, if I cannot have a Right in yours, I wish it would ake 'till I could complain to you no longer.

Remember poor OTWAY.

To Madam——

YOU cannot but be sensible, that I am blind, or you would not so openly discover what a ridiculous Tool you make of me. I should be glad to discover whose Satisfaction I was sacrific'd to this Morning; for I am sure your own *Ill-nature* could not be guilty of inventing such an *Injury* to me, meerly to try how much I could bear, were it not for the sake of some *Ass*, that has the Fortune to please you: In short, I have made it the Business of my Life to do you Service, and please you, if possible, by any way to convince you of the unhappy *Love* I have for seven Years toil'd under; and your whole Business is to pick ill-natur'd *Conjectures* out of my harmless *freedom* of *Conversation*, to vex and gall me with, as often as you are pleas'd to divert your self at the Expence of my Quiet. Oh, thou *Tormentor!* Could I think it were *Jealousie*, how should I humble my self to be justify'd; but I cannot bear the thought of being made a *Property* either of another Man's *Good Fortune*, or the *Vanity* of a Woman that designs nothing but to plague me.

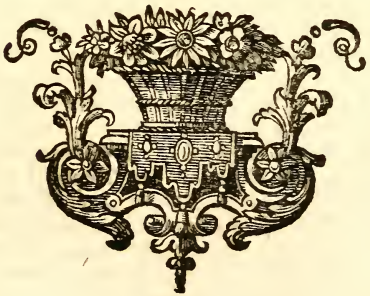
There may be Means found, some time or other, to let you know your *Mistaking*.

To

To Madam ——

YOU were pleas'd to ſend me word you would meet me in the *Mall* this Evening, and give me further Satisfaction in the Matter you were ſo unkind to charge me with; I was there, but found you not; and therefore beg of you, as you ever would wiſh your ſelf to be eaſed of the higheſt Torment it were poſſible for your Nature to be ſenſible of, to let me ſee you ſometime to Morrow, and ſend me word, by this Bearer, where, and at what Hour, you will be ſo juſt, as either to acquit or condemn me; that I may, hereafter, for your ſake, either bleſs all your bewitching *Sex*: or, as often as I henceforth think of you, curſe Womankind for ever.

The End of the Second Volume.



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